

WINCHESTER COLLEGE, CHAPEL AND HALL.

Young England at School.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

IT IS now five hundred and thirteen years ago since William of Wykeham obtained the royal licence and papal bull for the foundation of his college of St. Mary Winton in Oxford, more familiarly known as the New College. Seven years later, in the Spring of 1387, he laid at Winchester the foundation stone of our first public school, which was completed after six years, and occupied by the new society—consisting of a warden and ten fellows, three chaplains, three clerks, and sixteen choristers; seventy scholars, with a head-master and usher.

Their duties and privileges are minutely set forth in the statutes drawn up by the founder to the praise of God and the Blessed Virgin and the increase of Divine service and good learning.

The greater part of Wykeham's buildings are little changed, and those who love fine ancient architecture cannot help but admire Winchester College, in itself full of interest, the pride of all Wykehamists, the happy possessors of the famous name of the munificent founder. William of Wykeham was born in the small village of Wykeham in Hampshire (1324). He built several castles for Edward III. "On which account the Lord King enriched him with many good and fat benefits, making him soon afterwards Keeper of the Privy Seal." Numerous important offices did he hold until he became Bishop of Winchester (1366) and devoted forty years of his episcopate in governing a large diocese, renovating the nave of his Cathedral, building new colleges and Winchester College, and twice holding the office of Chancellor.

In some respects the original order has been strangely little changed; in one particular instance the founder seems to have been in advance of his times, for the prefectorial system, the institution of which has recently been ascribed to Dr. Arnold, the famous head-master of Rugby, is specifically set forth in the original statute: "In each of the lower chambers let there be at least three scholars of good character, more advanced

than the rest in age, discretion and knowledge, who may superintend their chamber fellows in their studies, and oversee them diligently, and may, from time to time, certify and inform the warden, sub-warden and head-master respectively, of their behaviour, conversation and progress in study."

When Henry VI. took from Winchester William Wayneflete, then head-master, and half the scholars, to form the nucleus of his new foundation at Eton, they brought their prefects with them, a carefully-organised body. Eton has, however, little left of the system transplanted from Winchester; but, according to Mr. Adams's "Wykehamica," "this idea is of Wykeham's devising, and," he writes, "the experience of five hundred years has borne overwhelming testimony to the value of the prefectorial system." If there has been any one instrument in the hand of a school-master, by which he may keep in check the evils inevitable in every large school, it has been this. If there has been any one regulation that has taught the elder boys discipline, manliness, self-reliance and a sense of individual responsibility, and has abated the hardships of a junior's life, it has been this enactment of the founder of Winchester College.

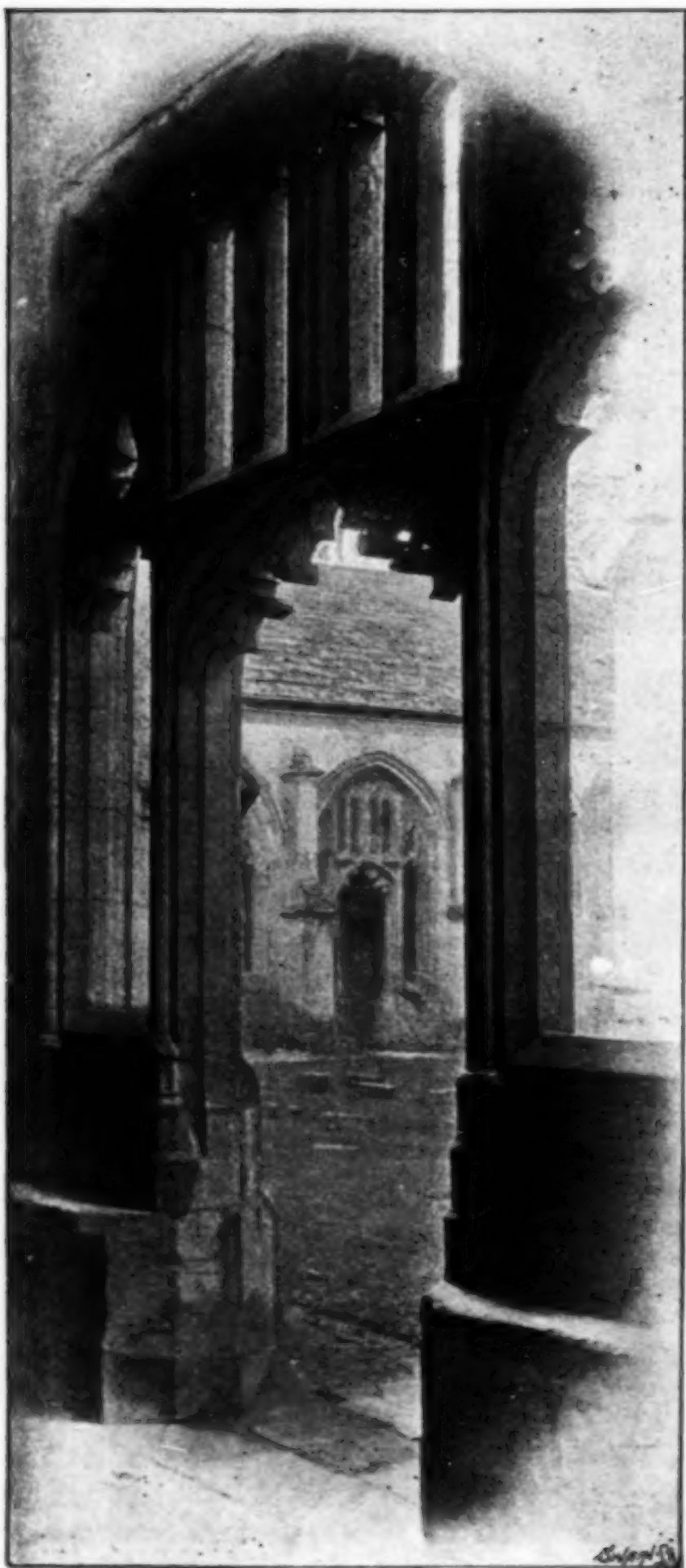
Wykeham's statutes set forth that scholars are to be chosen by a body, called the Chamber, consisting of the wardens of New College and Winchester, two fellows of New College, the sub-warden and head-master of Winchester. The minimum and maximum ages are to be eight and twelve; needy poor instructed in reading, plain song and grammar; that preference should be given to his own kin, and after them to candidates with residential qualifications.

Founders' kin had the privilege of being allowed to remain till their twenty-fifth year, others only being allowed to remain to their eighteenth year, with the exception of those whose names were on the roll for New College, who remained another year in expectation of a vacancy occurring; once admitted there, they became fellows in due course, claiming their degrees of the

University without undergoing any examination.

The statutes also provide for the instruction of sons of noblemen within the college, and we now find close upon four hundred boys receiving education at the earliest seat of England's learning.

Winchester is a noble city in Hampshire, sixty-six and a half miles S.W. of London by rail, standing at the foot and on the slope of a hill, that rises westward from the right bank of the Itchen. The ancient High Street, with narrow thoroughfares, branching off at right angles, ascends for about three quarters



DOORWAY IN CLOISTERS.



THE CLOISTERS.

of a mile towards the castle hill, round or on which, and in the level valley by the waterside, most of the ancient buildings of Winchester are situated. The Cathedral is, indeed, magnificent, though the external view might be said to present a somewhat sombre aspect; but the interior cannot possibly be surpassed—the long-drawn nave (1394-1410), its bossy roof, upborne by massive piers; the choir and sanctuary (1320-50), over whose lace-like reredos the Eastern window glows with its pristine hues; and the graceful presbytery (1202) contrasting with an ornate Lady Chapel (1470-1524).

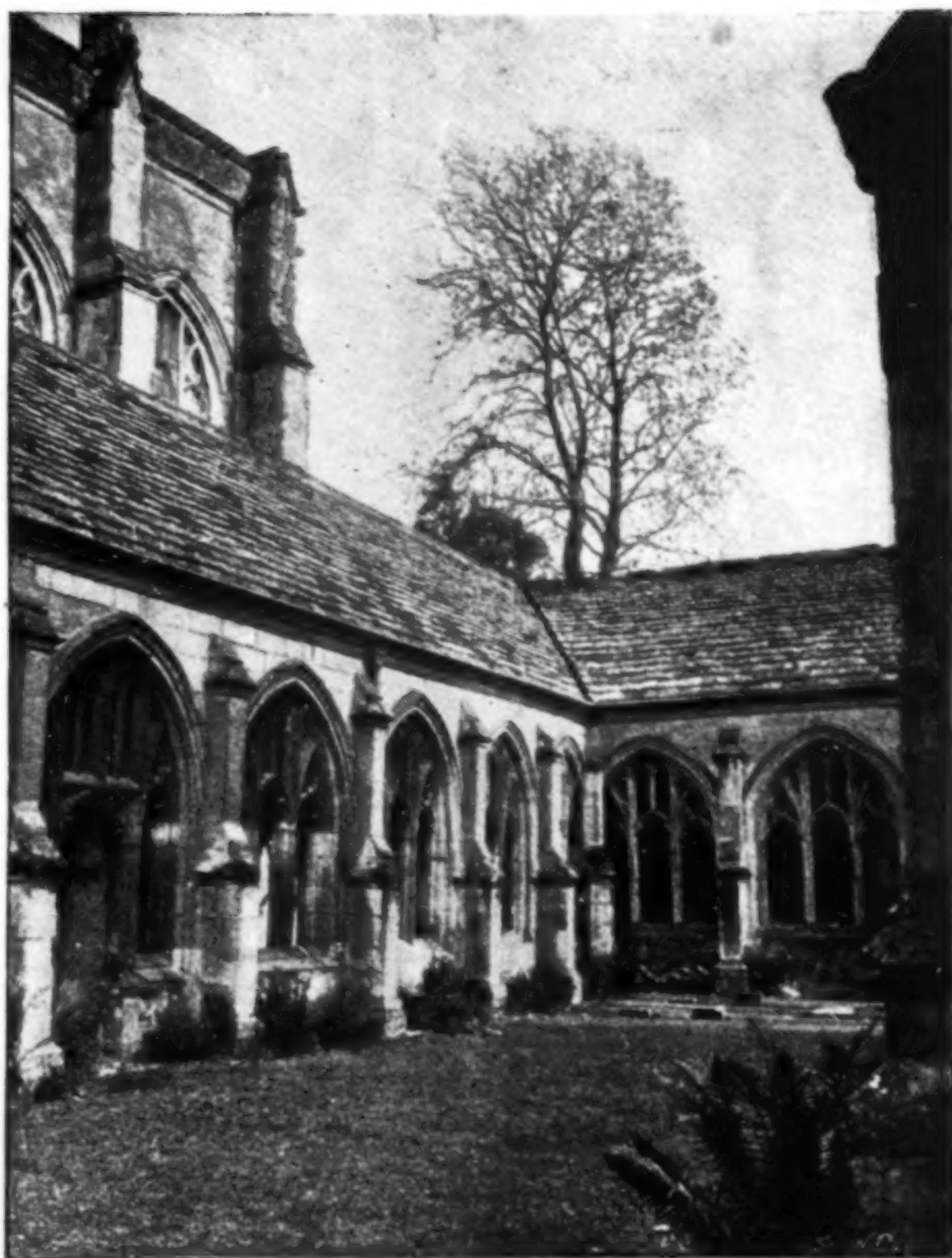
With the exception of the relics of kings and saints gathered by Fox into six gilded coffers, few traces remain of Birinus' Church (648), and the cathedral dedicated to St. Swithin by Bishop Athelwold (980); but to Walkelin's structure (1079-93) belongs Rufus's tomb, removed to the Lady Chapel (1868), while the late monuments include the following Wykehamists:—Langton, Wykeham, Beaufort, Waynflete, Fox and Gardiner.

When I arrived at Winchester my first difficulty was to pick upon the most convenient hotel, within easy access of the college, but a thought happened to cross my mind, as I looked upon the different vehicles from the hotels, to confer with a jolly-faced burly railway porter, for assistance: "Can you direct me to a hotel in close proximity to the college?"

"Why, sir, there is only one hotel in Winchester to suit you, and that's 'The Royal,' " directing me to the Royal Hotel 'bus waiting outside. Thanking the porter, I entered the 'bus and was soon driven to St. Peter's Street, a narrow street off the High Street, and was ushered into the presence of the proprietor, Mr. Spriggs, whose jovial smile told me I should be made comfortable.

The Royal Hotel has no great pretensions outwardly, but it is vastly more important indoors. Yes, I had just hit upon the right spot, for it is here where the old Wykehamists stay when they visit the scenes of their youth, and my host, who is very popular with all Wykehamists, past and present, constituted himself my adviser and instructor, for which I now return my best thanks.

The Wykehamists were indeed pleased with the idea of having the college thoroughly illustrated, in a like manner that has characterised our previous repro-



CORNER OF CLOISTERS, SHOWING GRAVEYARD OF WYKEHAMISTS WHO HAVE DIED IN COLLEGE.

ductions, and lent themselves most willingly to the wishes of our artist, but the kindness extended to him did not stop here, for the warden, the head-master, the Rev. William Andrewes Fearon, D.D., and the second master, the Rev. George Richardson, M.A., gave me every assistance and also invaluable suggestions as to our illustrations.

Winchester College has seen numerous changes since its

foundation by the noble and pious William of Wykeham, both in school discipline and school appointments. It, however, still retains the founder's general plan—two main quadrangles, gateway and chapel towers (the latter rebuilt 1863), a chapel (comparing most favourably with Eton externally, though lacking the beauty inside), hall, and cloisters, 132 feet square.

To review Winchester and deal with its past history would fill volumes. I must content myself with a dip into the past, and hope the few scraps picked up from the present young men in College will be as interesting to recount as it was for me to listen to.

"You should have a picture of Middle Gate," said one Wykehamist; a sentiment two or three corroborated at once. Middle Gate has many recollections of the past, amongst the most important being the spot where the whole Wyke-



MIDDLE GATE.

hamical body met the visitors from New College, Oxford, on the Tuesday of election week, the prefect of Hall (one of the senior boys) addressing them in a Latin oration called "Ad Portas."

Of course the election days were indeed great days, and Latin orations were given to the praises of Wykeham and "Elizabeth and Jacob." The mode of election was somewhat peculiar. The candidates for admission to College, humorously called "candlesticks," were summoned to the election chamber, and a mere reading of some piece of a Latin author of his own selection and the singing of the words "All people that on earth do dwell," were sufficient to pass him. At this visit of the great men from New

College, the old, curious custom of "Scrutiny" was gone through, when the seven senior and seven junior Wykehamists were summoned before the "Chamber" and asked if they had any complaints to make against the condition of things in College. Passing through the Chamber Court, two water-taps attracted my attention; enquiring their use, I was informed that in days not long ago these taps were the only provision

for the washing in College, summer and winter. The walls above show signs of there having been at one time some kind of roof. "Now we have plenty of water laid on in every chamber (which would, even as recently as fifty years ago, have



BREWHOUSE AND WARDEN'S STABLES

been a luxury)," remarked my chatty little group of most interested Wykehamists. A very pressing invitation was given me by my newly-made young friends to take tea with them in "Fifth," or "Fifth Shop," one of their chambers, and a right royal welcome I received.

To see all these young men busying themselves in preparing a most appetising "5 o'clock" quite took me back to my school-days, and I felt one of themselves and as happy as a "sand-boy." A large open hearth occupies a great portion of the room, and it is round this corner they gather and enjoy themselves, during these cold months, over the cheerful blaze and the crackling of the faggots. By careful economy of their allowance of faggots during the summer, they are able to lay in a good store for winter. I should perhaps



ENTRANCE TO CHANTRY.

mention that all Wykehamists are called "men," and all reference to them as "boys" is incorrect and offending when applied.

In College the men lived in chambers on the ground floor of Central Court, more suitably named "Chamber Court." By the addition of the original school into "Seventh" Chamber the number increased to seven, but now only one remains on the ground floor, the others having been appropriated to wash-houses and store-rooms.

The Hall, where the scholars have their meals at five tables, is almost as the founder left it, and denotes the abundance of architectural knowledge possessed by the ever memorable Wykeham. In 1356 Wykeham built Queenborough Castle, Isle of Sheppy, but the greatest proof of his architectural powers was his rebuilding of Windsor Castle.



CARRYING UP DINNERS.

When William of Wykeham was raised to the See of Winchester, 1366, and twelve months later created Lord High Chancellor, Froissart remarked: "In those days there reigned in England a priest called William of Wykeham, who was so much in favour with the king that everything was done by him, and nothing done without him."

With few exceptions, the interior of the chapel was, in a great measure, spoiled when modern taste stepped in during 1874, although the window at the east end is very fine. Thurbern (the second warden) added a chantry, approached by two arches in the south side, over which the College Tower was erected, 1480, but rebuilt, 1861 (in memory of the two wardens, Williams and Barter).

The Cloisters, which, as I have previously stated, are exceptionally grand, were built by Wykeham and contain impressive brass and stone memorials. "The north-east corner of the Cloisters," as may be noticed from the gravestones in the illustration, is the only place where young Wykehamists are buried who should happen to pass from this world while at college.

The illustrations showing the College Brewhouse denotes the old custom of brewing their own ales, as was the old practice at Eton; but at Winchester we still find the brewer bringing out his cask and

serving out to each Wykehamist his allowance of college beer. The men of Winchester are proud of college ales; I fancy I can hear, as I write, echoing through the chambers the two verses that form their song as they sip their ale, "Here's a Health":

Here's a health to all good lasses,
Merrily, merrily, fill your glasses,
Let the bumper toast go round.

May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
For with them true joys are found,

or the famous "Beer Song" which has been sung by Wykehamists of all ages:

BEER SONG.

Now let us all, both great and small,
With voice both loud and clear,
Right merrily sing, live Billy our King,
For 'bating the tax upon beer.

For I likes my drop of good beer,
For I likes my drop of good beer,
So whene'er I goes out, I carries about,
My little pint bottle of beer.

In the days of Dr. Joseph Warton and Dr. Gabell, head-masters of Winchester, things were indeed lively at College.

Warton appears to have been a kindly-disposed master, but the latter part of his reign was anything but a bed of roses, as the rebellion of 1793 greatly marred his last years; and, though he was weak and incapable of ruling through so great and troublesome a period, his resignation was received



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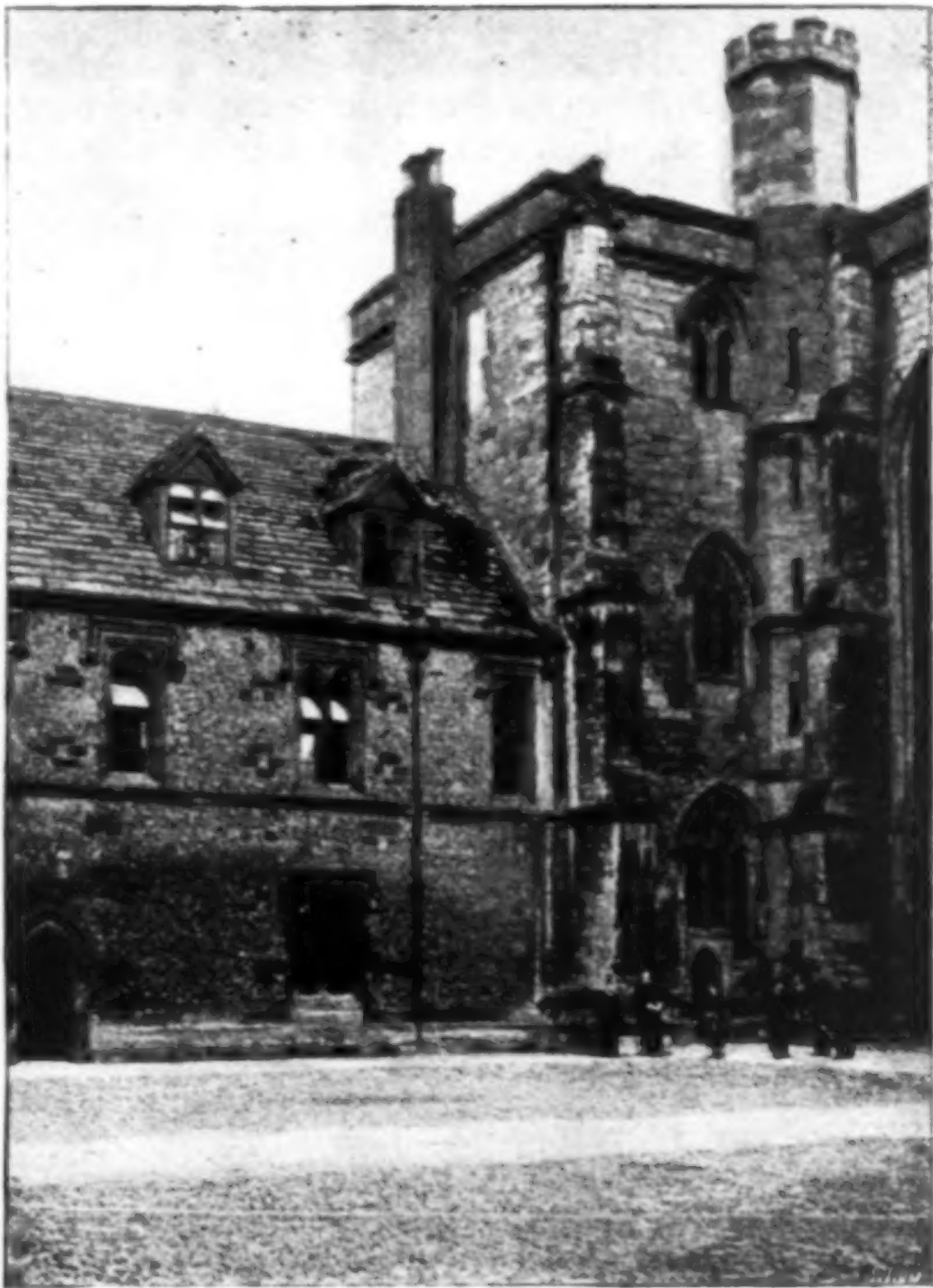
"SCHOOL."

with expressions of great regret. Prior to 1793 the scholars showed signs of insubordination, but it was not until that year that the climax was reached and the keys taken from the porter. The Wykehamists took control of the place by barricading the College against the authorities, and provided provisions for a regular siege. The red flag of liberty was displayed; and, taking up the stones from Chamber Court to "Middle Gate Tower," and furnishing themselves with sticks, swords and guns, they proclaimed that only upon an amnesty being granted would they yield. Twenty-nine scholars were sent away from College, including Bishop Mant and Lord Seaton, and the vacancy owing to the resignation of Warton was filled by Dr. Goddard.

Under the new head-mastership the troubles seemed to quiet, and such famous men as Lord Cranworth, Lord Eversley, Sir W. Erle and Thomas Arnold were then amongst Goddard's pupils. 1818 saw an outbreak of another rebellion, when Dr. Gabell had succeeded Goddard, in which one hundred and thirty

the ringleaders were expelled, and order restored.

commoners joined the scholars in defying the authorities. The Tower over the Middle Gate was again the scene of great excitement: draughts of beer, ghost stories and sentry duty being kept up through the night, considerably assisted to infuriate the young rebels. Threats of imprisonment had no avail, and it was only when they were told to go home for a fortnight that they were trapped, and secured by soldiers, expelled, and order



CHAMBER COURT—THE MECCA OF ALL WYKEHAMISTS.

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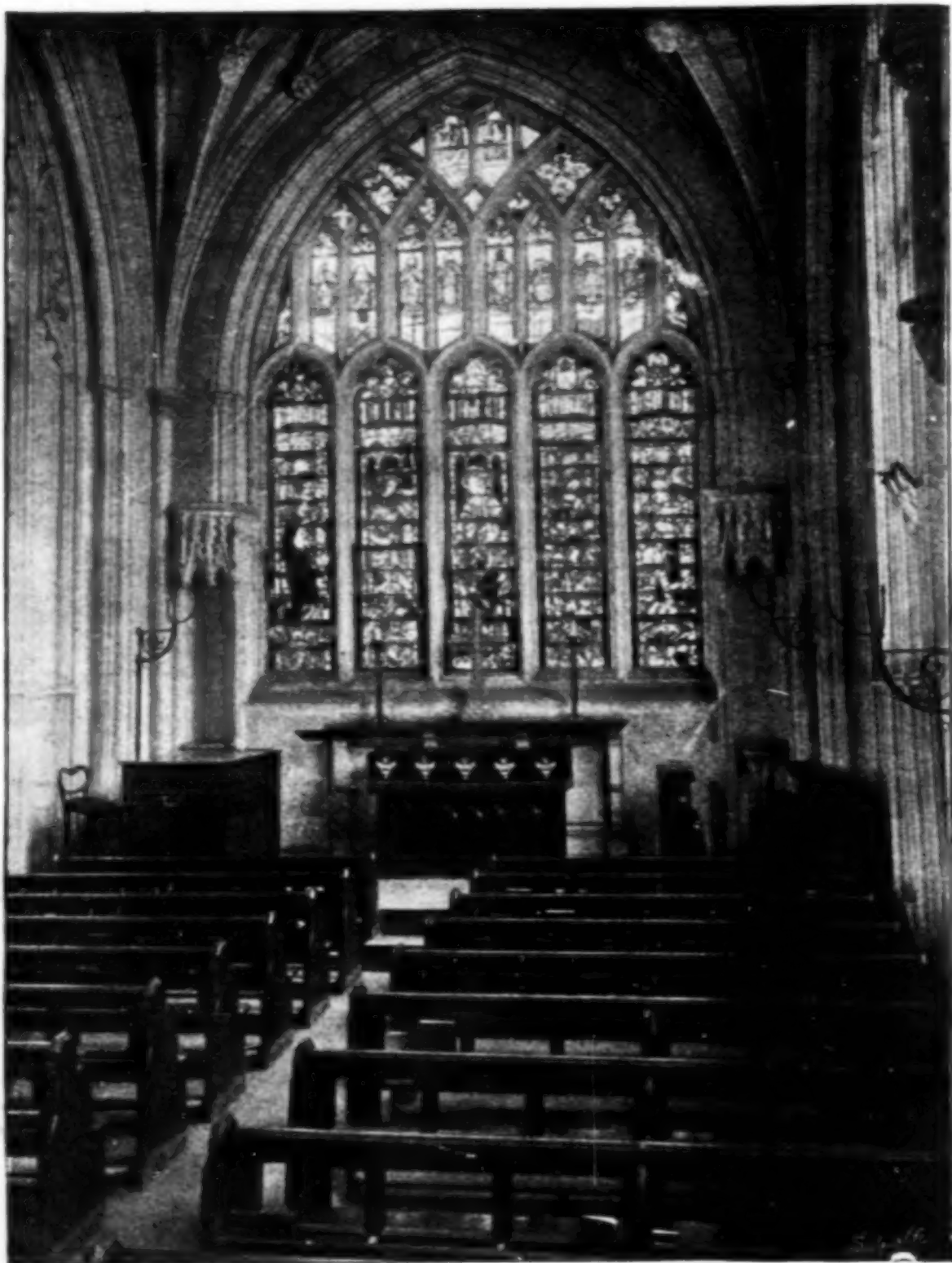
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CHAMBER COURT—THE MECCA OF ALL WYKEHAMISTS.

These troubles and trials are all of the past now. Winchester College seems to be synonymous with "unity," and the warden, head-master and second master are on most amicable terms with the men entrusted to their care.

Winchester in the time of Charles II. was enjoying many Royal favours. Houses and barracks were built, and at that time came a long-esteemed warden to the college in John Nicholas.

Amongst Nicholas' many munificent gifts now standing memorials to his name, are "School," towards the building of which he contributed half its cost, and the Warden's House, which he completed entirely at his own cost.

Though the tutors' houses at Winchester are not built on the same model, they are all more or less alike in their general appearance, giving a marked distinction to the system at Eton or Harrow. Instead of separate rooms, Wykehamists sleep usually some five or six in a room, sometimes more, the rooms being kept closed when the pupils are in the Hall, where the men during the greater part of the day study, while the prefect is responsible for order. The Hall is most peculiarly arranged, with numerous boxes



HEAD-MASTER'S AND WARDENS' CHAIRS.

around its sides, similar to the dressing boxes of a swimming-bath; these are called "toys," and in them the student sits and prepares his lessons and writes tasks. As I was shown round this important portion of the College, the centre of remembrances of all Wykehamists, I could not help admiring the principle, as each occupant of a toy can concentrate his thoughts upon his work without the interruption of his

fellow-student, as when sitting side by side on a form at the same desk.

After passing between "School" and the buttresses of "Hall," we are confronted with a long line of red brick, known as the Sanatorium, or "Sick House," in front of which are the gymnasium, racquet court, fives court and class rooms. The Sick House is a charming place, and I was



"FIFTH."

DULCE DOMUM.

JOHANNES READING

MODERATO

CANTUS
 ALTUS
 TENOR
 BASSUS

Con : cin : a : mus, O So : ci : da : les! E : ja! quid al : si : le : a : mus! No : bile can : ticum

CHORUS

dulce me : los, Do : mum, Dul : ce Do : mum, re : so : nemus Do : mum, Do : mum, Dul : ce Do : mum, Do : mum, Do : mum,
 dulce me : los, Do : mum, Dul : ce Do : mum, re : so : nemus Do : mum, Do : mum, Dul : ce Do : mum, Do : mum, Do : mum,
 dulce me : los, Do : mum, Dul : ce Do : mum, re : so : nemus Do : mum, Do : mum, Dul : ce Do : mum, Do : mum, Do : mum,
 dulce me : los, Do : mum, Dul : ce Do : mum, re : so : nemus Do : mum, Do : mum, Dul : ce Do : mum, Do : mum, Do : mum

Dul : ce Do : mum, Dul : ce, Dul : ce, Dul : ce Do : mum, Dul : ce Do : mum re : so : nemus,
 Dul : ce Do : mum, Dul : ce, Dul : ce, Dul : ce Do : mum, Dul : ce Do : mum re : so : nemus,
 Dul : ce Do : mum, Dul : ce, Dul : ce, Dul : ce Do : mum, Dul : ce Do : mum re : so : nemus.

Appropinquat, ecce, felix
 Hora gaudiorum :
 Post grave tedium
 Advenit omnium
 Meta petita laborum
 Chorus—Domum, etc.

Musa, libros mitte, fessa,
 Mitte pensa, dura,
 Mitte negotium,
 Jam datur otium,
 Me mea mittito cura.
 Chorus—Domum, etc.

Concinamus ad penates,
 Vox et audiatur :
 Phosphore! quid jubar,
 Segnius emicans,
 Gaudia nostra moratur?
 Chorus—Domum, etc.

Ridet annus, prata rident :
 Nosque rideamus :
 Jam repetit domum
 Daulias advena ;
 Nosque domum repetamus.
 Chorus—Domum, etc.

Heus! Rogere, fer caballos
 Eja, nunc eamus :
 Limem amabile,
 Matris et oscula
 Sauviter et repetamus
 Chorus—Domum, etc.

informed that its model, when exhibited at the Healtheries Exhibition, was much admired and obtained a medal.

Like other schools, I, of course, expected to find the "oldest of all" well up to the times in athletics, and was not disappointed. They have beautiful grounds in "Meads" and in "New Field," where football is played to a great extent in winter and cricket in summer, of the highest order.

The origin of the game of football as played at Winchester College is somewhat obscure, and during its existence has changed considerably, but one peculiarity has always been associated with it from the first, and that is, the game is always played in an enclosed space. Previous to the introduction of gas-pipes and netting, which now enclose the ground, the juniors used to line the ground so as

to keep the ball in play. Despite its being entirely different to any other game, it is not without its advantages when considered as a school game, as it requires more energy expended on it than either Rugby or Association, and consequently the time of a game rarely exceeds an hour and is more frequently of forty-five to fifty minutes' duration. Again, the ground is smaller than required for other rules, and thus, more games can be played at the one time and more men actively engaged.

The great matches of the year are those between the different divisions of the school, which are College, Commoners and Houses.

The first week of November these divisions play each other (three games) with fifteen a side, and in the first week in December they renew their rivalry with six a side.

The game is



FLINT COURT AND CLASS ROOMS.



CHAMBER COURT CONDUIT.



A "SNAP-SHOT" IN THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

almost as intricate to the uninitiated as that the students do not frequent the the "wall game" at Eton. It starts with streets and tart shops as at Eton or Har-

a "hot," which corresponds to a scrimmage. Thesehots with fifteen a side have, on occasions, been known to last as long as twenty-five minutes; but, by a rule of some two years' standing, no hot may last more than one minute, which has the effect of making the game much faster. The senior game is called "Canvas," the middle game "Middle Game Canvas," and the junior, "Junior Game Canvas." Another peculiarity of the Winchester game is that no



INTERIOR OF CHAPEL.

dribbling is allowed, and each player is expected to kick as hard as he possibly can; the winning points of the game are goals scored by forcing the ball over the opponents' goal.

Tuesday and Thursday still remain half-holidays, and Saints' days are observed by "leave out," when a great number of Wykehamists take the advantage of leaving Winchester for the day. The visitor to Winchester will notice

row. This may, perhaps, be owing to a little more licence they enjoy in College and the improved fare provided

The Wykehamist of to-day has indeed, a happy lot compared with his predecessors, who, we are told, less than a couple of centuries ago, "had nothing for breakfast, bread and cheese for luncheon, nothing for dinner, except the customary allowance of bread and beer.

The pancakes on Shrove Tuesday and the goose on Michaelmas-

day were great luxuries. Each goose was cut up to satisfy the cravings of five scholars, and no sooner had the servant placed the portions on the table than in went the forks of the anxious and hungry, scrambling for the best pieces and as the tale goes, on more than one occasion has the weapon entered



W. E. EMERSON
(2ND CAPTAIN OF HOUSES).
P. SCOONES
(CAPT. OF COLLEGE).
W. H. J. WILKINSON
(2ND CAPT. OF COLLEGE).
A. E. BLAKE
(CAPT. OF COMMONERS).
K. WIGRAM
(2ND CAPT. OF COMMONERS).
T. LEESE
(CAPT. OF HOUSES).

the hand of the poor servant, in mistake for a piece of the breast.

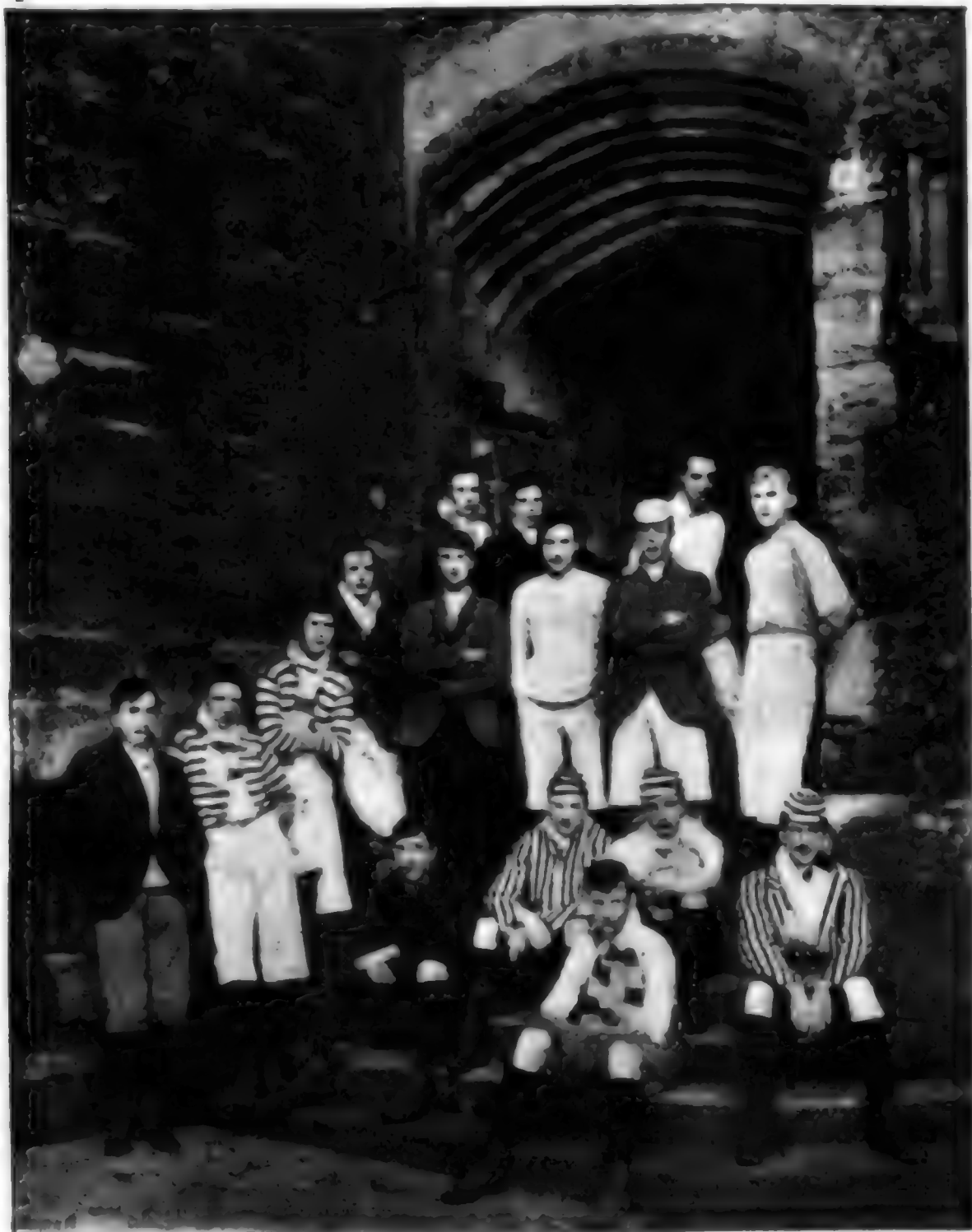
The average cost of a collegier is about the same as at Eton, £50 per annum, while the maintenance of a commoner costs over £150 per annum.

At the time of my visit the Christmas holidays were closely approaching,

and the greatest of Winchester refrains, "Dulce Domum," was to be heard on every side. "Home, sweet home," how the words carry me back to my youth! and while Christmas will be a thing of the past ere these few notes are published, I may be in time to wish my many new friends a very happy new year.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

Our illustrations are from photographs taken specially for this Magazine by R. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside, from whom photographic prints can be obtained.



READY FOR THE "MEADS."



A TALE
IN

SIX CHAPTERS

BY

SIDNEY LAMAN BRANKHARD.



AND HARVEY.

CHAPTER I.

I BEG tumara pardon, sir; mais voulez vous tell me how they call themselves—ces sahibs en haut?"

This curious and curiously-expressed question was addressed to me by a lady and two children—the lady being the spokesman, if she will allow me to call her so, the children asking only with their eyes.

The lady was a little brunette, apparently French; though there was, as you have seen, a suspicion of Hindustani in her speech. She had bright eyes, and a still brighter bonnet—the one being a decided black, and the other a decided pink. But the eye, if the less gaudy of the two, beamed with an animation and vivacity that a bonnet must be very fashionable indeed to possess. She had a neat little figure, and just the kind of costume in which you might expect to see it; that is to say, her dress, considerable in colour, gave you the idea, in its style, of having met the *mode* half-way and exaggerated its

effects from shadows cast before in milliners' magazines. The two children were minor versions of their apparent parent, the one expressed in male, the other in female form, and both looking as much like the dolls you see in the Burlington Arcade as mere children can ever hope to look. In the background was a very diminutive servant-maid, who had the children in charge.

I was walking in the Guildhall of the City of London when the question was addressed to me, arrayed in my robes as a barrister-at-law, with the intention of presently taking my place in Court, and making the most I could of a case in which I was engaged in the after-term sittings at Nisi Prius. They were the after-sittings of Easter Term, as I have good reason to remember; but never mind the year.

Strangers appear to consider themselves privileged to ask barristers any questions they please in the precincts of the Courts, whether at Westminster or Guildhall; so I was not surprised at an inquiry which, I afterwards remembered, might have been

more appropriately addressed to the beadle. But I was so occupied with my own thoughts—such pleasant thoughts! as I will tell you presently—at the time, that I scarcely remembered where I was. And when the lady alluded to some persons whom she strangely called *sahibs* as being *en haut*, I looked up to the groined roof, half expecting to see some athletic gentlemen in spangles disporting themselves upon a *trapèze*.

But a merry look from the lady brought me *en rapport* with actualities; and I now saw that she pointed with an indexed glove, of French make, and evidently containing fingers, to those commanding figures of the giants, Gog and Magog, which illustrate the western end of the Hall.

I am always affable to strangers, especially if they be ladies, and are choice as to eyes and bonnets; so I answered the inquiry in neat and appropriate terms. That is to say, as I had no time to enter into the complicated question concerned—which took the late Mr. Hone fifteen years to investigate—I contented myself by stating that the statues in question represented two early kings of Britain—King Arthur and King Lear.

The lady expressed her thanks in only one of the languages which she had, with apparent inadvertence, employed in her question. It was Hindustani. But she merely said, “*Bohut salaam*,” and that seemed to come accidentally; for she added immediately afterwards, in a French accent, as before, “Thank you very much, sir.” I thought that she gave me a kind of inquiring look of recognition, and I half fancied that I had seen her before; but I was occupied, as you have heard, with my own thoughts, and did not care to divert them from a pleasant channel; so I let the lady pass on.

CHAPTER II.

THE fact is, I was occupied with another lady at the time, and a very different being. I had met her but once, and how our meeting happened was this: I had left Court earlier than usual on the previous day, and on my way westward happened to turn into St. Paul’s Cathedral, whose interior I had not seen for many years: being a London man, of course I knew little or nothing of its principal “lions,” which are found so attractive to foreigners

and provincials. There was no service being performed, and I was contemplating the monument to Wellington, which I had never before seen, when the person in question approached. She was accompanied by an elderly lady. But never mind the elderly lady; I saw only herself. She passed me; and as she moved before my gaze I was irresistibly reminded of Burke’s description of “the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles;” and I thought that there had “never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision.” Lamartine has described her eyes, in those of the Dauphiness, by comparing them to the skies of the North and the waters of the Danube; and Heinrich Heine pictured them even better, when he wrote of “that deep eternal blue which is never seen in animated beings, and very seldom in flowers.” Those were the eyes of the lady whose presence graced the grandeur of the cathedral. Her hair was in colour like yellow sands, and massed about her head in waving clusters. Her features were small and delicate, and expressed by a succession of proud yet soft curves. Her presence recalled to me at once a line of Hafiz, which has been rendered into English as

“More stately than the cypress, and far
fairer than the pearl;”

and its chief charm was in its floating, unconscious grace. She gave me the general idea of a swan, as she swam, rather than walked, past the sculptured glories, suggesting sunny banks on either side, rather than cold stone and marble, and willows touching the waters.

I turned instinctively when she had passed, and saw that she had dropped her glove. I quickly captured the prize; it was warm from her hand, whose delicate form it retained. I hesitated a moment—dared I keep it? An instinct, not altogether associated with the restitution of treasure-trove, impelled me to a right course of action. I hurried back, returned the lost property, and received my reward. It was contained only in a smile, and the words, “Thank you very much,” but it made me rich for the time; and I was still revelling in my opulence as I walked about the Guildhall on the following morning.

It was little more than a farce, my regular attendance in Court; for briefs were rare birds with me, in common with hun-

meet this we had nothing but an assertion on the part of the defendant that could scarcely be expected to carry much weight. I was just thinking what a fortunate fellow Spiderley was to be engaged elsewhere on that particular morning, when I was joined by the attorney from whom I had received my instructions.

Mr. Ferrett (of the well-known firm of Ferrett and Weasel, 795, Palmerston's Buildings, Bishopsgate Street, north-west by west staircase, third floor) was an old professional acquaintance of mine. He was, also, a little, rosy, frank-mannered man, who made a point of taking a cheerful and sanguine view of whatever business he had in hand. He was possibly disappointed at the retreat of Spiderley, of which he had just heard; but he made no indelicate manifestation to that effect. On the contrary, he expressed himself very glad to find that the case had been left in my hands; and then he asked—with a little appearance of anxiety—what I thought I could do with it.

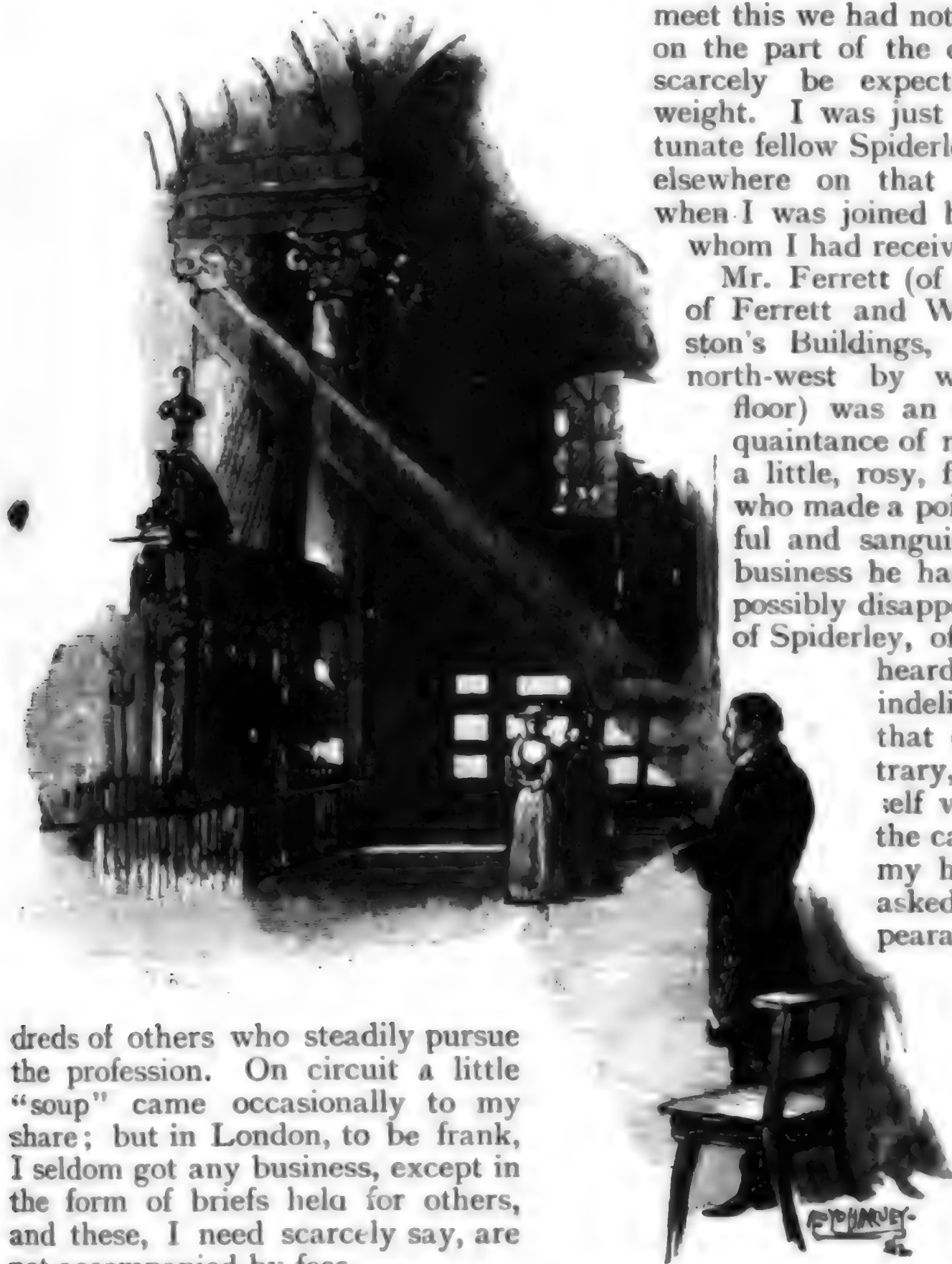
The question was not easy to answer—in a satisfactory manner. But facts were not to be ignored; and I frankly stated my impression that we were not strong enough to demolish the position of the other side, supposing it to be as declared.

“There is only one chance,” I added: “if our client is a very pretty girl, and we can make an interesting exhibition of her in Court, something may be done, if only in mitigation of damages, which, by the way, are laid at a preposterous sum.”

Ten thousand pounds was the modest amount claimed by the disappointed swain as compensation for the loss of the lady's hand. A very complimentary estimate, as it seemed to me, taking, of course, only an abstract view of my client.

“It is a high figure,” replied Mr. Ferrett; “I have never known so high a figure before in a case of the kind; but

“It is a high figure,” replied Mr. Ferrett; “I have never known so high a figure before in a case of the kind; but



CONTEMPLATING THE MONUMENT TO WELLINGTON.

dreds of others who steadily pursue the profession. On circuit a little “soup” came occasionally to my share; but in London, to be frank, I seldom got any business, except in the form of briefs held for others, and these, I need scarcely say, are not accompanied by fees.

An opportunity now, however, occurred to distinguish myself. I was junior in the case which was presently coming on, and my leader, Mr. Spiderley, Q.C., came to me while I was lingering in the Hall, and made the announcement that a prior retainer would compel his attendance elsewhere, and that he must leave the case entirely in my hands.

It was the defence of an action for breach of promise of marriage—very simple, as Spiderley remarked; but he did not add, as he had done previously in consultation, that it was almost a forlorn hope for our client, and was not difficult simply because there was little or no material on our side to make it so.

The case of the plaintiff, on the other hand, was supported by evidence of a direct documentary character; and to

the young lady, as I have just learned from personal enquiry, will inherit a fortune of almost that amount per annum upon coming of age.

This was a very awkward fact. In the interest of my client, I should have preferred that she had been as poor as a church mouse. If she were only a humble dependent reduced to go out as a governess or in some wretched position of the kind—a clever counsel like myself might have done something for her; but how could one expect a jury to render common justice to a great heiress?

"Yes, we are weak there," said Mr. Ferrett musingly, and quite aware of what was passing through my mind; "but as regards the other point, it is in our favour; she is a very handsome young lady, and will be certain to take with the Court; and, as you have seen, we must put her in the box, for there is no other witness. I came to tell you, by the way, that the defendant desires an interview with her counsel before the case comes on. I said you would see her here; shall I bring her presently?"

I assented, not unwilling to hear a little more of the case, now that I was responsible for its conduct; and in a few minutes Mr. Ferrett reappeared, accompanied by two ladies.

One was middle-aged; tall and imposing in appearance; handsome, aquiline and aristocratic. In her array of black velvet and black lace, she looked the ideal of a dowager duchess.

The other was quite young. I dare not in the cause of accuracy say how she was dressed; but I know this: her hair was like the yellow sands; her eyes were comparable only to the skies of the North and the waters of the Danube; her features were expressed by a succession of proud yet soft curves; her

movements were those of a swan—or, if she seemed to move upon the earth, it was with the walk by which the "Queen of Love is known." Here in the Guildhall, under the shadow of that pair of illustrious brothers whom they call Gog and Magog, my imagination irresistibly pictured her progressing between grassy banks with willows weeping into the waters.

Need I say that it was the lady of the Cathedral?

I had been too long at the Bar to blush; five or six years of the profession saves one from that kind of display. But I must have looked most unprofessionally confused, for I saw Mr. Ferrett regarding me with an air of surprise. However, he introduced me in due form:

"Lady Lorraine, Miss Lorraine—Mr. Pendragon."

The elder lady gave me a cold, business bow; the younger bent her swan-neck with a more gracious inclination, and I thought, from an involuntary glance, that she remembered our meeting on the previous day. I felt more unprofessional than ever, but tried not to look so, as I

listened to her explanation of the main points of her case.



IT WAS THE LADY OF THE CATHEDRAL.

CHAPTER III.

THE circumstances which had given rise to the action were certainly curious; and I will detail them, with some particulars which did not reach me until afterwards, without following the narrative of my fair client.

Bertha Lorraine belonged to one of those Indian families—Anglo-Indian, of course—whose names are synonyms for wealth and power in the East. Those of her relatives who had not risen, or were not

rising, to high positions in one or other of the services, had become

merchant princes ; and that in times when the pagoda tree yielded far richer fruit than in these days of dead-levelling, when commercial prosperity by no means comes naturally, and even the highest officials are obliged to do their duty with vexatious deference to the monster called Public Opinion. Bertha had been educated in Europe—at Bath, and subsequently in Paris. During this time, while her parents were absent in India, she was under the care of her uncle, a wealthy merchant, who more than once occupied the office of Lord Mayor. The splendid administration of Sir John Lorraine will be always remembered with pride in the City ; and it was during his second reign at the Mansion House that Bertha, after being duly presented at St. James's, made her entrance into society, and presided in the municipal halls as officiating Lady Mayoress. For her uncle was a bachelor, and not a little proud, as you may suppose, in having so fair an associate in his honours. Bertha's success was very great ; and I believe that even in those early days she might have married anybody she pleased. But before the end of her first season, when she was only eighteen, her mother returned to lay claim to her ; and the close of the year found her with that lady at Calcutta, where her father joined them from up country. Major-General Sir Gilbert Lorraine was one of the old school of Indian officers. He had been home only twice during his term of service, and had last beheld his daughter when she was but a child. He was proud to see her looking so lovely in the first bloom of her womanhood, but had little time to indulge his delight. A wretched Hill war broke out ; a command devolved upon him ; and he went upon a rather inglorious expedition—as the result proved—after having sent his wife and daughter to Darjeeling, in the Neilgherry Hills. He never returned to meet them there, as he had fondly hoped to do. He fell a victim to a fever, which was the worst enemy the force had to encounter. He was not a rich man when he died. He had never enjoyed leisure to nurse his savings, nor, indeed, to know exactly how he stood with his agents. But, between his own means and the provision made by government, his family were not ill-provided for. The latter consideration, however, was of very little importance ; for, during their stay

at Darjeeling, Lady and Miss Lorraine met with a cousin of the General's, who threw all these advantages into the shade. Mr. Mangosteen was probably the last of the old race of Indian " nabobs." He was reported to be of enormous wealth, and nobody knew how he could possibly leave it, as he had no direct ties. He simplified matters by leaving it all to Bertha, whose lovable qualities, besides her grace and beauty, had produced upon him perhaps the pleasantest impression—apart from seeing his money accumulate—that he had ever received in his life. He died soon afterwards, and Bertha found herself the mistress, not of such a fortune as the nabob was reputed to possess, but of a modest little competence amounting to between seven and eight thousand a year. It was, of course, left in trust until she became of age ; at which happy period for heiresses she had arrived a few months before becoming my client, her property being now entirely at her own disposition.

A beautiful girl in India, who is not quite a pauper—and even, indeed, though she may not have a rupee of her own—is sure to be surrounded by admirers ; Bertha, you may be sure, had her share of them before the expedition to Darjeeling and the modest bequest of Mr. Mangosteen ; for Indians—to do them justice—are seldom mercenary in their matrimonial views. Having usually enough for themselves, and being settled in a career which gives an assurance for the future, they seldom introduce the adventurer spirit into their alliances, and marry their own loves at their leisure in a most commendable manner. So it was that there were plenty of lords of high degree—represented by judges, commissioners, generals and so forth—who would cheerfully have taken Bertha to be their bride at first sight ; and as for the smaller people—represented by the ever-marriageable subaltern—they may be taken for granted, *sans dire*, and equally *sans succès*. Not that Bertha would have been particular to a shade as regarded either rank or fortune ; but she was a girl who, whether rich or poor, was resolved to marry her own love, or not marry at all.

So the judges and the commissioners and the generals, and even the ever-marriageable subalterns, who offered, got their *jewabs* in double-quick time. This was while Bertha had merely the little

pecuniary advantages which she might be supposed to derive from her father. After her elevation to the rank of an heiress, you may be sure that her admirers did not fall off; and then came suspicions as to motives, which made her hesitate still more. Certain it is that she never found any man in India who pleased her sufficiently to make her marry him; and she was so little of a coquette—all women are perhaps a little, but I sit corrected if I am wrong—that nobody accused her, in his bitterest abasement, of having deceived him. The utmost they could say against her was that she was cold; and coldness must surely be a privileged communication when a lady rejects lovers—though after all, it may have been only her swan-like manner that suggested the idea.

There was only one man with whom she had any difficulty. Captain Charles Balmoral never would take an answer; and his persistency was the less tolerable, considering that he had not become a suitor until the lady had become an heiress. He was at Darjeeling, indeed, when Mr. Mangosteen made his will; and you may be sure that his was not the last inquiring mind in the place to become thoroughly informed of the contents of that document. Like many men who are most pushing in matrimonial speculations, Balmoral was by no means what would be considered an eligible party himself. Very pretentious people objected to him on the ground that he was only the son of a bootmaker in Cheapside; but it was his personal character that was really against him. He had retired from the service under questionable circumstances; there were whispers, indeed, of certain pecuniary transactions having caused a pressure on the part of authority. His failing had always been for speculation; and once relieved from restraint, he gave himself up to it unreservedly. He was in nearly every new Company, and had shares in many an old one; he made a great deal of money,

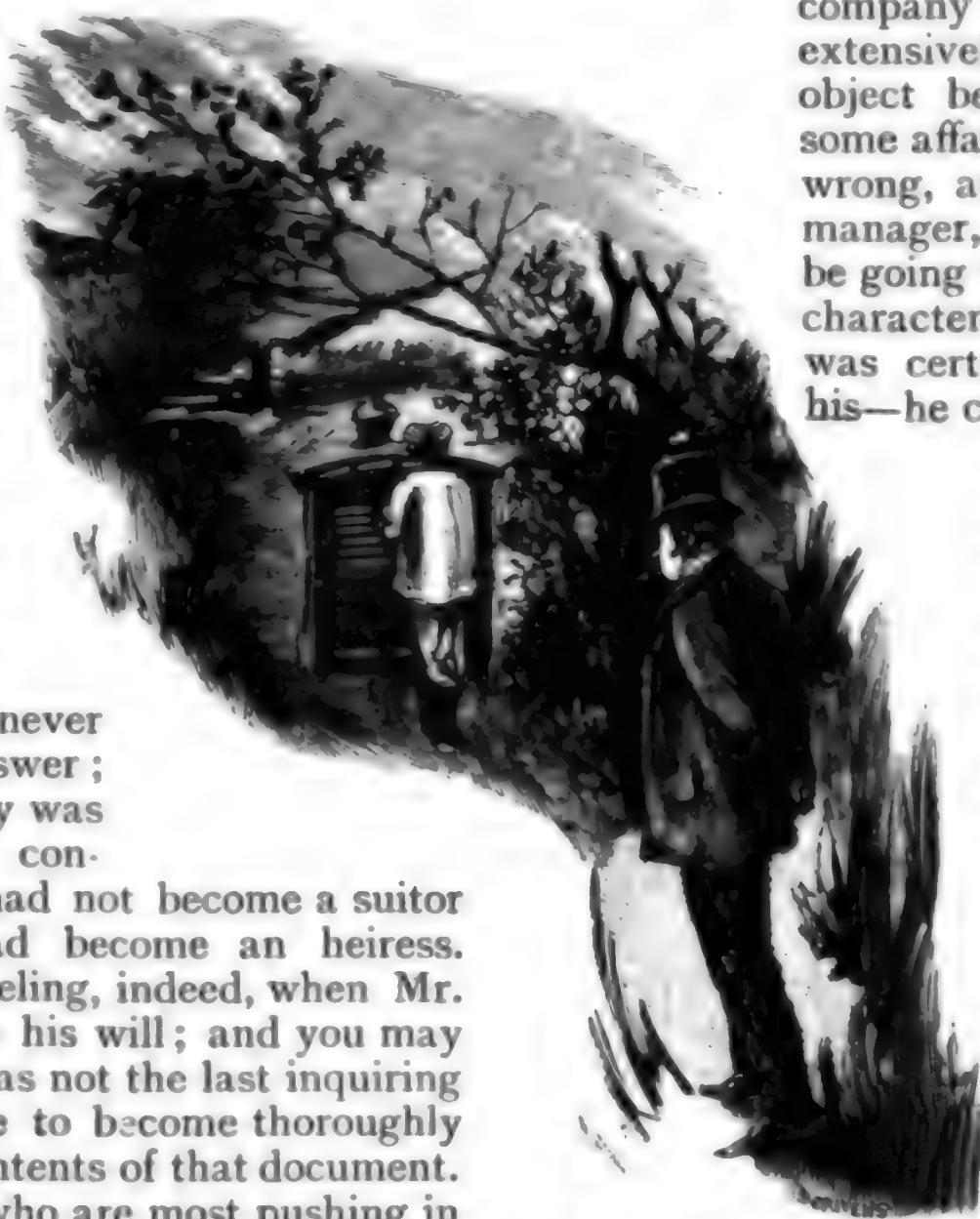
and he lost a great deal. Nobody quite knew how he stood financially; he might be rich or he might be poor, but he could always command capital—whether his own or somebody else's—for any fresh venture which offered the alternative of an enormous fortune or a petition in bankruptcy. He managed somehow to avoid disastrous failure; but his schemes were by no means uniformly associated with success.

At the time of his first meeting with Lady and Miss Lorraine, Captain Balmoral was on a mission from a tea

company in which he was extensively concerned; the object being to set right some affairs that were going wrong, and to manage the manager, who appeared to be going wrong also. With characteristic courtesy—this was certainly a quality of his—he called upon the two

ladies as soon as they arrived; made himself very attentive and very useful; and contrived to place them under considerable obligations of a social kind. Without his assistance, indeed, they would have found themselves far less pleasantly placed than they were as regarded their house, their servants, and their horses. He was

free and familiar enough—a little too much so sometimes in public—but he seemed thoroughly earnest and sincere, and was the reverse of the kind of man who is called a “lady-killer.” His appearance would have acquitted him of any such pretensions, even had he been a very young man, which he was certainly not; he was most unromantically rubicund in face, and positively puffy in figure; and although careful enough in costume, never appeared dressed for effect. A thoroughly good-natured frankness seemed at the bottom of his character, and, backed up by his wonderful way of making himself useful, not only caused him to be popular



CAPTAIN BALMORAL FELL BACK.

in some circles, but gained for him toleration in others, where a man of his anomalous reputation would be usually tabooed.

It was shortly before the death of Mr. Mangosteen that Captain Balmoral made Miss Lorraine an offer of his hand. Lady Lorraine and her daughter were proceeding one evening at sunset, in their *jan pangs*, to keep a dinner engagement on the side of the hill opposite to that on which their house was situated. The road round the mountain—in some places natural, in others formed by art—was ascending, so that progress was necessarily slow; and here and there the path was so narrow that the two palanquins could not proceed abreast. In an exigency of this kind Lady Lorraine's bearers took the advance, leaving those of Miss Lorraine to follow. It was during a temporary separation from her mother that Bertha was joined by Captain Balmoral, who was proceeding the same way on foot. In a careless manner, as it seemed at first, he walked by the side of the conveyance, chatting upon indifferent subjects; but presently his demeanour towards the fair occupant completely changed, and after a little pre-facing, he fairly launched into an expression of the state of his affections, concluding with a declaration in due form.

Bertha was so astounded that she was scarcely able to reply. When sufficiently composed to make the announcement, she expressed, in the most decided terms at her command, her absolute refusal of the offer; and she did not omit to convey to him her extreme surprise that it should have been made. She then entreated him as a gentleman to leave her; and, as a demonstration on her own part, drew the curtains of the *jan pan* as closely as they could be drawn.

Captain Balmoral seemed by no means abashed; he had even the courage to say something about "hoping" and "the future;" then, raising his hat, he wished her good-evening, and fell back, leaving the lady to proceed unmolested on her way.

Lady Lorraine's indignation, upon learning Balmoral's audacity, was greater even than that of Bertha; and on the following day the elder lady wrote the suitor a very decided note, forbidding him to address her daughter again upon that or any other subject.

But Balmoral was not easy to put down. He continued to salute the ladies

in public places in the most friendly manner; and more than once, when he found them alone, made an attempt to enter into conversation. But Lady Lorraine cut him short with a contempt which could not be ignored; while Bertha always looked studiously in another direction. His obtrusive conduct would have driven them from the station, where they were detained only by the last illness of Mr. Mangosteen. The death of Sir Gilbert soon followed; then the widow, with her daughter, proceeded to Calcutta, and eventually to England.

They had been home something more than two years, and Bertha had just seen her twenty-first birthday, when notice was received of the action, "*Balmoral v. Lorraine*," for breach of promise of marriage.

CHAPTER IV.

I DID not, as I have intimated, obtain all these particulars during the interview with my client; but I learned enough to know that there was some foul play on the other side, though of what nature I could not then divine. The case, if made out, was an awkward one to deal with; for the declaration alleged that the promise was made in the defendant's handwriting, and this we could meet only by the plea, supported by no other evidence than that of the defendant herself, that she had never made any promise of the kind, in writing or otherwise.

Under all circumstances—seeing the difficulty of disproving the authenticity of any plausible document which might be produced, in a handwriting which, if it were a forgery, would necessarily be made to resemble that of the supposed writer—I strongly advised Miss Lorraine to give her consent to the matter being settled, if possible, out of Court. A sum very far short of the damages claimed would probably be sufficient for a compromise, and the family would be saved the pain of public proceedings.

But, in coming to this conclusion, I had not considered the character of my client, who, in very decided terms, declared against any concession which would amount to even an implied admission of her liability.

As I looked into her beautiful eyes, alive with indignant fire, I could not choose but feel a sympathy far stronger than would be dictated by mere professional instinct

or doubt that she was the victim of a cruel machination.

"Nothing," she said, emphatically, "shall induce me to compromise with the man. He threatens me, and he shall justify his threat, or be brought to shame."

Lady Lorraine, though deeply indignant with the persecutor of her daughter, was greatly inclined to take my advice, as the most prudent step; but nothing could overcome the determination of the younger lady to let things take their course, and confide in the justice of her case.

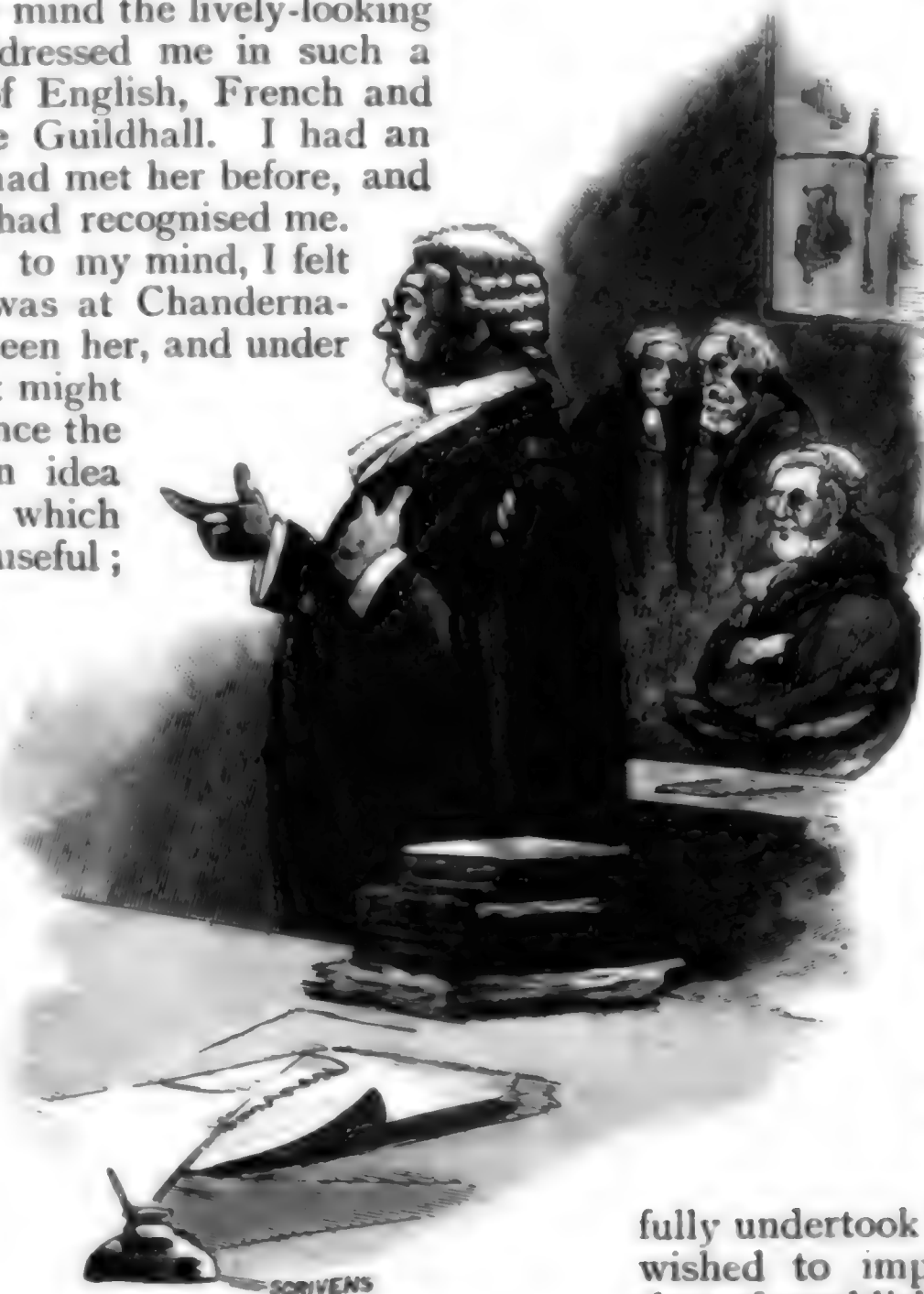
I did not think it necessary to enter into such particulars to the ladies; but I may here add that the plaintiff was not unknown to me. I had, indeed, during the previous year, considerable acquaintance with him in Calcutta, whither I had gone with a view, which I did not carry out, to practise at the local Bar. I had seen a great deal of him during a short visit to the French settlement at Chandernagore, and I believed myself justified in considering him a thoroughly unscrupulous and unprincipled man. I had remembered his name upon first glancing at my brief; and then came into my mind the lively-looking lady who had addressed me in such a curious mixture of English, French and Hindustani, in the Guildhall. I had an impression that I had met her before, and I fancied that she had recognised me. Upon recalling her to my mind, I felt convinced that it was at Chandernagore that I had seen her, and under circumstances that might considerably influence the present case. An idea struck me, in fact, which might be made useful; and so entirely unprofessional were my feelings towards my beautiful client, that I was prepared to go to any extent beyond my brief, and make use of every private means at my command which could advance her cause.

I did not, as I have said, communicate my idea—which, after

all, was founded only on suspicion—to either Lady or Miss Lorraine; but once satisfied that the case must come into Court, I determined to make use of any resources at my command to win it.

The more I saw of my beautiful client, standing there with her swan-like neck (the neck, I found by this time, assisted immensely the floating grace of her movements), her hair like the yellow sand, and the clear depths of her blue eyes—the more I looked upon her and thought of her, the more determined did I become to gain her the verdict, or perish in the attempt. It was possible only to perish professionally; but I would have welcomed a stronger penalty than that for possible failure; and I could not refrain from noting how, as I suppose my personal sympathy became manifest, her confidence in me seemed to increase; so much so that, in the course of the quarter of an hour that our interview endured, we found ourselves, unconsciously upon both sides, on the most friendly terms.

We separated eventually to take our places in Court; and it was not without some misgiving that I waited for our case to be called. "Balmoral v. Lorraine" was not the first on the list. There were a couple of others of a most trumpery character, it seemed to me, which occupied the time until nearly one o'clock. Meanwhile I had taken an opportunity to have a talk with Mr. Ferrett in reference to my particular view of our course of action, and had thoroughly imbued him with my ideas. He gratefully undertook the task which I wished to impose upon him—that of establishing a communica-



THE GREAT MR. MARLINGSPIKE, Q.C., M.P.

tion with the young lady in the pink bonnet, who had asked me about Gog and Magog ; for I felt sure she was to be a witness for the plaintiff, and it was not consistent with my position as an advocate on the other side that I should hold any communication with her. As for Mr. Ferrett, he was not particular, and entered into my views like a man—and an attorney.

CHAPTER V.

I HAVE said that we all separated to come into Court ; but Lady and Miss Lorraine, I was pleased to see, took their seats—or rather the seats of some juniors of the Bar, who gallantly gave them up—on the same bench with myself, thus establishing easy communication. Mr. Ferrett had his proper place in front ; but he did not settle himself until he had seen the mysterious lady in the pink bonnet safely seated at the solicitors' table, having left her maid and children elsewhere. Captain Balmoral was at the same table, but he sat apart, accompanied solely by his solicitor.

The great Mr. Marlinspike, Q.C., M.P., was counsel for the plaintiff, and had, of course, a more imposing position than myself—in the inner bar—where he assumed his place just before the case was called. His junior, Mr. Nuff, was immediately behind him, on the same bench as myself. Mr. Nuff, who opened the case, had never been known to address a Superior Court before, and was so nervous that, in the witness-box, he would have incurred the presumption of perjury. He said three times as much as was necessary, and seemed considerably relieved when he sat down to find that he was considered merely a matter of course. Then came Mr. Marlinspike, Q.C., M.P., who introduced the real business before the Court.

Mr. Marlinspike, with his usual air of force and severity, commenced with some impressive remarks concerning the evil consequences which too often ensue, in an erroneous state of society, from the wreck of a manly heart which has trusted too fondly, and the mischief effected by fascinating women of a coquettish turn of mind ; and then he entered into what he called the facts of the case on the part of the plaintiff.

Accepting the lucid and circumstantial statement of the learned counsel, the inevitable impression would be that

Captain Balmoral was a guileless swain who had fallen into the meshes of a designing woman, had trusted, been betrayed, and was now breaking his heart in consequence. The version given of the offer which he made at Darjeeling was that the lady had given him every indication of encouragement on that occasion, had elected to “ask mamma,” and had sent him an acceptance of his suit in writing on the following day. Her refusal, more than two years afterwards, to carry out her engagement should be visited, the counsel considered, with exemplary damages, and more especially as facts pointed to the strong probability that the lady's intentions had changed in consequence of her succession to a fortune which, he had it on his brief, amounted to more than twenty-thousand pounds a-year. He did not add, by the way, that Captain Balmoral was well aware of her position as an heiress when he made the proposal. Before sitting down, Mr. Marlinspike reminded the jury that he was a member of the Legislature—he always gave this reminder upon one ground or another—and that seeing, as he frequently did, the inadequate satisfaction rendered by juries to plaintiffs in actions of this kind, he should take it into grave consideration whether the law should not be made more stringent on their behalf. At the same time, he was convinced that the independent and high-minded gentlemen whom he had the honour of addressing would not fail to render a full measure of justice, etc.

The letter containing the promise of marriage was put in and read. It was couched as follows :

“Darjeeling, May—, 18—.

“DEAREST CHARLES,—I was so agitated at your avowal yesterday, though I had been long prepared for it, that my lips refused to utter what my heart dictated. You say you will be mine ; I answer that I will be yours for ever and for ever.
“BERTHA.”

When this document was read, Miss Lorraine turned to me, a deadly paleness in her face, and said, “I did, indeed, write that letter ; but —” She became so agitated as to be unable to proceed ; and Lady Lorraine, fearing the consequences of excitement, hurried her daughter out of Court.

My own position was not a little perplexing. Could it be true that I had been deceived in so important a matter as this? or worse, that I had been deceived in one whom—but I could not allow myself to pursue the personal question, my business was with the case.

The first witness called for the plaintiff was the plaintiff himself. Captain Charles Balmoral gave his evidence with coolness, and it seemed to me clearness also, in confirmation of his counsel's state-

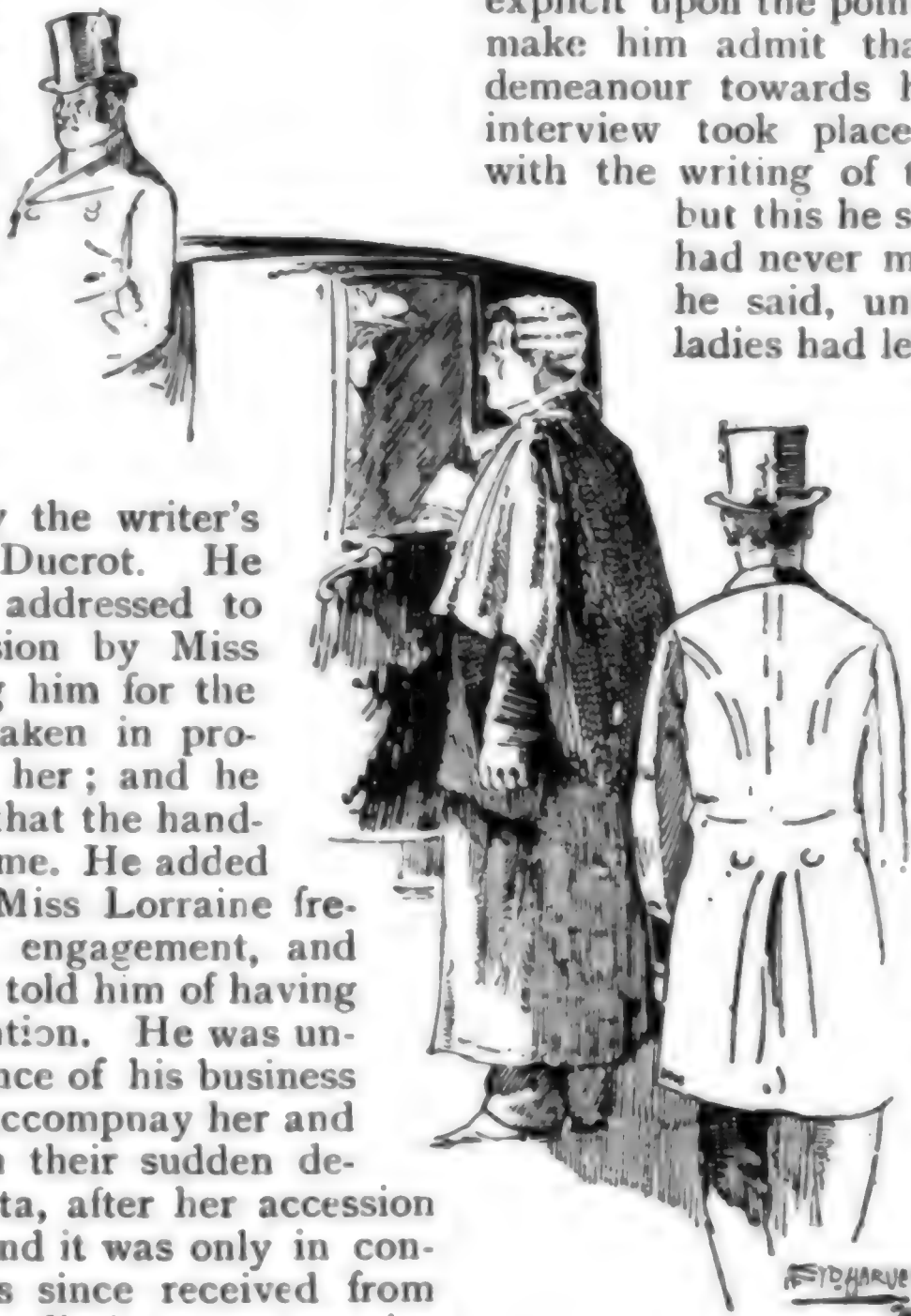
ment. With regard to the letter, he affirmed that it had been received by him on the date which it bore, the day after his personal interview with Miss Lorraine on the road. It had been delivered to him by the writer's own maid, Sophie Ducrot. He produced a note addressed to him on one occasion by Miss Lorraine, thanking him for the trouble he had taken in procuring a horse for her; and he showed the Court that the handwriting was the same. He added that he had seen Miss Lorraine frequently since the engagement, and that she had never told him of having changed her intention. He was unable, in consequence of his business engagements, to accompany her and Lady Lorraine on their sudden departure for Calcutta, after her accession to the property; and it was only in consequence of letters since received from the elder lady, repudiating any promise on her daughter's behalf, that, after the lapse of more than two years, he determined to bring the action.

The defendant's case, as contained in my brief, was that no letter of the kind alleged was ever written by her to the plaintiff; and this she was prepared to support on oath. But how could I deny the authenticity of the letter, after the communication just made? However, remembering certain habits of Charles Balmoral's which were well known to his friends, I took the opportunity for cross-examination to ask the witness whether he had not, in India and else-

where, evinced very great facility in imitating the handwriting of other persons, alluding especially to a hoax in which he had been known to assist. He looked confused at the reminder, especially as coming from one who he was aware was not questioning at random; and with some want of tact declined to answer. The Court, however—as I could not profess to have a direct object, derived from my instructions, in putting the question—did not compel him to be explicit upon the point. I then tried to make him admit that the defendant's demeanour towards him ever since the interview took place was inconsistent with the writing of the letter alleged; but this he stoutly denied. He had never met with any rebuff, he said, until long after the ladies had left Darjeeling.

My cross-examination thus was a failure; and I confess that I felt considerable embarrassment in grappling with the difficulties of the case. All I could do for the present was to wait and watch.

The next witness called was Sophie Ducrot, whom I was quite prepared to see in the person of my friend in the pink bonnet. She was, as I had remembered after meeting her in the Hall, a *Chandernagorienne*, with a little of the native blood, which she ignored, being more French than the French themselves in her toilet and manner. She knew a little English, and a great deal of Hindustani; for the rest, "she spoke the French of Chandernagore," which is not quite the French of Paris, as you may suppose. As she insisted on using the Gallic language on this occasion, it was necessary to take her evidence through an interpreter. However, she had not much to say; and what she had was provokingly to the point. She de-



I WENT TO THE CARRIAGE.

posed that she was residing with Miss Lorraine as her *dame de compagnie*—which was her way of describing the office of lady's-maid—during the period referred to at Darjeeling. Captain Balmoral was very attentive to Miss Lorraine, and everybody thought he would make her an offer of marriage. She gathered, from what she heard pass between Lady Lorraine and her daughter one morning, that he had proposed on the previous evening; and that she was soon after asked to take a letter to his house. She did so, and the letter was the one produced. She could identify it outside by a peculiarity of the folding, in the absence of a separate envelope; and she could also identify the contents, as she happened to read them at the time; adding, in explanation, that Captain Balmoral, who was in his drawing-room when she delivered the letter to him, retired to an adjacent apartment, as if to hide his emotion. He dropped the letter on the floor in going, and Mademoiselle took advantage of the opportunity to see what it contained.

There was some laughter at the naïve way in which the witness confessed this little frailty, but there was no shaking her testimony; and when I asked her if Miss Lorraine had not refused to see Captain Balmoral after her alleged acceptance of him, Mademoiselle answered boldly, "not at all; and that everybody knew of the engagement."

My cross-examination was again unfortunate; and I was greatly relieved when, the plaintiff's case having thus come to a conclusion, the Court adjourned for half-an-hour for refreshment.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR case had clearly broken down entirely, unless my idea, to which I referred some time back, should be found to have borne fruit through the agency of Mr. Ferrett. I took, as you know, more than a professional interest in it; for my lovely client had bound me as a man is bound only once in his life. But professional instincts are strong; and I confess that the thoughts uppermost in my mind concerned the course I was to take when the Court reassembled. Of Miss Lorraine's deception, in its personal aspect, I dared not think; but her communication to me was most important as

regarded business; and all the hope I had to cling to was contained in the little word "but," with which she had broken off before leaving the Court.

I went once more into the hall, where I found Ferrett, who, as well as my witnesses, Lady and Miss Lorraine, had forsaken me during the latter part of the proceedings in Court. I saw him under the statues of Gog and Magog, talking to his confidential clerk, a sharp fellow, who might possibly have done justice to my idea outside, while I was conducting forlorn cross-examinations in Court.

"I may have something to tell you presently," said Mr. Ferrett, answering my enquiring look with a significant glance of his eye; "but meanwhile will you see Miss Lorraine?—she is in her carriage outside with my lady. She wishes to put you right upon an important point."

I went to the carriage immediately. Miss Lorraine had been much shaken by the shock received in Court. She was still proudly indignant, but had scarcely strength to sustain the manifestation.

"I placed you in a very awkward position, I fear," said she, with a keen appreciation of my professional responsibility. "I should have told you nothing, or all. It is true that I did write the letter; but"—Ah, that but! I thought—"but it was not written in my name, nor to Captain Balmoral. My old maid, Sophie Ducrot—who seems to be in this conspiracy against me, for I caught a glimpse of her as I rose to leave the Court—Sophie Ducrot had a lover, she told me; a young engineer on board one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ships—Charles something, I forget what else she called him; but he had the same baptismal name as Captain Balmoral. She told me that he was the best man in the world," here Miss Lorraine smiled, "and loved her with all sincerity. He had offered her marriage; she knew not how to reply to him on the spot, as her English was deficient, and still less, for the same reason, was she able to write to him. She besought me, with French impulsiveness, to dictate a letter for her; and I willingly wrote the draft, for her to copy, of the foolish letter read in Court to-day. It has been turned against me, it seems, and adapted to another purpose—my signature imitated, and a false direction added—but I am as innocent of

writing it to the man who is persecuting me as you are, or mamma."

I could have fallen upon the swan-neck as I heard these words, to express my gratitude; and I must confess that I never felt more unprofessional in my life. But the sense of duty happily conquered; that is to say, I was keenly alive to the fact that the case would be resumed before long, and that *something must be done*.

I left the ladies, promising to send for them in proper time, and returned to the Hall. There, again under the shadow of Gog and Magog, a singular scene presented itself.

Mademoiselle Sophie Ducrot was there, in a towering passion. Her maid was looking terrified beyond all description, and the beautiful boy and girl whom the maid had in charge were howling in sympathy. But, stranger sight than all, Captain Balmoral was standing by, positively pale with agitation; and you may guess the horrible appearance that he presented, when I remind you that pallor upon a bloated face is as ghastly as when seen upon a negro. And it was against Captain Balmoral that Mademoiselle Ducrot was letting loose the vials of her wrath. She spoke with the mingling of French, English, and Hindustani, which seemed to form her natural language; but reduced to English, her words amounted to this:

"Monster! you have deceived me! Was it for this that I consented to help you to get your ten thousand pounds?—you, who have brought this action against my old mistress—my old friend, I mean—through the letter I gave you, which I got written for me, having said that it was for that other Charles; for I dared not say that you were the man who loved me. Was it for this, I say, that I made the sacrifice I did? I know all now. You brought your action to make the rich lady

marry you, and you were prepared to cast me off with your English law, that you fancied you had on your side. But I will be too much for you. The case is not yet over, and I appeal to this gentleman, with these papers——"

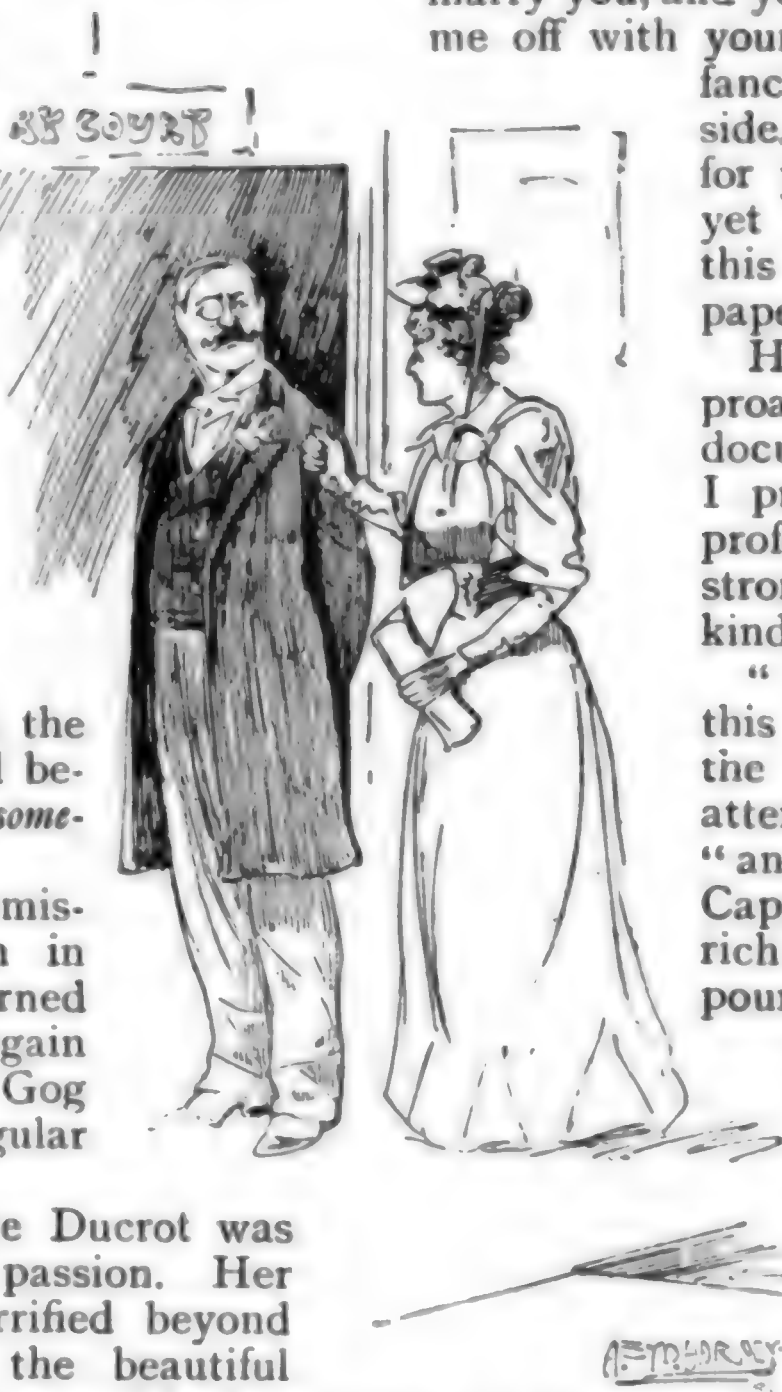
Here Mademoiselle approached me with some documents in her hand; but I prudently referred her—professional instincts are strong in a situation of the kind—to Mr. Ferrett.

"Then I will appeal to this gentleman," continued the lady, transferring her attentions to the attorney; "and he will see that this Captain cannot marry the rich lady whose ten thousand pounds I was to help him to get, for *he is already married to me*."

This was the exact situation which was the subject of my idea; and it seems that my hint to Mr. Ferrett had not been given in vain. His clerk had made acquaintance

with the maid during her mistress's absence in Court, and, by a succession of small attentions which culminated in cherries and brandy, had led her almost to an admission of Mademoiselle's proper position; and, a good ground of suspicion being established, he had expedited the crisis by a slight misrepresentation of the British law, which, according to him, would have the power of compelling the specific performance of a contract of marriage apart from the granting of compensation. The clerk inflamed the maid, the maid inflamed the mistress, and the result was what we saw. It was exactly what Mr. Ferrett intended that it should be, with my suspicions to guide him; and my suspicions were founded upon the fact that I had seen Mademoiselle about with Captain Balmoral in Chandernagore, had heard her always described as his wife, and had a right, therefore, to consider her, *prima facie*, in that relation.

During the burst of upbraiding on the part of the impassioned *Chandernagorienne*, Captain Balmoral disappeared, and he



MONSTER! YOU HAVE DECEIVED ME!

was seen nowhere near the Court that day. By the time the case of "Balmoral v. Lorraine" was resumed, Mr. Ferrett was able to place in my hands certain papers, which not only proved the fact that the plaintiff was married, but proved the identity of the wife present in Court.

It was with great satisfaction that, as counsel for the defence, I was now able to point to all these particulars, with their natural consequence—that a married man cannot bring an action for breach of promise of marriage. And so carefully had Mademoiselle Ducrot borne her proofs about her—for she was one of that anomalous class of persons who always expect to be deceived by men—that the evidence was considered conclusive as far as the present Court was concerned, and the judge directed a nonsuit forthwith.

I have since learned that Captain Balmoral had, while at Darjeeling trying for the mistress, simply fallen into the meshes of the maid. He had been intrigued into a marriage which he did not think legal at the time, but which Mademoiselle Ducrot took care should answer all the requirements. I believe the pair have since come together again; but they have been disappointed of their ten thousand pounds; and have, besides, had a narrow escape of a prosecution for perjury; for, of course, Miss Lorraine did not wish to take the initiative, and was content with a public apology and retraction, which Captain Balmoral had to give in due form.

For myself, the case had brought nothing but good fortune. From that day forward business poured in upon me in a most remarkable manner. It is difficult to understand the motives of attorneys; but for one reason or another several of them seemed to have been seized with a sudden belief in my abilities. The cases in which I was first retained were usually more or less connected with the Corporation of London; and from what I have since heard, I am inclined to believe that interest was made for me by a lady through Sir John Lor-

raine, who was still alive and potential, although he had "passed the chair." I had no difficulty in discovering the identity of the lady, and renewing my acquaintance. The result was most fortunate. I was married to my lovely client in less than six months after the memorable trial. There is no need for many particulars, but I may mention that she is more swan-like than ever, and that I live in a state of thorough enchantment. Ill-natured people may say that Bertha married me through gratitude, because I released her from the persecution of Balmoral. But you, who have read my story, know how little was due to *my* action in the matter, and how much more I was aided by what we are accustomed to call accident—the happy chance that brought Sophie Ducrot to me with her absurd inquiry about *ces sahibs*, the worthy Gog and Magog, whom I shall always regard with gratitude as the instruments of my good fortune. It is not every day that a man marries an ex-lady-mayor-ess, not much past her majority, with so many advantages to confer with her charming self.



I WAS MARRIED TO MY LOVELY CLIENT.

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

(Continued.)

THE Pantheon (the resting-place of the greatest heroes of France) was unfortunately closed, in preparation for the grand centenary fête.

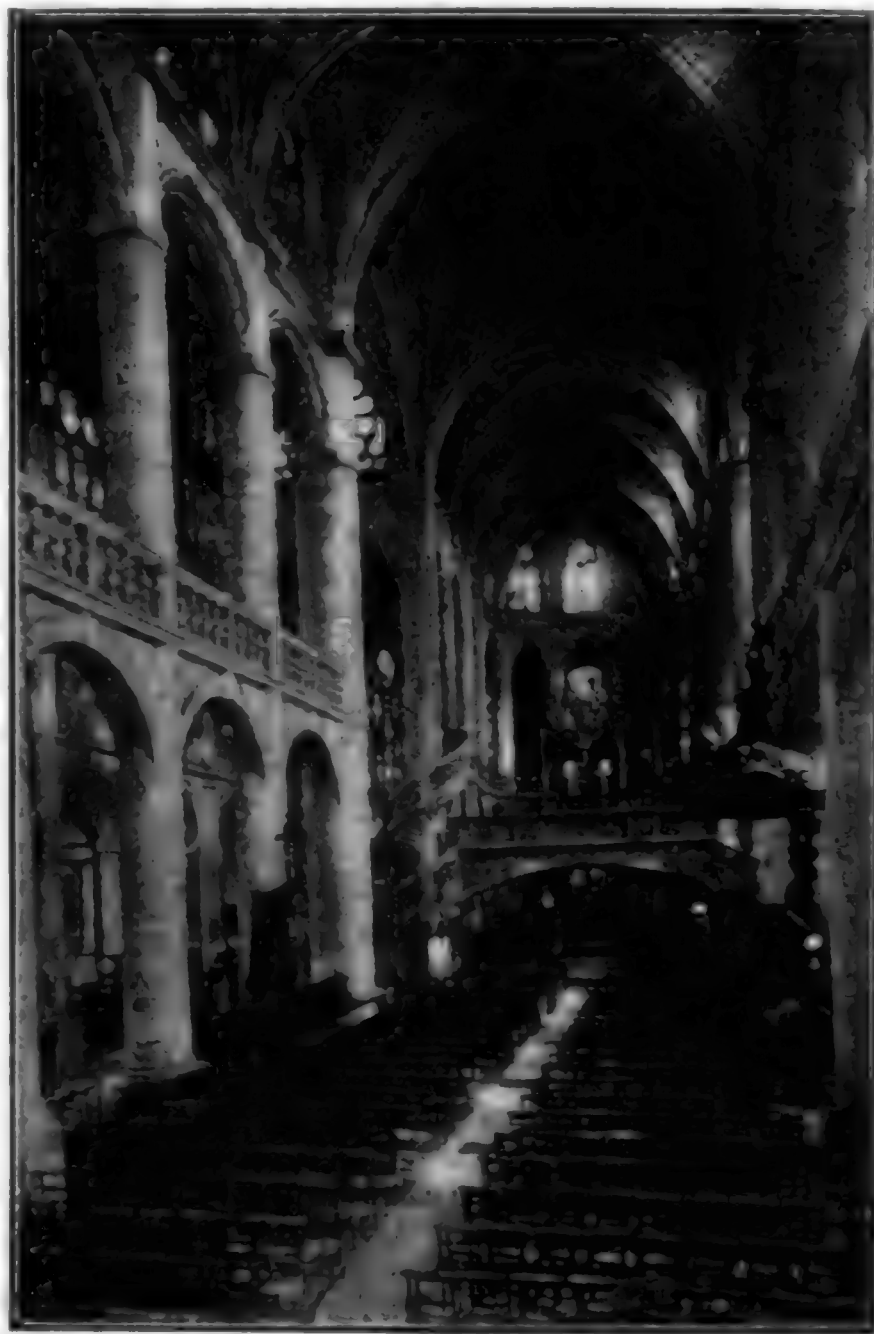
The outside is like Des Invalides, but larger, a domed Grecian temple; indeed, this style is to be met with frequently in Paris. The French love to pose as the successors to the old Romans: their principal buildings are copies; they have eagles for their standards, and Louis XIV. is actually in one statue represented as a Roman. I was much amused to hear that the statue at Versailles which does duty for Martius Curtius was originally intended for the Grand Monarque, but on his not liking it, a

few flames were added round the horse, and hey presto! behold a noble Roman. Finding the Pantheon closed, we entered a church close by; one which happened to be one of the most beautiful and interesting in Paris—that of St. Etienne du Mont. The outside is most singular: there is a large door like the entrance to a Roman building, and this is surrounded by different styles of architecture, there being a tower on one side, the corners of which vary, one being square and the other rounded; there are also buttresses, both solid and flying, and all over the front

sculptures and ornaments are stuck on till the church looks like the curious old furniture of the Middle Ages, decorated according to the whim of the moment.

It is a very old building, dating back to 1121, but it was almost entirely rebuilt in the 16th century. It contains the wonder-working shrine of Ste. G  nevi  ve, the patron saint (female) of Paris, to whom the Pantheon was originally dedicated by Louis XV. Both these buildings stand in the Quartier Latin, the place where the students most do congregate. As a lively illustration of the want of faith of our modern times, was a crippled woman with crutches, who sat at

the door of St. Etienne; begging, and yet before the shrine of Ste. G  nevi  ve lay the crutches of those who had been healed by faith in her powers. The interior is not only particularly beautiful, but also uncommon. The pillars are Norman, as are also the arches; but the strange feature is the rood screen, which is an arch of stone, built across the entrance to the choir in such a way as to permit of the altar being seen distinctly. Round the pillars twine two staircases of open work in stone, which enable the priest and choir to reach a gallery which is built all round the choir from pillar to pillar. This is most curious. At one end



ST. ETIENNE CHURCH.



CHILDREN RIDING.

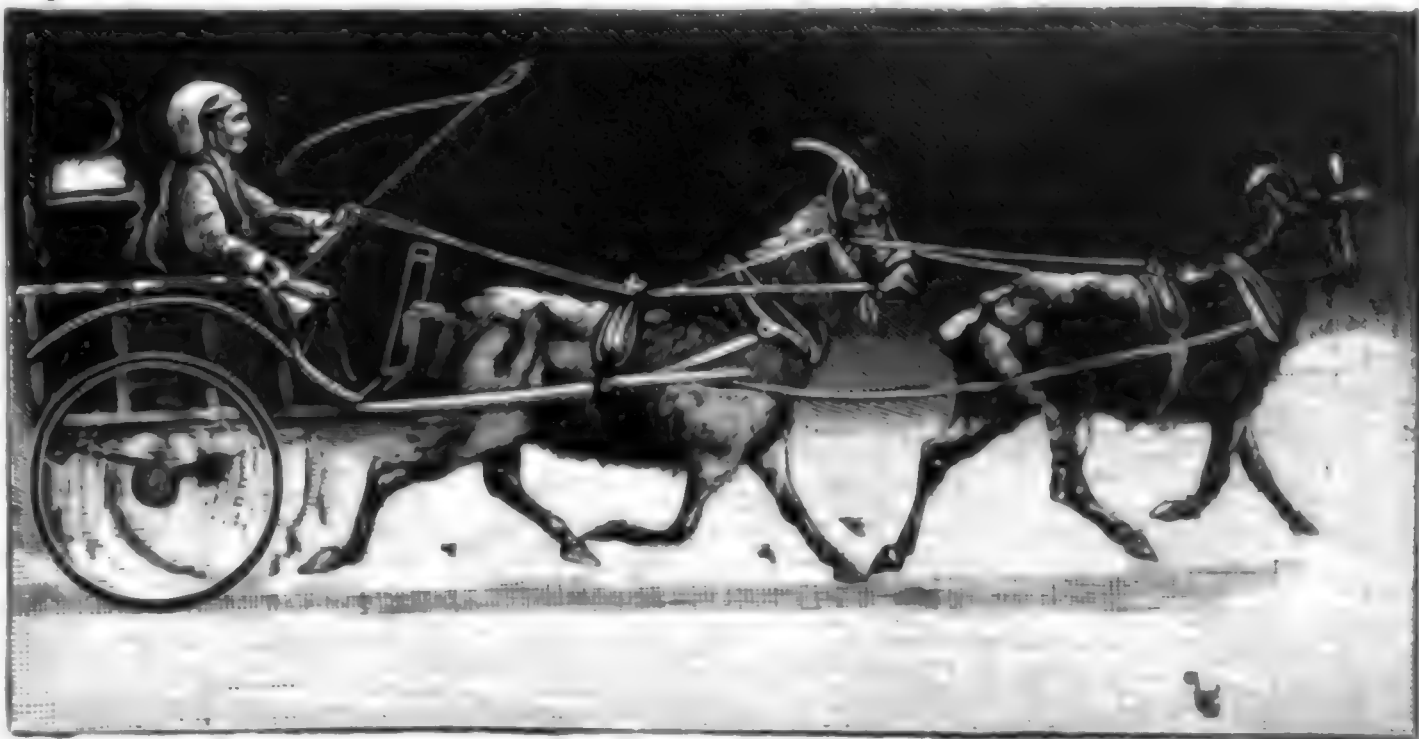
is the shrine of Ste. G  n  vi  ve, whose tomb, under a splendid gilt and painted canopy, is entirely covered with open metal work, gilt also.

One afternoon (Sunday) we went to the "Jardin d'Acclimation," a very favourite Sunday resort of the Parisians. We passed through the Bois de Boulogne, where the people were enjoying themselves, all quiet and happy. Further on we drove past Longchamps where a race meeting was in full swing. The great sight of the gardens is not the animals, but the children for whose amusement solely the parents go there. It was interesting to watch them riding on the elephants, zebras and camels, or in carts drawn by three llamas, or a giraffe, or an ostrich, or goats.

The elderly people seemed to enjoy it as much as the youngsters. A considerable source of revenue is obtained by the animals in this way, and it also tends to keep them in good health. The fee of admission, which is one franc on ordinary days, is reduced to half-a-franc on Sundays, and the gardens are thronged. The seals, with their peculiar cry, and their habit of diving off the rocks, attracted a great deal of

attention. I must not forget to mention the toy train which brought us from the Jardin to the road. The rails are little more than a foot apart, and over these, small, light covered carriages containing eight people are drawn by horses or mules. The sensation while passing rapidly through the woods was a very novel and pleasant one and seemed to be enjoyed by all.

Another place worthy of a visit, and where I spent a happy hour or two, is the Museum of Cluny. In its grounds stand veritable portions of the palace of Julian, the Apostate, dating back to 300 A.D. It was afterwards the residence of the Merovingian and Carolingian Kings, and later still of the Benedictine Monks of Cluny, who rescued what remained of the ruins from destruction and built a mansion there which they lent to the Kings of France. Mary Tudor, wife of Louis XII., was the first royal person to live here. It is a purely Gothic building of the fourteenth century. Adjoining the building are "Les Thermes," the baths, the size of which showed us that they must have been erected for a personage of considerable importance. The largest room is 65 x 37 x 59 feet, so it is easily imagined what size they are. For many centuries a garden stood above it. The baths were much despoiled before they passed into the hands of the monks, and much of the stone of which they were built was removed to be used in other



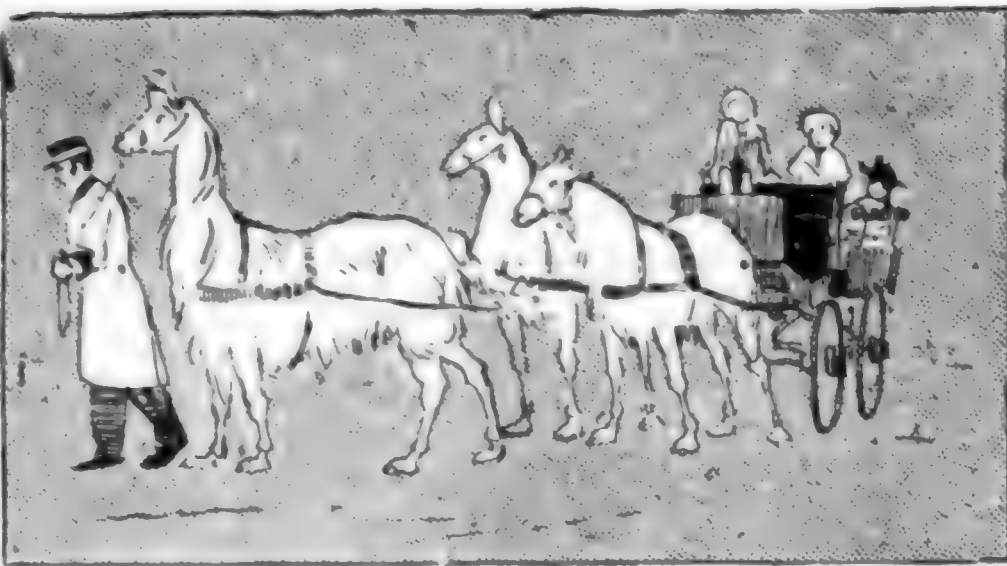
GOAT TANDEM.

buildings. Despite the spoliation they are still in very good preservation.

The Museum consists of two floors, the rooms are for the most part low and dark, excepting those in which the pottery and embroidery are displayed.

There is here gathered together a most valuable collection of antique carvings in oak, that would delight the heart of any judge; delicate embroideries, tapestry, lace-work, exquisite specimens of the blacksmith's art in wrought metals, carvings in ivory, specimens of the pottery of the Middle Ages and down to the eighteenth century, gathered together from Rhodes, Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland and France. The Moorish pottery has a peculiarly lustrous enamel, such as I have noticed in some of our Indian pottery of the present day. There was some of the old

Delf ware, with which we are so familiar in our cottages here in England. There was one small room entirely devoted to objects connected with the Jewish ritual, and here I saw scrolls in Hebrew, beautifully written and ornamented. This room contained many gifts from Baroness Rothschild. Old-fashioned musical instruments, some of which had belonged to Mary Tudor, some guitars, beautifully inlaid with ivory and pearl. The collection of shoes from all countries is very interesting; every conceivable material is used: wood (delicately carved), straw, leather, silk, of every variety of shape and size. Some of the heels were at the least six inches high, and the weight of the Jack-boots must have tired the wearers. We returned, satisfied with Paris, and spent a long time talking to our landlady. She was a most amusing and interesting old lady and delighted in extracting information from us. She per-



LLAMAS.

sisted that I should have been born a Frenchman, I was too frivolous for an Englishman, and I believe she nicknamed me "*L'homme qui rit.*" I should like much to say something about that everlasting *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* one sees painted

up everywhere, over every building, sacred or profane, but discretion forbids it; suffice to say that I fancy the French do not yet understand *Liberté* as we do, *Egalité* there never will be: there is and there ever will be a great gulf between the rich and poor, and however much they or we may strive to bridge it over with *Fraternité*, still, we may rest assured that neither you, my readers, or I will ever see it; nor do I think at heart would we really wish it.

Before leaving Paris I must describe a very beautiful tower, not far from Notre Dame, called the tower of St. Jacques.



OSTRICH AND CART.

It originally formed the belfry of a church which was destroyed in the Revolution, and the tower was actually sold to a private individual whose heirs resold it to the nation, and the tower was then completely restored, while the ruins of the church were removed. It is a beautiful example of Gothic architecture and has

been restored most lovingly and carefully.

We left Paris en route for the South early one morning and as we travelled towards Switzerland we noticed how much the flat country looked like the

gentle murmur, was grand and awe inspiring.

We were out early next morning and had a stroll along the lake. The scenery was of surpassing beauty: the placid waters of the lake deep blue in colour, on one side, Pilatus on the other; the Rigi, the snowy-capped Alps of Engleberg, before you, formed a picture not to be forgotten. The river Reuss flows from the lake, the water surges along with torrent-like speed; over it are four bridges, one, the Kapellbrücke, is covered, and on the roof is painted some one hundred and fifty scenes from the lives of two Patron Saints of Lucerne, viz., St. Mauntrus and St. Leodegar; another



LUCERNE.

bridge, the Mühlen-Brücke, has painted on it the well known "Dance of Death." The Hofkirche is, although very ancient, of no architectural beauty. The front is flanked by two towers, which are square and terminated by tall pyramidal spires. The plains of India, and the resemblance was increased by the fields not being enclosed by hedges or fences, by the little round stacks of corn and hay and the use of oxen in the fields. The French agriculturists have a very ugly way of pruning their trees which are planted close together. All the lower branches are cut off, and the tree shoots up, lanky and thin and with a very ugly appearance, reminding one, especially in the case of poplars, of the painted wooden trees of our childhood. The carriages are not comfortable, and clouds of coal-dust and smoke enter them, making travelling very unpleasant. En route we were joined by a gentleman from South Africa, who also was sightseeing. We broke our journey at Lucerne for the night and we were greeted on our arrival by a terrific thunderstorm, the frequent and vivid flashes of the lightning and the sonorous claps of thunder, echoing and re-echoing through the hills and ultimately dying faintly away in a

interior is more pleasing, the stained glass being good, while in the choir are some old handsomely-carved stalls. Our next visit was to the celebrated "Lion of Lucerne," a splendid statue by the Norwegian sculptor, Thorwaldsen; it is carved



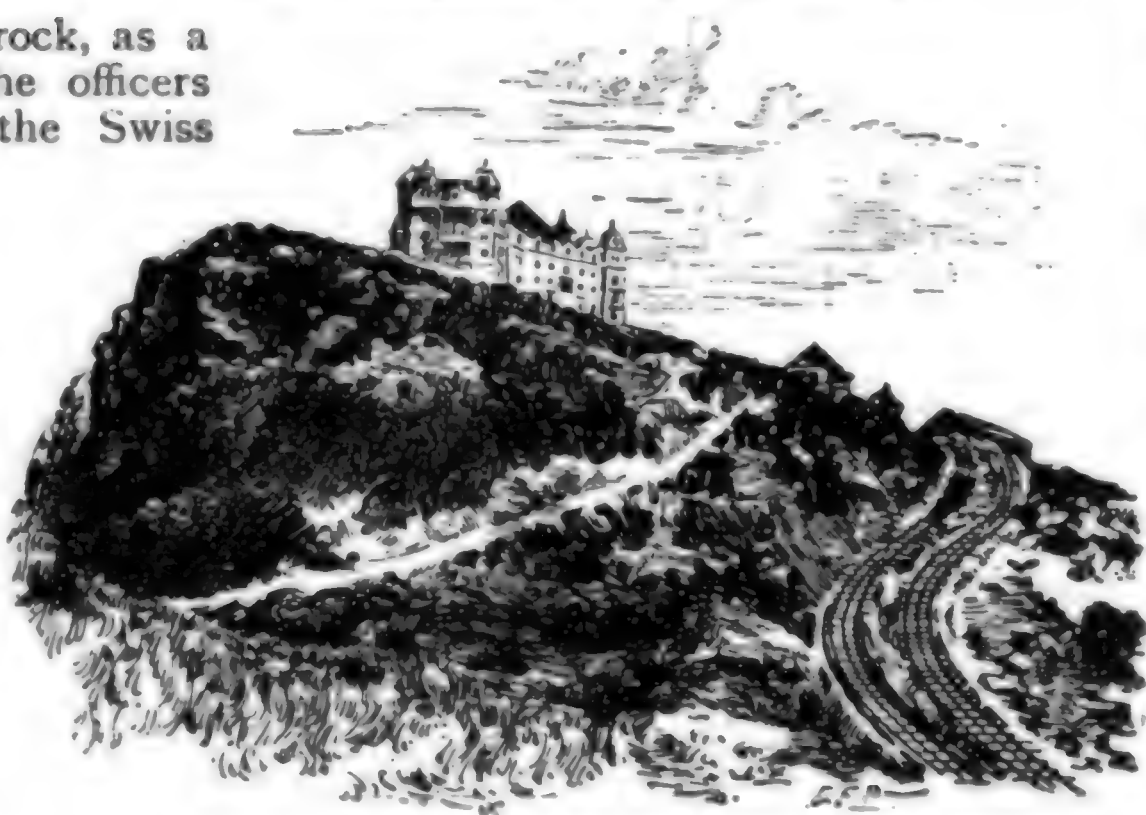
THE LION OF LUCERNE.

on the solid rock, as a memorial of the officers and men of the Swiss Guard who fell while defending the Tuileries against the mob in the beginning of the French Revolution. It was executed in 1821. The lion, wounded to death, pierced by a broken spear, lies partly across a shield

bearing the French *fleur de lis*. The rock is overhung by trees and creepers, while below is a deep, dark pool—I give the Latin inscription:

"*Helvetiorum fidei ac virtute. Die X. Aug. II. et III. Sept., 1792. Haec sunt nomina eorum, qui ne sacramenti fidem fallerent, fortissime pugnantes occiderunt. Duces xxvi. Solerte amicorum cura cladi superfuerunt Duces xvi.*"

Close by this is some of Nature's work, now called the Gletscher-garten, done long ago in the glacial period, before man's existence. This was a series of circular holes, some exceedingly large, one, indeed, being nearly thirty feet wide and as many deep, scooped out by the action of whirlpools and the friction of huge boulders, which, rounded and smooth, now lie at

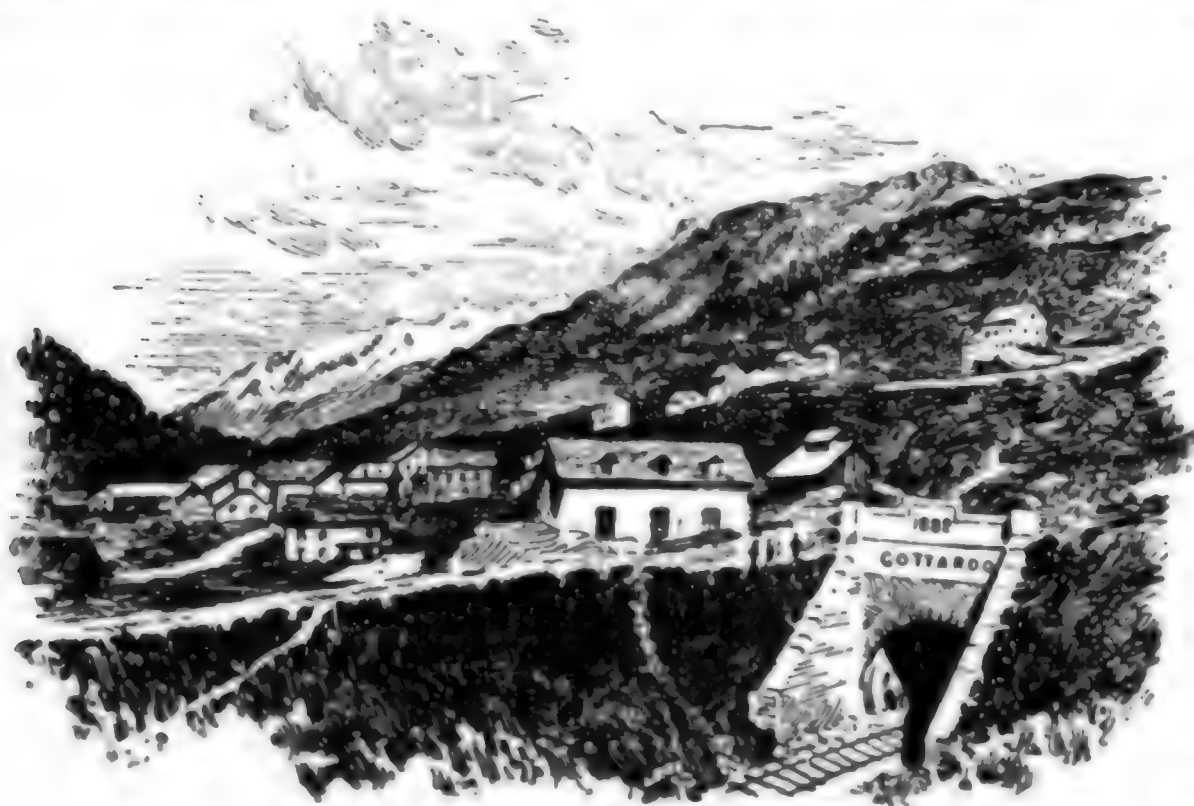


THE RIGI, SHOWING RAILWAY.

length, and very tall charges, was presented, and on my paying in coupons (Gaze's), the manager of the hotel was most insolent because he had to reduce his most exorbitant charges. This was at the Lucernerhof, an hotel to be avoided, if you are not blessed with a superabundance of this world's goods.

The Rigi rises up in its solitary grandeur nearly 4,500 feet above Lucerne, or 6,000 feet above the sea level. There are two ways of ascending the Rigi—one from Vitznau, the other from Arth. We chose the latter: the railway is a little but powerful toy one, worked on the cog system. We passed along the scene of the great Goldam landslip, where a huge slice of the mountain was hurled down some 3,000 feet into the vale below, destroying four villages and their inhabitants, and finally

plunging into the lake and causing the water to rise some eighty feet. Further on we came upon a small monastery and hospice, kept by the Capuchin monks: here also is a small chapel, that of Our Lady of the Snow (Maria Zumschnei), much favoured by pilgrims. The panorama, as we passed along, baffles description. In the summer the hotels on the Rigi are crowded towards evening. At sunset all are drawn to the summit by one common object,



ENTRANCE TO ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

Early in the morning, in fact, about half-an-hour before sunrise, a great blowing of horns commences, and everyone again is about, all crowding to see the sun rise; first, a faint streak, which slowly pales the brightness of the stars, and heralds the dawn of day. This gradually changes to a golden hue; each separate peak is tipped with red; the mists and shadows lift or evaporate; the lakes, then the towns and villages, then the hamlets dotted about, slowly appear; all is at first cold and damp, until, at length, old Sol bursts, in all his grandeur, from behind the peaks, and floods the beautiful panorama with warmth and light. There are probably few who have witnessed this whose thoughts do not insensibly turn in silent praise and adoration toward the Creator of the light that rules the day and gives life and warmth to all mankind, to all Nature.

Pilatus is still higher, being some 1,000 feet more. From Pilatus one sees the Jungfrau and Wetter-

hörn. This mountain is the weather-cock, or I should say the barometer, of the district. An old muse has it:

"If Pilatus wears his cap, serene will be the day;
If his collar he puts on, you may venture on your way;
But if his sword he wields, at home you'd better stay."

Tradition says that Pontius Pilate fled here from Galilee, and, through remorse, drowned himself in the lake.

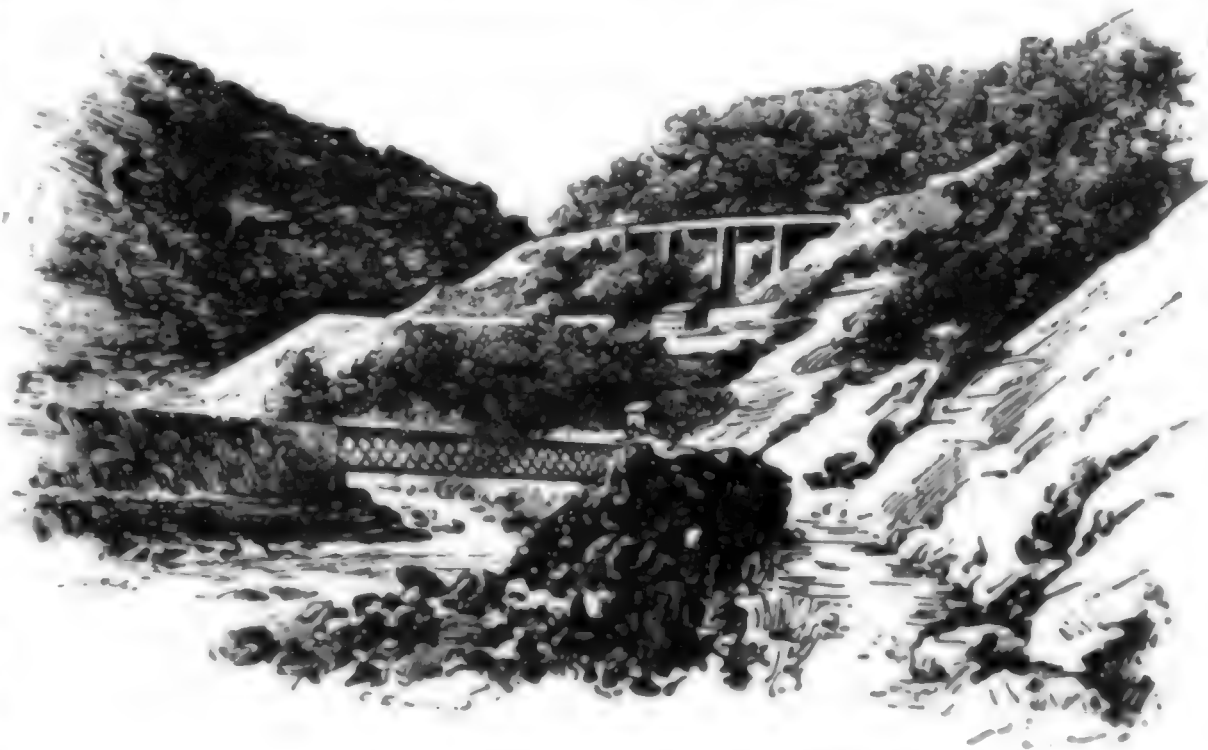
From Lucerne we entered upon Alpine scenery proper, and we turned from one side to the other as mountain torrent, waterfall, lake, grass-clothed slope or wooded mountain claimed our attention.

Travelling from Lucerne to Bellinzona (on the Italian frontier) we passed over the celebrated St. Gothard Railway, which was opened some ten years ago after having occupied ten years in construction. It took about £10,000,000 to

finish the work, about £65,000 per mile—no light undertaking. The scenery is not equal to that of the Himalayas, but it is, notwithstanding that, very lovely, and the houses and villages, with their rude churches, look very picturesque dotted about the mountains. The whole place was wonderfully green, but there was very little life, animal or human, to be seen. In some parts we skirted the borders of lakes or passed over streams; at others we rushed through plantations of chestnut, walnut, vines, and fields of Indian corn. The tunnels were numerous and most wonderful, some forming a loop; there are over six of these. The St. Gothard tunnel was the longest, and we were twenty minutes going through it. A great deal of our pleasure was

marred by the vexatious way in which the guard interfered with us, refusing to allow us to stand on the platform of the train. At Lucerne I tipped a porter thirty centimes (three pence), he complained

that it was not enough (all English are legitimate prey); half jokingly I took one penny back, whereupon the porter got most insolent and abusive, so I took the other twopence back as well. It was a dear threepence for me. When I returned to Lucerne to depart south, he (the bad-tempered porter) put an official on to me to excess my luggage. I refused. I had only a large Gladstone bag, but on my arrival at Chiasso I was met by a bevy of officials—some half-dozen. They refused to pass my bag, or even examine it, until it had been weighed and exceeded some four or five francs. Revenge is sweet, so thinks the Swiss railway porter. A young Anglican clergyman had some twenty odd cigars; they wanted five francs duty; as they were Continental ones they were not worth it, so he decided to leave them behind and destroyed them.



THE RAILWAY'S WINDING ASCENT.



LAKE OF COMO.

artist companion found much fault with it. Adjoining the church is the Rothaus, or town-hall, built of varicoloured stones. There is also another very quaint church, that of San Crocefisso, dating back to the 17th century.

This has a very rude appearance outside, as, indeed, most of the old buildings have, from the fact that they were built of stone embedded in

He, in a mild way, was very wroth. I suggested that a good solid English swear would relieve his pent-up feelings. I fancy he thought a great many bad words in those few minutes.

We halted at Como, the birthplace of Pliny the younger, and Volta, from whom the voltaic battery is named.

The Lake of Como is one of the most beautiful of all the Italian lakes; it is some thirty miles long and is over a mile in depth in some places. The Milanese nobles and aristocracy frequent it in the season, and many and beautiful are the villas and gardens scattered about the banks, which are clothed with walnut, chestnut and olive trees. There is a very fine church of white marble, indeed it is considered one of the finest in Northern Italy. It has three circular chapels. I admired the church exceedingly, the particular construction being calculated to throw everything into clear relief, but our



PULPIT IN MILAN CATHEDRAL

mortar, and afterwards covered with cement. As much of the outer cement has worn away, the rough stonework appears.

After breakfast we went in one of the lake steamers to Bellaggio, the most beautiful town on the lake, and had a fine view of the mountain slopes.

We left later on for Milan, passing through Monza, where, in the cathedral of that town, is the celebrated "Iron Crown" of the kings of Lombardy. This crown is said to contain a nail from the Cross.

We arrived at Milan too late for sight-

marbles inlaid. Beside the front door within, stand two lofty monolithic pillars of granite, and the eye is at once arrested by the great height of the roof, and the massiveness of the pillars. The roof is beautifully painted in imitation of open carved work in stone, and so perfectly is this done that I was completely deceived. It was only after a second inspection, when the light was stronger, that we found out our mistake. We inspected the crypt, and, by paying five francs, were admitted to see the chapel and body of



MILAN CATHEDRAL.

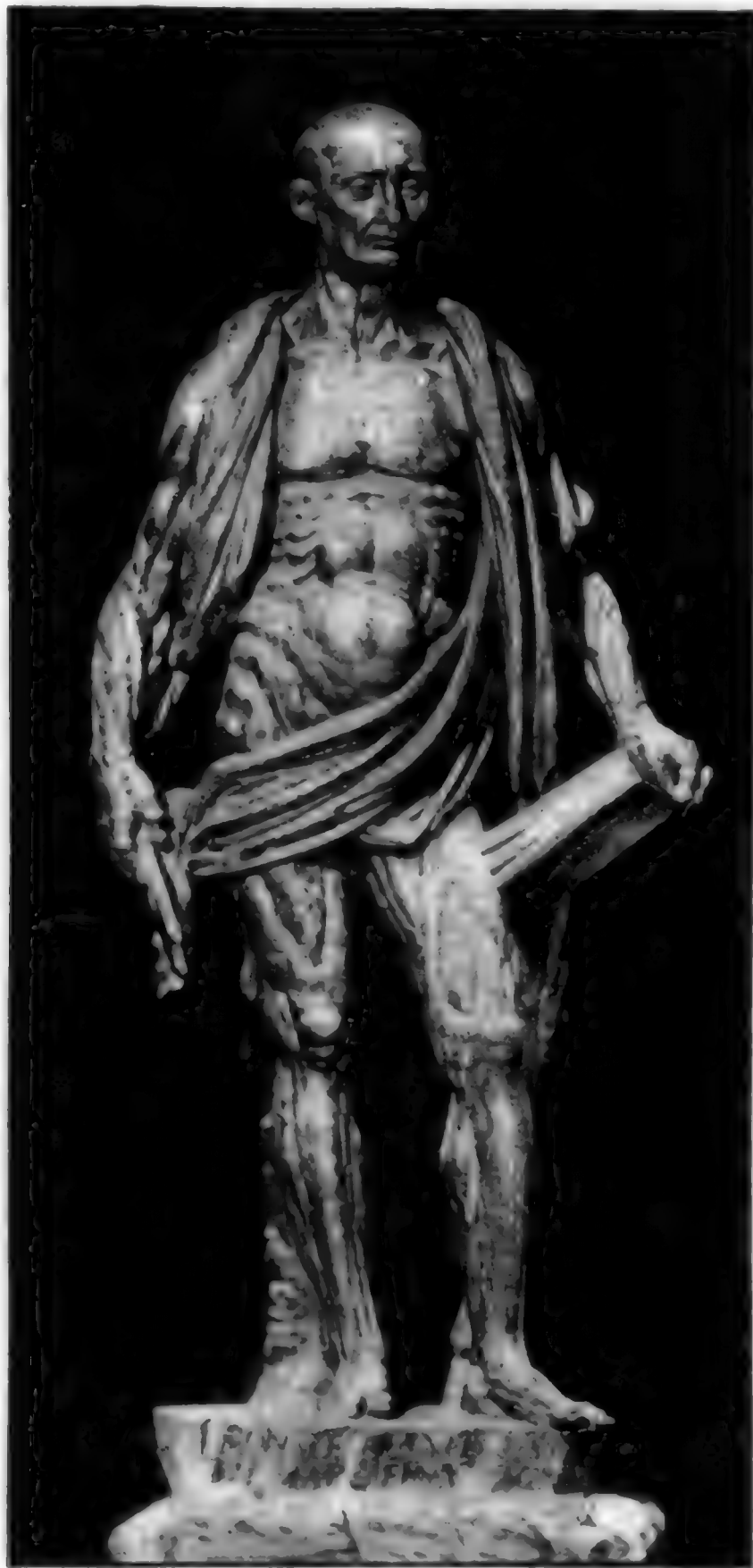
seeing. Next morning, however, we were up betimes and off to the Cathedral. After thoroughly inspecting it, I felt that if we had seen nothing else but this we should have been amply rewarded for all our fatigue and toil. It is most superb, the third largest in Europe, and so beautifully ornamented on the outside that it would take days to study the statues of saints, martyrs and bishops, and the carvings in bas-relief of the chief events in biblical history. There are over 2,000 statues on the exterior, and 98 gothic pinnacles. The whole edifice is of white marble, the floor being of coloured

San Carlo Borromeo, Cardinal Archbishop in the 16th century. The chapel is entirely surrounded by pillars and cornices of solid silver, and the spaces between the pillars are hung with curtains of cloth of gold. Over the altar are the sacred remains of the saint. The outer coffin is of silver, richly chased, and the inner one is of glass, through which can be clearly seen the body of the saint, dressed in his robes and wearing two magnificent rings. Over his head is suspended a small crown of gold and jewels, the work of Benvenuto Cellini, and the gift of the Elector of Bavaria; while in the

middle of the coffin hangs a magnificent cross of emeralds and brilliants presented by Maria Theresa. Threaded on chains and hanging all round the coffin are valuable rings, given from time to time by the faithful. Of particular interest to us was a small gold crucifix, offered by the late Cardinal Wiseman; and here also Cardinal Manning celebrated a mass when

detail; the interior is imposing and yet simple, the stained glass is of a high order, and the numerous statues well executed. One of St. Bartholomew, flayed alive and having his skin draped around him as a mantle, proved very fascinating, and is, I believe, a perfect one from an anatomical point of view.

The exterior, which looks white and



STATUE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

passing through to the Sacred College at Rome. All round the chapel were paintings representing the most interesting passages in the Saint's life. We also saw the crucifix which he carried with him when he went forth barefooted to minister to the plague-stricken people of Milan.

The grandeur of this glorious Cathedral beggars description—it is perfect in every

fresh, is a mass of the most elaborate ornamentation; statues of martyrs at the stake—virgins, bishops, saints, all are perfect, and those that are on pinnacles stand forth independently in a very bold and effective manner. We climbed to the tops of the slender towers which surmount the dome, a distance of 494 steps, and obtained a fine view of Milan, with the Alps and

Apennines in the distance. The Cathedral stands in a square, which is illuminated at night by electric light, so that the glorious building is at all times to be seen. One drawback, however, there is, and that is the large doors of the Cathedral—these are poor, dirty and badly kept, and covered by advertisements.

In this square is the "Galleria Vittore Emanuele," a magnificent cruciform-shaped arcade of great breadth and height, adorned in the middle by four frescoes and twenty-four statues of noted Italians.

It is a splendid building, the finest of its kind in Europe, and it is sad to think that the architect, G. Mengoni, lost his life by falling from the portal. There are very fine shops and cafés along its whole extent; it is brilliantly lit up at night and is a favourite promenade of the Milanese. We next visited the church of Sta Maria della Grazie, a massive but not otherwise attractive building, which derives an interest from the fact of its having been the church of the monastery in the refectory of which Leonardo da Vinci painted his famous "Last Supper." The fresco is a good deal injured by time and want of care, but still suffices to show how perfect the work must have been when first done. From this we went to the church of St.

Ambrose, founded in the 4th century, the one in which he (Ambrose) refused admission to Theodosius, after he returned from the massacre of Thessalonica. It is built on the ruins of an old temple of Bacchus, some of the materials of which are incorporated in the present building, notably four granite or porphyry (I don't remember which) pillars, which support the canopy which rises before the choir. In the centre of the church stand two pillars—on one a serpent, on the other a cross; these are symbolical of the Old and New Testament. I forgot to mention that the font in the Cathedral is of porphyry, and was originally the sarcophagus of St. Dionysius.

It is in this town that the famous La Scala Opera House stands. In the square or Piazza of the same name stands a fine statue of Leonardo da Vinci, erected early in the 16th century. The acoustic properties of the opera house are perfect and said to be second to none. It is here that the first productions of most of our best operas have been performed. Here it is that Verdi's "Falstaff" will be shortly produced. The prices for seats on these "first nights" rise to fabulous amounts, indeed so much as £25 has been given for one stall.


(To be continued.)





A Mother's Photo

By G. Fenn Challis,
Illustrated by Ernest F. Sherie



In a distant Country village,
Far from London toil and strain:
Lived a Mother and her daughter,
Bright and happy were the twain:
May was like a gleam of sunshine,
To the poor there far and wide;
Loved was this sweet village lassie,
All around the Country side.

To that village in the springtime,

Came a gentleman from Town:

Saw this fresh flower of the woodland,


Dressed in simple Country gown:

Said he, "there are gold and jewels"

Satin dresses, parties, life:

May believed; she went to Town to

Be a lady and his wife.



Months flew by, the anxious Mother

Came to London, news to glean

There to hear the old old story,

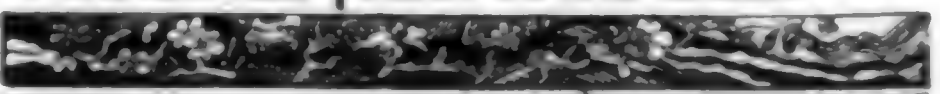
How deserted May had been:

In a shelter built for outcasts,

Where her child was known to call,

As a message to the lost one —

Pinned her photo to the wall.

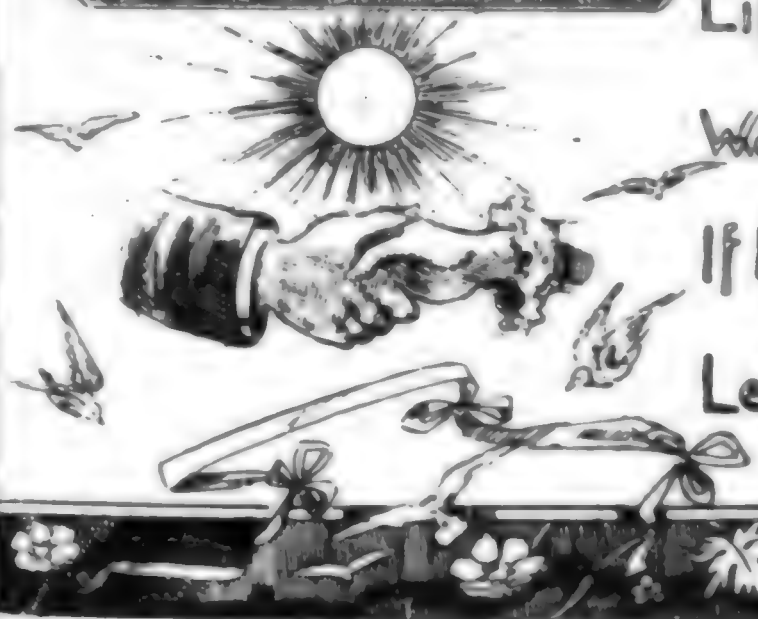


To that shelter came a woman,
 Donned in soiled and tattered gown;
 None would recognize the beauty:
 Who had come to London Town,
 Clutching at the wall to help her.
 By her Mother's photo stops:
 At the sight the pent up tears burst,
 And upon her knees she drops.



Then she left that house for ever,
 But two people bar the way:
 He, who hastens to a carriage,
 With a lady from the play.
 She had loved and been forsaken,
 He had married, now they meet:
 Husband, Wife, repentant outcast
 In the dreary London street.

There the poor girl stood a moment,
 Then she faced the blinding sleet:
 Left the lurid lights of London,
 Left the crowded London street,
 To that far off Country village.
 Turned her steps; the tempest o'er
 Welcomed back, and n'er upbraided,
 Safe with home and love once more.



Life consists of many volumes,
 And we all play many parts:
 We should find some pages blotted,
 Could we read each others hearts.
 If to some the sun shines seldom;
 And the past is blurred and black,
 Let's extend the hand of friendship,
 We may bring the sunshine back!



Leaves from the Life of Captain Tom Holybone.

By GUY CLIFFORD.

No. 4.—THE PIRATES' RETREAT.



WISH, swish, lapped the water against the side of my bunk, as the tiny wavelets rippled along the counter of our little vessel. I had just woke up from a snooze, and lay quietly blinking my eyes, preparatory to turning out to go on deck. We were becalmed and for several days our sails had vainly wooed the wished-for breeze as we drifted idly along under a cloudless sky.

We were trading in the China Seas, voyaging between ports on the China coast between Shanghai and Hong Kong and various parts of the Malay peninsula. Our cargo, this voyage, consisted chiefly of general merchandise, such as cotton goods, ironware and other English manufactures, which we had loaded up at Hong Kong and were to discharge at Singapore, Penang and one or two other Malay ports.

I was roused from my lethargic condition by a hail from old Sam, the bo'sun, who, as he came lumbering somewhat heavily down the companion, shouted out:—

“Mr. Holybone, below there, sir.”

“Aye, aye, what is it?”

“The Cap'en would like you to step up on deck, at once.”

Jumping off my bunk, I was with Sam almost as soon as he got into the cabin.

“Anything wrong?” I asked as, pulling on my jacket, I prepared to go up.

“Not as I knows of, sir, but Cap'en Russell's been pesky restless for some little while; p'raps it's this calm, but he can't alter that, anyhow; I don't know as it's anything else.”

Old Sam was a character in his way, although we all called him *old* Sam, he was not more than fifty years of age, and, except that his hair was nearly white, he might have easily passed for a man ten years his junior; he was a big fellow, big in every way. He stood just six feet in his socks and was as upright as the proverbial dart; his girth of chest was enormous—I do not think I ever saw a man of such muscular development. Sam was just the man one would like to have by one's side when any danger was near. As a friend and ally he was the beau ideal, but as a foe—well you will hear later on of his capabilities in this respect.

When I got on deck, I found the Captain walking up and down the poop; his hands were clasped behind his back, a favourite position of his; and as I drew near, I could see from his puckered brow and the absorbed expression of his face that there was something more than the calm that troubled him.

As he caught sight of me he came to anchor and, turning round, put his arm through mine, and together we paced the deck.

“I sent for you, Holybone,” he began, “because I have a presentiment that we shall have trouble before long. You know I have been sailing in these seas for many years now, so that my experience is not of yesterday. Well, the danger I fear is not of wind and sea, as your glance around suggests might be my meaning; it arises from quite a different

source. To come to the point, my fear is that if this calm holds much longer and we continue drifting as we are now doing, we may fall into the hands of some of the cut-throat pirates that infest this coast. Before we left Hong Kong I heard rumours that the vermin were about in larger force than usual, but I didn't pay much attention to the matter, except that I told Sam to see that our armoury was in fighting trim, and ordered an extra supply of powder and bullets to be shipped along with the vessel's stores."

"But why," I remarked, "should you look for such an attack hereabouts? There's not a sail in sight, and if we cannot make headway, neither can these pirates."

"That's just where it is, my lad, as you say, we haven't enough wind to move an inch; but these villains, when the wind fails, can use their oars, or sweeps, as they term them, and in their sharp-built dhows they can come down like a flight of vultures, once they scent their prey. No, if we could get a capful of wind, we should likely enough see nothing of them; anyhow, we could look after ourselves. Now, we are perfectly helpless, so far as manœuvring the *Nancy* goes, and every hour takes us nearer to the Borneo coast. We calculated our position yesterday as about fifty miles nor'-west of Labuan Isles, didn't we?"

"Yes, about that, reckoning our drift."

"Then to day we are some ten miles nearer the coast, and to-morrow night we shall be a further twelve or fifteen miles closer, if the current still carries us as at present, which it will do, and the following morning we shall be in sight of land; then we shall be spotted, if any of these cut-throats

are about. I don't like the lay of things at all—we can only prepare ourselves, and be ready to give any suspicious characters a warm welcome."

"I hope it won't come to that, Captain," I answered; "but we will, at any rate, have the arms looked to. Shall I call the men aft and tell them what we think?"

"May as well," he replied; "they will then keep a sharper look out, and be ready for emergencies. Call Sam here and let us hear what he thinks; he's been trading with me in these seas for many years and perhaps can help us."

So Sam came aft and Captain Russell explained his views to him, as he had to me. Sam heard it all in silence; then, turning to the Captain, said: "If we keep out of sight of land, Cap'en, I take it we might stand a chance." Captain Russell nodded his head by way of reply. "Then why not have out one of the boats and tow the *Nancy* off the land? If the current only sets in ten or twelve knots in the twenty-four hours, the boat, I think, would hold

her against that; it would be a bit of work, but the men can do it in spells."

"Bravo Sam, the very idea," the Captain remarked. "Go and tell the men, and we will start at once. Old Sam's got his head screwed on right," he continued, as Sam left us; "if we can only keep out of sight for a couple of days we may steer clear of the varmints yet."

The result of Sam's confabulation with the men was soon evident in the preparations that were made to lower the jolly-boat, and, in half an hour's time, we had the boat out and a rope made fast to the *Nancy's* bows, and slowly but surely her course shorewards was



OLD SAM.

arrested. We were twelve men all told, besides the Captain, so we divided into three watches of four men each and each gang took four hours' spell at the towing. By this means we got eight hours' rest between each turn in the boat, and, to our great satisfaction, found that we more than counteracted the set of the current. We had been towing for thirty-six hours and all the time the sky and sea maintained their calm unruffled appearance; not a cloud was visible in the azure vaults above, not a breath of wind stirred the glassy waters around us. It was eight o'clock on the second evening when I took my place in the boat for my four hours' pull; Sam was with me, having taken the place of one of the men who was sick from a slight touch of sunstroke; we had pulled for about two hours, when we noticed signs of a change in the weather. Clouds were slowly crawling up the southern horizon, first feathery misty white, then gradually thickening, darker and darker. No wind was yet apparent to us below, yet we felt that our labours were nearly done and Sam and I were just considering the advisability of knocking off work and getting on board. The night had now become quite overcast, and we could barely see the loom of the *Nancy* against the darkening sky. We had stayed our rowing for a few seconds when one of the men in a hoarse whisper said "What's that?" Straining our ears and eyes, we waited; then there came the sound wiss, wiss, which our trained ears immediately detected as the play of oars as they skimmed the water's surface. "There she goes," said Sam, whose watchful eye first sighted the long dark shadow of the moving boat as she passed close under the bows of the *Nancy*.—"My God!" he shouted, "it's the

pirates!" and, leaping up in the boat, he roared again and again, "*Nancy, ahoy, Nancy, ahoy!*" An answering shout from the watch on board told that he was heard; then we had to look after ourselves, for another boat came broadside on to us, and the flash of steel, as several of the villains slashed at us, showed that they meant business; our man rowing bow and the one next him were disabled at the first onslaught, but Sam and myself were not touched. The two boats were now locked together, the pirates' standing some two feet higher than ours. We had our cutlasses with us and, grasping mine, I prepared to sell my life as dearly as I could. Sam disdained his cutlass for the time, but, seizing his oar near the blade and using it as a quarter staff or club, he sprang into the stern of the pirates' craft, and then, with the most indomitable pluck it has ever been my lot to see, he, one man against a dozen or more, commenced the onslaught. Truly, as Captain Russell had said, old Sam had his head on right—he had chosen the best weapon he could have found for his purpose and judged his ground, or rather position, so accurately that he had all the enemy in front of him. Then, without giving them time to pause, at them he went, his heavy oar swung by an arm of

which Hercules would have been proud, knocked the yelling, murderous crew over like ninepins; one of his victims who fell nearest to him was only partially disabled and,

lifting up his wicked-looking kriss, or knife, made a stab at him; but Sam was too quick for the scarp, as, catching the point of the kriss in the blade of his oar, he grasped his assailant by the neck in his mighty right hand and literally broke his neck as he bent him double. All this, which takes some minutes to recount, occupied but a few



LITERALLY BROKE HIS NECK.

seconds; and till now I had stood still in our boat, spell-bound at the mighty prowess of my shipmate. There were still three of the pirates in the bow of their craft, and realising that I had left all the fighting to Sam. I sprang on board to take my share in the remainder of the fight. "Come away!" shouted he; "your cutlass is no good in this game; they'll knife you in a trice; this is the tickler for 'em;" and, rushing past, with one sweep of his oar he knocked two of them into the sea; the other nigger thought discretion the better part of valour and dived over after his stricken comrades, leaving Sam master of the situation. "Now, then, back into the boat," said he, "and let's get on board the *Nancy*;" and, springing into our craft, we pulled for our vessel. The fight was still in full swing round the vessel, judging from the shouts and firing of pistols and muskets which we heard. We eased rowing as we came near and crept cautiously along, waiting for a favourable moment to run alongside. Our position now was most risky: we stood the chance of being fired on from our fellows, as they would not be able to distinguish us in the dark from the enemy; and if we ran into another boatload of pirates we could scarcely hope to get off so fortunately a second time. "We had better get as close as we can without attracting the notice of the Malays, then, if we can find a quiet spot, run in and call to our men to cover us whilst we clamber up," said my companion. "That's all right, if we get near without being seen," I replied, "but if we are discovered, then we shall have to fight for it; there's no other way out of it that I can see, so let's get on. I will pull; Sam, you get forward to guide my movements." With this I got under weigh as quietly as I could. Fortune favoured us again, and we managed to get almost close under the *Nancy's* side without being seen. "*Nancy*, ahoy!" called Sam in a low voice. "Hullo there," came the reply, as a dark form showed above the bulwarks, "is that Mr. Holybone and the boat?" "Yes," returned Sam; "two of us are wounded or worse; throw us a rope and then get a ladder and we'll bring our

wounded up; look sharp, lad." A rope was thrown down at once and we made fast the boat to it. We now had the means of escape, as we could swarm up the rope easily before the pirates could get at us if they came round. The fight appeared to have ceased, as we could now hear no signs of a conflict. In a minute or less the sailor appeared and the rope-ladder came down. "Now, Sam, you take one of the poor fellows and I'll carry the other;" picking up one of the men as if he were an infant, Sam went up the ladder and I followed immediately.

Sam had just got to the bulwarks and I was about half-way up when the man above called out, "look out, they're close to you," and glancing down I saw a boat just under my feet. Hurrying upwards as rapidly as I could, I was almost within reach of the rail when I received a terrible blow on the back of my neck. "Help!" I cried, and I felt a grasp clutch my shoulder and then I remembered no more.



A FAVOURITE POSITION OF HIS.

When I came to I was lying in the stern of one of the Malay dhows, bound hand and foot; my head throbbed as if a thousand hammers were beating at it. Morning was just breaking and I could see the pirates were rowing leisurely along. Being at the bottom of the boat, I was unable to discern our whereabouts or the position of my vessel. Then I became again unconscious. I was brought to my senses by the sudden jolt of the dhow as she ran aground, then two of the crew lifted me up and carried me ashore. There was no sign of a village or habitation of any sort in view; the shingly beach ran gently up, gradually merging into a dense undergrowth of bushes and small trees.

Presently fires were lighted and some rice and vegetables were brought from the boat and boiled up into a stiff doughy-looking mess. My bonds were now severed and a share of the stuff was given to me. My throat and mouth were parched with thirst, so, making a sign of drinking, I was at once supplied with some water which was the most luscious

draught I ever remember drinking; then I set to on the rice and made quite a respectable meal off what, a few minutes before, I had turned from with disgust.

We left this spot in the dhow just before daybreak next morning. I remained still unbound, but there was no chance of escape so I took my seat in the stern, where their leader motioned me to place myself. The dhow now took her course northwards along the coast, the crew rowing steadily for about a couple of hours; the coast line here commenced to get more broken and rugged and presently I noticed, about a quarter of a mile ahead, what appeared to be a river or narrow bay running into the land. We went up this little gulf for a hundred yards or so, when I was surprised to find the narrow stream broaden out into a wide lake, or rather lagoon. Here the crew ceased pulling and most of them lay down in the boat to rest. We remained thus for some considerable time and I began to wonder what was to be the next move; finally I came to the conclusion that we were waiting for the other dhows to come along. Here, perhaps, I may give a description of my captors. There were fifteen of them altogether and fine muscular-looking villains they looked; they were dressed in various-coloured cotton shirts and turkish trousers—large baggy-looking garments, reaching just below the knee—naked legs and feet, and most of them wore turbans of cotton or twill bound round their heads. Gaudy sashes encircled their waists, in which were thrust their krisses and knives, whilst one or two had pistols as well.

The lagoon on which we now lay was surrounded on the land side by a dense and gloomy-looking forest of giant trees, whilst towards the sea, a line of rugged rocks shut out the entire view, a bend in the gulf cutting off the passage by which we had entered. After dozing thus for perhaps an hour, the leader of the band aroused his men and then, to my dismay, commenced to tie my hands behind my back—resistance was of course futile—then a bandage was put round my eyes and I was laid down in the stern of the dhow. The boat now was gently rowed along for a short while, then the click of the oars ceased; the way on the dhow, however, still continued, accompanied by a strange pattering sound and a still sharper up and down movement. Easing my position a little by turning over on my side, I found

my hands were but very loosely tied, and after a bit I slipped them free of the lashings; cautiously and quietly I brought my underneath arm up to my face without attracting attention, then gently lifting the bandage over my eyes, I peeped forth.

Was I blind; or what had come over me? I could not see; I felt my eyes; yes, they were free of the covering, then a glimmering of sight returned; we were in the dark, or almost so; there was just the faintest suspicion of gloaming, which, as my vision got accustomed to the darkness, showed me that we were in a kind of tunnel, and the pattering noise I had noticed was occasioned by the crew, who were lying on their backs in the dhow and propelling their craft forward by walking along the ceiling of the cavern like so many long-legged flies. The top of the tunnel appeared to be less than a foot above the gunwale of the boat and every now and then a slight rasping and scraping told that she was grazing the sides. We had progressed in this fashion for nearly half an hour, when, raising my head, I could distinguish in the far-off distance a little speck of white light, which slowly but surely grew brighter and larger. This I took to be our exit, and as soon as the reflection of light began to increase, I returned to my prostrate position and replaced my hands in their binding as well as I could. In due time the oars began to work again and I knew we were through the cutting. Presently my bandage and fastenings were removed and I sat up.

I feigned less astonishment than I really felt. I had expected to find myself on a river of some kind, having its passage to the sea through the canal just traversed, but instead, we were gently pulling on the broad bosom of a huge inland lake, the further shore of which appeared several miles away. To our right, in which direction the boat was moving, there arose a town of houses, rising terrace upon terrace from the shore of the lake: the almost universal colour of these buildings was a dazzling snowy white, relieved here and there by a gilt cupola or minaret.

The lake was dotted over with boats of various sizes, some with lateen sails, others propelled by oars; and as we neared the landing place, many came along to meet us. I had traded sufficiently long in the East to partially understand the language spoken by these people and, from what I could make out, I was regarded as some-

what of a prodigy. It afterwards became clear to me that I had been mistaken for Sam, and his deeds of valour were being placed to my credit. The man who had dived overboard before the final onslaught of Sam, had been rescued by this dhow which had captured me, and he was relating the mighty deeds which I was supposed to have accomplished.

I did not quite relish this case of mistaken identity, as I feared when they got me safely ashore I might have to pay with my life for the notoriety I had gained.

As the narrator progressed with his story, which he embellished and coloured, as I found out later, by his powerful and vivid imagination, I could almost imagine his listeners' requests to "draw it mild," although, at the same time, there was no hiding the looks of astonishment and in some cases of awe with which they gazed at me. When we had landed at the town quay, I was placed in the centre of my captors and marched up the sloping street to a large stone building, which I afterwards ascertained to be the residence of their Prince, or Sultan. Here I was placed in a small square cell, lighted by an iron-barred

embrasure, where I was left to my reflections. The window of my prison overlooked the lake and the panorama stretching out from below my feet was a scene of beauty and ever-changing movement. Picture, if you can, this lovely lake glistening under the glowing rays of an Eastern sun and set like a jewel in the bosom of foliage of a primeval forest, the gigantic trees of which massed themselves in one unbroken series as far as the eye could reach, whilst over the surface of the water tiny specks of shadow showed, by the glittering

flash, as of molten silver, where a boat's oars dipped and twinkled in the quiet water.

I was startled from my reverie by the entrance of a stranger into my cell; and as I gazed at the intruder his face broadened into a pleasant smile, to which was added a certain amount of comicality, as if he considered the situation rather a joke than otherwise. I could feel the muscles of my face gradually responding to his contagious humour; and so we stood, without a word having passed, grinning at one another.

He broke the silence after a minute or two with the remark "Well, mate, you don't seem much cut up."

For a moment my surprise at hearing my native tongue held me spell-bound. Beyond the smiling countenance of my visitor, there was nothing to indicate to an ordinary observer that he was not a native born and bred. In fact, so far as my present knowledge went, he appeared to be a Malay of more than ordinary importance, if any reliance could be placed on the rich and sumptuous manner in which he was arrayed.

When I recovered myself, I stepped forward with outstretched hand and was met by a hearty grasp which dispelled all my perplexity.

"So you're Sampson, are you? Do you know what they are saying about you?" he went on.

"I can pretty well guess," I replied; "but they are a little mixed, I fancy."

"A little mixed?" remarked the gorgeous stranger; "well, so I should consider. Why, they say you attacked them with an enormous club, as big as a boat's mast, and knocked the whole batch



I WAS PLACED IN THE CENTRE OF MY CAPTORS.

of them over in the twinkling of a bee's eyelid."

"What concerns me most just at this moment, my friend, if such I may call you," said I, "is, first of all, what they are going to do with me, and secondly, what they are going to give me to eat; for, except for some rice sop this morning, I have not tasted food since yesterday afternoon."

"Of course, how stupid of me not to have thought of it." And, making for the door, he shouted out some orders, and then returning, informed me that a good, substantial meal would be sent me shortly. "As to what their intentions are regarding you, I have not yet heard, as the Sultan is away hunting for a few days, but I've no doubt we shall put things straight for you when he returns. I should have gone as well, only I strained a muscle in my right arm a few days ago and it was still a little painful. Fortunate, perhaps, that I remained."

My refreshment now appeared, and whilst discussing it my visitor gave me an outline of his history since his residence in this far-off land. Of the many strange things he related to me at this and during other conversations we had, I need only relate here the briefest details.

David Frost, for that was his name, was an English sailor; his ship had been wrecked about ten years ago off the northern coast of Borneo, and, as far as he knew, he was the sole survivor of the whole crew. He had been cast up on the shore more dead than alive and a party of Malays under the Sultan had discovered him lying unconscious on the beach. When he came to he accompanied his captors during the remainder of their hunting expedition and was fortunate enough to save the Sultan himself from death, or, at any rate, severe injury, from the attack of a tiger; he thus secured the prince's favour and was appointed to a position in the palace; he had mastered the language

and had now become a power in the land of his adoption.

With such a friend at court my qualms as to my future fate vanished; and next day when I heard that the Sultan had returned I was all anxiety to learn his decision.

Towards evening, David Frost came to my cell and desired me to follow him into the Sultan's presence. He said that I had nothing to fear and that probably I should be set at liberty after the interview, at which he was to act as interpreter. All went well, and the prince, after a few questions as to how I fell into the hands of his people, allowed me my liberty within his dominions; but if I attempted to escape from the country the penalty would be death.

I thought I had got out of my dilemma exceedingly well; and for several months, under the jovial good-fellowship of my countryman, Frost, I passed my time in hunting, fishing and exploring the province of my captivity. But I was meant for a seafaring life, and after a while these land pleasures ceased to have any attraction for me, and I commenced to ponder on the chance of escape. From

thoughts I proceeded to deeds, and after much deliberation I came to the conclusion that if I could secure a light boat I might find my way back through the tunnel and then coast down to Sarawak, which was a civilised port; the distance was several hundred miles, but I did not count the risk of the open sea, if I could get clear off. I now began to get provisions ready for my voyage; I secured, at various times, small quantities of rice cakes and tapioca biscuits, besides a couple of hams, which we obtained from wild hogs killed in our hunting expeditions. These I placed in an old canoe and hid, during a fishing excursion, in the long rushes near the mouth of the tunnel. Then, one night when Frost was away with the Sultan visiting another village, I stole out and filled a small cask, which I



GRINNING AT ONE ANOTHER.

had hidden away, with water and, taking my boat which I used for fishing, I started on my voyage of escape. It took me two hours to get to the canoe where my provisions were stored, and after getting them aboard, I towed the canoe out into the centre of the lake and overturned it, and threw near it the rice-straw hat I usually wore, so that my pursuers, when they hunted for me, might think I had capsized and been drowned. I now started for the rocky tunnel and proceeded to get through it the same way

I had seen the Malays. For a short time I managed to get along fairly well, but the unaccustomed position soon began to tell on me and I had to knock off repeatedly and used my hands to crawl along the roof. Having no help to guide the boat, she was continually running against the sides of the cavern, and frequently her bow would catch in some crevice and come to a dead stop. Everything comes to him who waits, they say; but the end of that tunnel I thought would never come. At last, however, when I was

nearly giving the job up through utter weariness, I saw the little hole at the end; this spurred me on to fresh exertions and presently I emerged into the open air, thanking God that this part of my journey was accomplished.

The invigorating midnight air fanned my heated cheeks with a delicious coolness and put new strength into my weary body. After a draught of water and a munch at a biscuit, I started to row across the lagoon and then into the open sea. The early morning was now drawing on,

and I felt that I must not spare my exertions till I had put many a mile between my enemies and myself; so, plodding along with even but strong strokes, I drew away mile by mile. The sea was as calm as a mill-pond, and what little breeze there was blew in my favour. When day began to break I glanced anxiously around to see if any craft was in sight, but nothing was visible; then my eyes turned towards the shore. I determined if I could find a safe landing-place where I

could hide my boat, that my better plan would be to lay to during the day and recommence my voyage in the evening. Pulling along, scanning the coast for a likely spot, I had proceeded, as I reckoned, nearly twenty miles from the lagoon, when the first glint of the rising sun broke over the water. I must get into shore now, or some of the Malays prowling along the coast would spot me, so, ceasing rowing for a moment I turned round to take a view ahead, when about two or three miles out to sea there appeared the white



USED MY HANDS TO CRAWL ALONG.

sails of a full-rigged ship; her canvas hung in lifeless folds, gleaming with snowy whiteness as they caught the rays of the brilliant sunbeams.

This was unexpected joy indeed; unless a breeze got up I could fetch her in an hour and my perils would be ended, so, heading my craft for her, I went steadily ahead and without further adventure soon got within hail. As I drew alongside, one of the officers interrogated me as to where I had come from and casting me a rope-ladder, I climbed aboard. After

telling my story, I went below to take a much needed rest, and I slept like an infant right round the clock. My story ends here; the ship was an American vessel bound to New York, at which port we arrived all well in due time. I have made many China voyages since then, but have never seen any of my Malay friends, and, although they treated me well, I hope I never shall fall into their clutches again, as I feel convinced, if they should recognize me, my shrift would be a short one.

I heard afterwards that my old ship the *Nancy*, had got away from the pirates with the loss of two men killed and several wounded. Old Sam, I met later; he looked just the same as ever and nearly crunched my hand with the hearty shake of congratulation he gave me.

Some time ago I heard that a Rajah Frost had made a stir in London by the

enormous wealth and opulence displayed by himself and his suite whilst travelling through Europe, and various tales were told me as to the sources of his immense riches. Precious stones of almost incalculable value adorned his person, which was attired after the manner of the princes of the East; and one among the many mysteries connected with him was that relating to his nationality. He was reported to speak English fluently, but never stated how he had acquired the language, and his suite were most reticent on the point when questioned. After spending some months in Europe, he returned to his principality, which, as far as I could ascertain, appeared to be in the immediate vicinity of my place of captivity.

I wonder if this strange visitor was my quondam friend, David Frost, still continuing his upward career.



THE QUEENS OF EUROPE.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND
AND EMPRESS OF INDIA.

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort and command."

THE foremost place among the notable women of the present century must be given to our own beloved Queen, who, in her various relations—as Woman, Wife, Mother, and Ruler of a Mighty Empire—is a bright and shining example, not only to her subjects, but to the world at large.

The Queen's influence to-day is, in many respects, greater than at any other period of her reign : for fifty-four years of devotion to her people's welfare has deepened and intensified the hold she has always maintained upon their affections. Her court, too, exercises a restraining influence over all classes of society, and,

while administered as it now is, constitutes a tribunal of honour which satisfies everyone as to its impartiality, probity, and purity. Our Queen, the only daughter of George the Third's fifth son, Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, and Victoria, his wife, was born on May 24th, 1819, and married her first cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, on February 10th, 1840.

This happy union was prematurely sundered by the death of Albert the Good on December 14th, 1861.

This inexpressible sorrow has tinged the whole of Her Majesty's life with sadness, and though surrounded by the constant love and devotion of her sons and daughters, they and the Nation feel that nothing can compensate for this early bereavement, which deprived her at one blow of one of the truest and best of husbands, and the wisest and most judicious of counsellors.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Princess Dagmar, daughter of his Majesty Christian, the ninth King of Denmark, and his wife, Queen Louise, is one of those who, in spite of her exalted position and every charm of mind and person, must be regarded with pity. Born to a happy and joyous girlhood, she shared with her sister, our Princess of Wales, the simple joys of a peaceful Court and happy home-life. But since her marriage to Alexander III., Czar of all the Russias, her career must have been one long agony in the daily dread of the assassination of her husband, and of her son sharing the same fate. Over her head is the sword of Damocles suspended, and no one knows the day or the hour when the hair will be severed. She is a pretty and charming woman, greatly resembling our future queen, and worthy of a better fate than circumstances have called her to fill. She must, to her sorrow, fully recognise the truth of Shakespeare's words, "Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown."

VICTORIA, EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

The present Empress of Germany was born in 1858. She is much beloved by the German people, and is the happy mother of six young sons, and a daughter recently born. The late Emperor Frederick was



THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA



From a Photo by [V. Angerer, Vienna] THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA is, of Continental Queens, best known to the English people, for, until the tragic and lamented death of her son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, on January 30th, 1889, she was in the habit of coming annually to this country during the hunting season. It was on these occasions that she won the admiration and respect of every Englishman by her splendid riding, great beauty, and courteous manners. She is still a graceful and accomplished woman, and bears the burden of over half a century bravely, and no one, looking at her, could imagine that she was born on December 24th, 1839.

She was married to the Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph, at Vienna, on the 24th of April, 1854, by whom she has had three children, two daughters and a son: the unfortunate Crown Prince Rudolph, born in 1857, the Archduchess Louise Marie, born at Luxembourg, July, 1856, and who married at Vienna, in April, 1873, Leopold, Prince of Bavaria, and the Archduchess Marie Valerie, born the 22nd of April, 1868, married at Ischal, in 1890, to the Archduke of Austria and Tuscany. The Empress is a faithful daughter of the Holy Church and has been one of the Royal recipients of the Golden Rose from the Pope.

strongly attached to her, and generally referred to her as "his dear daughter." Her kindly sympathy and tenderness to the widowed Empress Frederick has created a bond of sympathy between them, stronger, perhaps, than exists between the mother and son. Last year, with her husband and children,



From a Photo by THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY. [T. Prumm, Berlin.]

she paid a visit to the Queen at Windsor, and was also entertained by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of the City of London. After the various State functions, she and the young princes enjoyed a stay of several weeks at the quiet little seaport of Felixstowe. Her Majesty may be described as homely and interesting rather than beautiful, and devotion to her husband and children are marked features in her character. She exercises a strong influence over the Emperor, who is exceedingly tenacious of her dignity. On a recent occasion, when walking alone in Berlin, she was not recognised, and consequently not saluted. The Emperor immediately ordered portraits of his wife to be hung in every barrack room in the empire, so as to avoid such a *contretemps* occurring in the future. The German Empress has the reputation for spending lavish sums on her toilette; but this does not prevent her opening her purse most liberally for the benefit of those who have a claim upon her charity. The Prussian diadem of the Empress is a magnificent specimen of jewelry, in the shape of a scroll-work wreath, studded with diamonds, from which priceless pearls are suspended. It may not be generally known that Prince William's

grandfather objected to the match, but when, after nine months' persistent siege, the young lover still showed himself constant, the Emperor consented, and the happy pair were married in the spring of 1881, when the Empress was just twenty-two.

THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

is one of the European royalties concerning whom little is known to the outside world. Marie Henriette, Archduchess of Austria, was born in 1836, and married Leopold, second King of the

Belgians in 1853. She is the mother of three daughters, the Princess Louise Marie Amelia, born at Brussels in 1858, and married in 1875 to Philippe, Prince



From a Photo by [Stereoscopic Co., London] THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Princess Stephanie, born in May, 1864, and married in 1881 to the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, and the Princess Clementine, born in July, 1872, who is unmarried. The Queen has always shown great consideration for, and kindness to, her unfortunate sister-in-law, the Empress Charlotte of Mexico, whose sad life and mental troubles rendered her an object of deepest commiseration to the Queen of the Belgians.

other European Court a more affectionate and united family than the Danish one.

The Queen is a most charitable woman, and in commemoration of her golden wedding founded numerous churches and benevolent institutions, in various parts of Denmark.

THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

It is just twenty-five years since King George of Greece was united to the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine. The marriage gave the liveliest satisfaction to his subjects, for, in the first place, it pointed to the establishment of a settled dynasty, and in the second, the selection of a Russian bride, who was an adherent of the National Church, promised to bring the reigning house into closer harmony with the aspirations of the people than had previously seemed possible in view of the King's Protestantism.

The Queen is a charming woman, and, though not beautiful, she appears to have learned from her husband's family the secret of perpetual youth. Although now



From a Photo by] E. Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.
THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

Queen Louise, wife of Christian IX. of Denmark, has become known to every English man and woman, through being the mother of the popular wife of the Prince of Wales. Though over seventy years of age, time has, indeed, dealt kindly with her, and only last year the king and queen (amidst great rejoicings and surrounded by their children, who foregathered from different corners of Europe) celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. The brilliant marriages of her children have proved a source of satisfaction to her Majesty, but the happy home life of the Royal Family of Denmark is too well known to need recapitulation, and probably there is in no



From a Photo by] F. Vianelli, Venezia.
THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

a grandmother, she looks scarcely older than on the day she married the King of Denmark's gallant son. The home life of the King and Queen is an exceedingly happy one, and the only great sorrow which has befallen her since her marriage was the sudden death of her charming daughter, the Grand Duchess Paul, the sister-in-law of the Czar. Queen Olga is bringing up her little motherless granddaughter with her own youngest son, who is only five years of age. She devotes much of her time to the education of her seven children and has taught boys and girls alike to ride and row during the pleasant holidays at their country retreat in Corfu. Indeed, both as wife, mother, and queen, like our own beloved ruler, she is beyond all praise.

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, née Princess d'Orleans, is one of the youngest of the royal consorts, as she is

members of the Orleans family. She brought her husband a dowry of 10,000,000 francs, and is the mother of two sons, born at Lisbon in 1887 and 1889.

THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN, before she became the second wife of



From a Photo by] [Fernando Debas, Maur d.
THE QUEEN REGENT AND KING OF SPAIN.

Alphonso XII., in 1879, was the Archduchess Marie Christine of Austria. Her husband died in November, 1885, but she bore him a posthumous son in the following July, who now occupies the throne under the title of Alphonso XIII., and his mother was proclaimed Queen Regent from the day of his birth. The baby King of Spain has been unusually delicate, and his life has been preserved at several critical periods by the untiring care and

devotion of his only remaining parent. If the saying be true that "the mother makes the man," we may expect to see, in the future monarch of Spain, one of the noblest men who ever sat upon a throne, for Queen Christine has proved herself as judicious a mother as she is a loving one.



From a Photo by] THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL. [A. Robone, Lisbon.

still on the sunny side of thirty. She was born at Twickenham on the 28th of September, 1865, and is the eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris. On the 28th of May, 1886, she married the present King of Portugal in the church of San Domingo, Lisbon, in the presence of many of the

The receptions held by the Queen Regent and her little son during the recent Columbus celebration, showed how she has endeared herself to the Spanish people. She is generous, kind-hearted, and has a keen intellect. Upon her has been bestowed the papal honour of the golden rose, with the benediction of the Holy Father, which no woman in Europe more richly deserves.

THE QUEEN REGENT AND THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

This sketch also represents another devoted mother, who has taken up the reins of government till her young daughter is able to assume the responsibilities. Queen Emma, widow of the late King of Holland, was formerly a Princess of Waldeck Pyrmount and the elder sister of the Duchess of Albany. Married to a man many years her senior, she had a difficult rôle to fill; but she has succeeded in satisfying the Dutch people, who are very loyal to Wil-



From a Photo by]

[Franz Mandy, Bucharest.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

helmina and her mother. The Queen Regent and her daughter reside principally at the Hague, and in addition to the cares of State, the elder lady devotes a considerable portion of her time to the education of her little girl, who has already completely mastered several European languages. The youthful queen possesses one of the finest collections of dolls in the world, and these, at present, engage more of her attention than the important affairs of the nation.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA,

is better known to the general public under her *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva. A German Princess, the first years of her life were spent in comparative privacy, and it is only since she became the wife of King Charles of Roumania that her exceptional literary talents have had full play. Losing her only child many years since, she began to write poems and stories to distract her from dwelling too much on her sad bereavement. She has published several volumes of original poems and translations, and also one or two plays, and is responsible for attractive renderings of Roumanian folk lore and fairy stories.



From a Photo by]

[Adolphe, La Hague.

THE QUEEN REGENT AND THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

One of her most recent works is a novel in three volumes called "Edleen Vaughan; or Paths of Peril," which is in great demand at the different circulating libraries. Queen Elizabeth is fond of travelling, and has on several occasions visited this country, where she always receives a warm welcome, as her magnetic charms win the hearts of all who come in contact with her. Princess Marie of Edinburgh who is about to enter into an alliance

Sweden and Norway is evidently not a believer in class distinction, as it was by her wish that all obstacles were removed when her favourite son desired to marry a lady not of royal rank, an event strongly objected to by her daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess.

THE QUEEN OF ITALY

is a prominent figure among Europe's beautiful and noble Queens. She has done much by precept and example for the good of the nation over which she reigns. Marguerite, Princess of Savoy, was born in November, 1851, and married King Humbert I. of Italy at Turin, in April, 1868, and her son, the Crown Prince, was born



From a Photo by] [Gosta Florman, Stockholm.
THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

with the Heir to the Roumanian Throne, will find in Carmen Sylva a kind and judicious counsellor and a true friend.

THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY

was, before her marriage, Sophie, Princess of Nassau. She was born in 1836, and married King Oscar II. in July, 1857. Indifferent health prevents her from taking an active part in the public functions and entertainments incidental to a Court, but in nowise deters her from exercising a very marked influence over the lives of her husband and children. Like most of the other crowned heads, she occasionally visits England in search of the health and strength which have so long been denied her. The Queen of



From a Photo by] THE QUEEN OF ITALY. [F. Alessandri, Rome.

at Naples the following year. The Queen is a liberal patroness of the fine arts and is full of deeds of charity. She has done much for the advancement of the Italian nation, and is simply worshipped by her subjects, greatly loved by her husband, and adored by her son. Her Majesty is a charming and attractive woman, who always dresses with perfect taste, and is ever to be seen at her husband's side, a sweet and sympathetic sharer of his joys and honours.

F. M. G.

LOST IN AFRICA.

By C. L. STOYLE,

Author of "A Memorable Christmas," &c.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

THE VEGETABLE OCTOPUS.

SUDDENLY our peace was destroyed, and we were plunged into warlike preparations. News had arrived that the white men from the mountains were marching down upon us. Before encamping on the river banks they desired speech with our chief, who, being anxious to spare his people the horrors of war if by any means it could be avoided, consented to receive a deputation next morning at sunrise. After the usual compliments had been paid, they came to the point, saying their king promised large presents and continued peace and friendship if I was delivered into his hands, but that if refused he was determined to fight, destroy their village, and take me by force. Ettuawa was overwhelmed by this unexpected request, and declared that he must have time to consider so weighty a matter. To this the deputation would not consent, saying their king was impatient for his reply.

Thanking the chief and his people for their past kindness, I said it was best that I should go peaceably, though it rent my heart to leave them.

Ettuawa, in the name of his people, made a very touching farewell address, saying that with me their light would depart, but if what I had told them was true, they hoped to meet me in the hunting-grounds above. I cannot do justice to the pathos of his speech, or describe my feelings. He had been a father and friend to me ever since I was delivered into his hands, and had it been possible he would have saved me from all I had endured through Quanza's jealousy; but even a Kaffir Chief has to attend to the demands of his people. When the presents had been accepted I prepared to start, and was pleasantly surprised to find Cara and

Gumtu intended travelling with me for a few days of the journey. At last, I considered they had gone far enough, and bid them depart homewards. Then, to my selfish delight, they told me they were going into captivity also. I talked to them, and enlarged upon the dangers they ran, and how in all probability we might not be permitted to dwell together, but nothing shook their determination.

The country we were quitting never looked more beautiful than it did in that autumn sunlight when we were, in all human probability, leaving it for ever.

We had a long, tedious journey, over hot sandy plains and through fever-stricken valleys, before reaching this wonderful and interesting country.

On arriving at the place where I had first met these strange people, I was much struck on nearing the rock to which I had been taken to tend the wounded chief, by its unmistakable resemblance to a human figure. There were three of these giant figures, each about two days' journey apart, sitting in solitary majesty on the edge of that dreary, sandy waste. There they sit, and have sat for thousands of years, in stateliest repose, with hands on knees and sightless eyes, gazing on the rural stillness, as they once looked, in all likelihood, on the countless houses of a grand and noble city: possibly representing three of its chief kings, for the ancients were evidently not more modest than men of the present day, and also liked to leave their effigies for the admiration of future generations. They are thought to have been erected over three thousand years ago, perhaps some of its oldest colossal statues, yet there they have sat unchanged through all the varied periods of the world's history. In their inner

recesses they cover wells of water, dug in those far-off days when this was a much-used route. The first figure had become almost shapeless with time, so that it attracted little observation during my first visit. The last and most important of these mighty giants is in far the best preservation. In the cave of this figure, gifts of dried meat and fruit were left. Prayers and sacrifices were offered up as

we saw, at first, nothing more formidable than a smooth green stump of a tree. It stood alone in a bare, dank-looking spot. From its lower stem dark brown fibrous roots held it firmly to the ground, also supplying it with the requisite amount of moisture. It then appeared harmless and inoffensive enough, though the bleached remains of birds, animals and even human beings that lay scattered around its base



POINTING OUT THE VARIOUS OBJECTS.

peace offerings for a safe and speedy passage through the dreaded Valley of Death, or Desolation, as it is called, that we were about to enter; for there the Vegetable God, or Octopus, reigns supreme, which is more dreaded by the natives than the fiercest wild animals, because of its mysterious and deadly powers. At my very urgent request I was taken to see one, and never wish to repeat my experience.

About a dozen of us ascended a grassy slope, and there, in the centre of a hollow

bore ample testimony to satisfy the most sceptical of its evil and ghastly power. I had often heard of it with doubts of its existence when in Ettuawa's country, rather fancying it purely imaginary on the natives' part; though I had heard that many tribes drive cattle, and often their fellow creatures, into the valley, as sacrifices in cases of plague or sickness, as they believe that when this strange vegetable is hungry it has the power of sending forth its deadly vapours and so destroying them.

As we stood watching the gruesome thing, we noticed it visibly swell until its outer edges gradually uncurled, opening like a huge sea anemone does at the incoming tide, until it represented a monster fern with waving, palm-like fronds, tipped with pale green, more resembling in colour the foam of the sea when in mid ocean than anything else, causing by their movement a violent wind to spring up in their immediate vicinity—where till then a dead calm had prevailed—increasing in proportion to the velocity of the fronds until they seemed in a violent rage, beating the air as it whirled around with a hissing sound of fury; then suddenly, out from its very centre, shot a mighty tongue, dividing into countless whip-like thongs, twirling and whirling madly in every direction.

I felt thrilled with a fascinated excitement and utterly powerless to move, and should undoubtedly have been its next victim had not somebody pulled me from behind, bringing me forcibly in contact with mother earth.

Gumtu recalled my scattered senses by saying in a horrified whisper:

"Look! Look! Look, Encose! Poor Witrwa is bewitched." With bated breath I looked, to see one of the natives, who had foolishly advanced nearer to the edge of the rock than his comrades; there he stood alone, with his eyes rivetted as mine had so lately been, on that fearsome thing. So great was its uncanny attraction, that his body swayed and quivered with intense excitement; then, as if unable to restrain himself longer, he stretched forth his arms, appearing to court his fate, by invoking the monster to end his sufferings.

A moment afterwards we heard a hissing hum as the snake-like thongs passed over our heads, and then, in speechless terror, we saw his body entwined by those deadly arms and borne aloft from our horrified gaze to that ghastly pit, there to be mercilessly sucked

of its life-blood, and then dropped to mingle with its other victims. Up till then we felt magnetically glued to the spot, but now we hurriedly scrambled away as fast as our shaking legs would carry us. I had lost all desire for a closer inspection, for beside the horror of all we had witnessed, the dank, putrid smell of decayed vegetation, which seems part of the loathsome adjunct of this abominable monster, brought on, in my case a nauseating feeling of intense sickness and

delirious fever, which at times so mastered me that I felt as if irresistibly compelled to return to that direful spot; and I should have done so had not Gumtu kept constant and never-flagging watch over me, often having to use force to restrain me from giving way to its baneful influence.

It was not until we regained the high veldt that I properly recovered; then, and not till then, we rested for a few days, all having suffered more or less from fever while in that vapour-bound district.

Noxious and deadly as the valley is, it has been, and will always prove to these strange people, a great protection from their savage neighbours.

On the east is an arid desert, extending for miles without a drop of water; and on the north they are bounded by an almost impenetrable forest; whichever route is taken, great

dangers must be encountered.

The Valley of Death, with proper precautions, is considered the quickest and easiest, for, as a rule, fever is the only thing to be dreaded; the natives, knowing the locality in which the vegetable octopus usually flourishes, give such places a wide berth, and would not have visited one this time had I not, in my sceptical folly, pressed them to do so.

CHAPTER X

IN THE TEMPLE.

WITH thankful hearts, we at last drew near to the far-famed Blue Mountains—



HE STRETCHED FORTH HIS ARMS.

very grand and majestic they looked, with their jagged, snow-capped peaks towering up to the cloudless sky; but unfortunately, before they were arrived at, a sad and irreparable accident occurred, by which I lost my faithful friend and companion, Gumtu. His curiosity had been aroused by witnessing some experiments made for my amusement by the magic gun; finding himself alone with one, he must have taken it up for examination, and, in his ignorance of where the danger lay, had evidently touched the electric current and been instantly killed. His death was a grievous blow to me, especially at such a time and place, just when all our dangers were over. Lovingly we laid his remains at rest under a sweet-scented mimosa tree, there raising a cromlech to his memory. Little Cara endeavoured, by redoubled thoughtfulness and attention, to lessen my loss as much as possible, though to her, also, his death was a great sorrow, for with him the last link with her people was severed. Footsore, sad and very weary, we came to a wide and beautiful river, by far the largest we had passed since leaving Ettuawa's country. Shortly after our arrival, boats appeared; then noiselessly, except for the splash of the water, we glided swiftly away.

The clearness of the river and the varied foliage of its banks rendered that short voyage a poem of never-to-be-forgotten loveliness.

It is the only practicable entrance to this strange and beautiful country, the river cutting through the circle of mountains by a narrow but deep gorge. In the early days it must have been underground; but now the mountains, by one of Nature's mighty convulsions, have been cleft asunder—perhaps before the time of Moses, who can say?—for it is my strange

fancy that this was the Garden of Eden from whence Adam and Mother Eve were driven, and this the entrance guarded by the Angel with flaming sword. Now, the narrow gorge is protected with guns of cunning workmanship. Only once in the memory of man has their use been necessary. A party of Arabs disobeyed their warnings and forcibly tried to effect a landing, when, directly they came within range of the guns, they were instantly killed, and the boat sent drifting back with its ghastly crew to tell its own tale. The fame of that terrible deed was sufficient to prevent a repetition.

When clear of the mountain pass, a panorama of unsurpassable beauty unfolded itself to our astonished gaze, quite baffling all my powers of description; the immense plain is encircled by mountains,

blue in the distance, grey and grim near by; in the centre of the plain, a cluster of white thatched houses and curious, high-domed temples, formed the chief town.

The river is spanned by numerous bridges and bordered by feathery tropical plants, while its banks gleam with showy arums and the vivid greens of the graceful maidenhair fern; billowy clouds of rose and white metamorphosed on a nearer approach into peach and pear orchards, hedged by tall barriers of flowering quinces.

The principal streets are overshadowed by magnificent trees. Each house has its stoop or verandah, gay with tropical flowers; many of them are large and handsome, standing in beautifully-laid-out gardens.

As we entered this region of loveliness the sun was just setting over the far-off hills, tipping their edges with a golden glory. We were conducted to a stone house, the beauty and comfort of which took little Cara's breath



WE DREW NEAR THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

away: this was not to be wondered at, for even I had never seen more beautiful mosaic floors or more brilliantly decorated walls, which were evidently of a later date, being, in many cases, more grotesque than admirable; still, we felt awed by their undoubted antiquity, and marvelled at their preservation, perhaps since the days of Rameses, Iethis and Amenhoteps.

The great warrior, Thomes the third, and his sister, Queen Hastasso, in all probability held grand banquets here, for from the ancient records it is certain that they all in turn visited this place. Here are to be seen illustrated books of that date—1600 years B.C. Its palmy days were probably over long before the days of Joseph, and as long before the days of Moses as now separates us from the great law-giver; one can hardly take it in, and I fell asleep trying to grasp the astounding truth of this statement.

Next morning I was awakened a little before sunrise by the blowing of curious trumpet-like instruments. On repairing to the spot from whence the sound came, I found it to be the morning call, or *reveillé*, for all to join in the hymn of praise to the rising Sun, for these strange people—though they have now a very mixed religion—still faithfully adhere to the ancient Sun worship.

Standing at the entrance of the Chief Temple, I was much struck by its grand magnificence—gold and priceless precious stones had been lavishly used in its decoration.

After the short, and to me interesting, service, I was conducted by one of its most venerable priests, even into the most sacred sanctuary; and there, on a dais, stood an altar, in the centre of which was a stand, supporting a very remarkable, though beautiful, stone, resembling a huge cat's eye, glowing as with a living light. Ancient documents still within the Temple prove it to be one of King Solomon's treasured gifts to the Queen of Sheba, who, for safety, deposited it here, in this her impregnable stronghold, where it has remained ever since, shedding its protecting light on these people.

The eye appeared to follow me round, like that of some large animal, until suddenly I felt transfixed and covered my face with my hands to get out of its gaze; but that only seemed to increase its magnetic power, or whatever it was, and I became

as wax and fell nerveless to the ground, there remaining in a sort of trance.

Presently I heard strange, weird singing—then all was silent. Still I did not move, until the priest, after saying a prayer, or benediction in, to me, an unknown tongue—raised me by the hand and led me to an outer chamber, containing a bath, into which bubbled a natural fountain. I was then divested of my garments—for I was half dazed—and placed therein. The effect was truly magical. In a moment I recovered my faculties, the blood surged through my veins, bringing an exquisite feeling of renewed youth and buoyancy. After reveling in that life-giving water for what appeared but a few delicious minutes, I was taken out, well rubbed by a couple of stalwart natives, rolled comfortably in a blanket, and left on a couch to sleep.

While sleeping, I went through some strange and exciting scenes; but, on awaking, they happily passed from my memory, leaving only an unpleasant impression of coming evil. I consoled myself with the thought that nothing much worse could occur than had already happened.

I was vainly trying to recall what it was, when the priest re-entered, bringing me food and saying that as soon as I was ready he would conduct me by an underground passage to my appointed home; at the same time warning me to say nothing to the king or his sons of my visit to the temple, as, without leave, I should not have done so; but, having come, I should have to bear the consequences, if they became acquainted with all that had taken place.

I felt sure in my own mind that I passed through some mystic rite, but that time will alone reveal—for the priest would answer no questions, bidding me to try and forget all that had occurred as soon as possible.

On arriving home Cara informed me I had been away a day and a night, and she had been very anxious in consequence, fearing I had come to some harm. Before any explanation could be given, a summons was brought desiring my appearance before the king as soon as I had made myself presentable for so doing. My garments of late had consisted entirely of the skins of wild beasts, roughly put together.

With Cara's help, I was now laced into

the softest of deerskin boots, with the pretty-marked fur outside. From the eye-let-holes little bobs of alternate silver and gold hung by the finest of tiny chains. Then came riding-breeches of dark cloth, fastened by jewelled buckles, over which a shirt, sparkling at every turn, as if made of gold and silver-thread, yet being as soft as silk to the touch; finally, a toga of wool and silk combined, dyed with lovely-shaded colours, falling in natural draperies from the left shoulder, where it was kept in place by a diamond brooch. My head was unprotected from the sun's rays, except by a thick gold band, or ring, which is worn by all married men up country—Kaffir or otherwise.

Cara was in a perfect ecstasy of

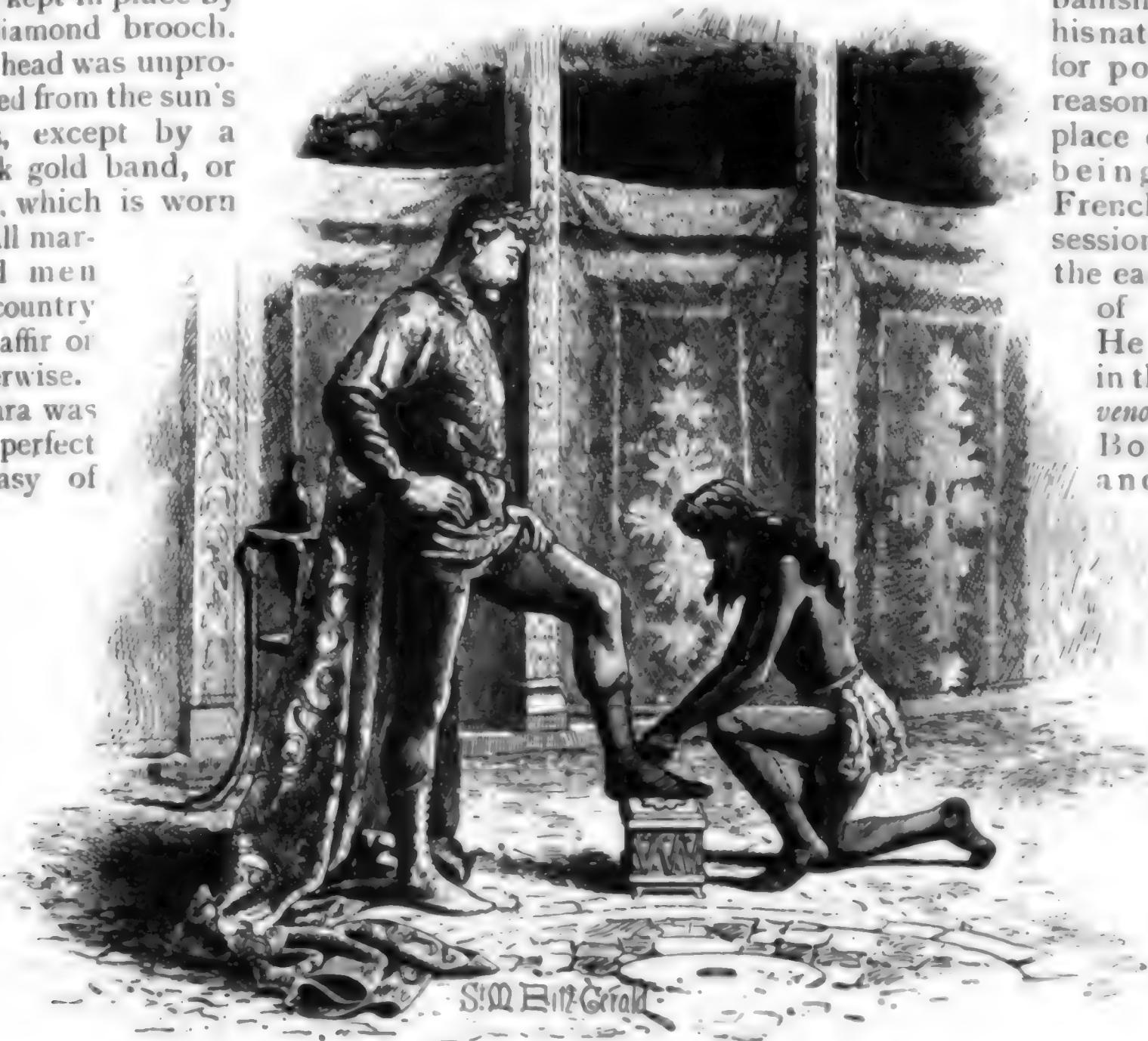
escort me to the "Great Place," or "King's Palace."

CHAPTER XI.

THE HISTORY OF THE KING OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

LET me pause here while I give a short account of the life and history of King Cathis, as it was subsequently related to me. Some forty-five years ago, a French nobleman, the Viscount de Hédeville, was

banished from his native land for political reasons, his place of exile being the French possessions on the east coast of Africa. He sailed in the *Grosvenor* from Bordeaux, and was



I WAS NOW LACED INTO THE SOFTEST OF DEERSKIN BOOTS.

delight at my gay turn out; and, I must own, I felt a very much more important personage in my handsome decorations than I had previously done in my rags.

The feeling recalled the dear old days at Abbey Croft, when I first put on my uniform for the gratification of my family, and how Hugh fairly danced with delight.

How true it is that "fine feathers make fine birds." But I had not much time given me on this occasion for undue admiration, the heralds being in a state of impatience to obey their orders and

accompanied by his wife and little son, Henri. As the *Grosvenor* sailed up the coast of Pondoland, with a favouring breeze and sunny skies, the exile forgot for awhile the grief at his heart whilst pointing out to his little son the varying objects discernable on the coast; and the captain, to give them more pleasure, kept his ship in as close to the land as he dared, and at night, for safety, the ship stood out to sea again; but unfortunately not far enough, for a sudden and unexpected squall springing up, drove the noble ship landwards to her doom.

About midnight all were awoke by that terrible and ominous sound, as the ship crunched over the tops of sunken rocks. The sailors' shouts could be heard above the sounds of the raging sea, as they rushed to obey the captain's orders; but it was too late for human help to be of any avail. At last came the final crash, as the good ship encountered a foe more for-

Revolver in hand, he and his officers stood throughout that anxious night, to prevent the crew from wantonly risking their lives. Towards morning the sea calmed down, but how sadly was the position of the ship changed: instead of sailing gaily along, her bows were now deeply imbedded in the rocks, where she lay helpless at the mercy of the sea.



REVOLVER IN HAND.

midable than the rest, which, with its jagged teeth, held her hard and fast. Then followed a night of terrible, anxious uncertainty, testing the captain and officers' energies to their utmost limits. Though it was pitch dark, the men clamoured in their alarm to put off in the boats; this the captain knew would be certain death to those who ventured to risk their lives in the now tumultuous sea.

After a careful inspection, the captain concluded there was no chance of releasing the ship, neither was there any immediate danger. All hands were then ordered below to a much-needed breakfast, after which the boats were lowered in due order, and all conveyed safely ashore with every necessary comfort for a large encampment. The *Grosvenor* was firmly fixed, and for many months

after she remained, greatly to the delight of the natives, who visited her at low tide and looted her of much rich spoil, of which they neither understood the use nor value, but were vastly proud of the queer things the sea had brought to their inhospitable shore all the same.

The hitherto almost deserted beach soon became transformed into life and animation, as the little white tents of the crew appeared in all the sheltered nooks, causing much consternation amongst the aborigines by this most unexpected invasion, and more so at finding the strangers, to all appearance, seemed likely to remain. Now the foolish policy of the crew in intimidating instead of trying to propitiate the native owners of the soil became evident, and by degrees the natives, in their turn, showed very evident signs that they would

stand the ill-treatment no longer. The crowds grew larger and more threatening round the encampment, and when it was too late they recognised their foolish mistake, and greatly feared they would be

attacked. The sailors were getting tired of inaction, and the captain, fearing a mutiny among the crew, called them together to discuss what they should do for the best, as under existing circumstances they appeared as far off any outside help as they had been on landing. After various consultations, the majority of the sailors decided to try and return along the coast to Natal, but, as future events proved, only three or four lived to reach the desired haven; the remainder, after enduring almost inconceivable hardships, had perished of privation.

The captain, officers and passengers, and a few of the crew, determined to strike inland; among this number were several children and women, who would have found it utterly impossible to swim the rivers which the other band of sailors would have to pass, and they hoped by going inland they would the sooner meet

with some of the Dutch settlers or more friendly-disposed natives. The Pondos, with their painted skins, appeared more ferociously formidable than they would have proved, had they been treated with a moderate degree of consideration.

Just when all were prepared for the start, Viscount de Hédeville had the misfortune to break his leg by falling from the branch of a tree that he was chopping to form a sleigh whereon to carry his little son. At this new mishap the captain wished to abandon the idea of moving until the Viscount recovered, but the others would not consent to any further delay; so, after a few days, in consequence of the pressure put upon him, he was most unwillingly obliged to give way, for he, as captain and head of the expedition, considered it his duty to do his utmost for

the many rather than the few; but it grieved the kind-hearted sailor sorely to depart, leaving the poor young

Countess alone with her helpless husband and child.

At great personal risk the captain sought and ob-

tained an interview with Quila, the chief of the Pondos, and gave him to understand

that, should he, on his return, find the family alive and well, he, the chief, and his people should receive large presents of cattle. Then, after seeing all was done that could in any way add to their comfort during his absence, he bid them farewell with a very sad heart.

The Viscount and his wife, with dry eyes and breaking hearts, watched the party, under the escort of a Dutch-speaking native, disappear out of sight, feeling that, with their departure, all hope of escape for them had gone.

A few weeks after they learned, with great sorrow, that the treacherous Fingo had led the party into a trap, after a short journey, where they were surrounded and attacked, the men being slain, while the unfortunate women were taken as slaves and wives by the various chiefs; and so carefully were they guarded, that though later, the country was searched, not a



QUITE PROSTRATED.

trace of them could be found; though now many a native is to be met along the coast at that point who proudly makes a boast that his mother, or grandmother, was a white woman, saved from the ill-fated *Grosvenor*.

Strange to say, the chief, Quila, kept his promise and the Viscount was not put to death, and both he and his wife were treated with the utmost kindness and consideration, Quila often sending them presents of game and other luxuries, and at times bringing his pipe and smoking in their company, as a sign of friendship. All might have gone well had the invalid been content to rest in patience, but it went to his heart to see his lady wife working, unaided, harder than any of his former retainers would have done, while he rested in comparative comfort and ease. At last he could bear it no longer, and regardless of all remonstrance, insisted upon taking his share of work. The exertion he underwent was too much for him, and he misplaced the setting bone; mortification set in, and in a few hours he died.

The poor Countess was quite prostrated by this overwhelming calamity, and had it not been for the chief's care, both she and her child would have died; but after a little, like a brave woman, she struggled to suppress her grief for the sake of her little son, and accepted Quila's protection, who, though an untaught savage, treated them with respectful kindness and attention, leaving the Countess entire control over her child. Unfortunately, the

partiality shown to them brought down the wrathful jealousy of the chief's numerous wives, and, to save the Countess and her boy from their growing animosity, he and a few followers escorted them up country.

Their sufferings during the long and perilous journey must have been enormous, though the Countess makes light of them now.

On their arrival, both the Countess and her son were joyfully received, for, according to the traditions of these people, they have for many generations past been ruled by a white king, sent, as they believe, direct from the sun. Possibly the wily old chief, Quila, knew this, and having heard of the death of their late king, had contrived to have wonderful reports sent ahead about little Henri and his mother, consequently they were expected, and their appearance hailed with delight.

From the first the priests claimed all right over the boy, permitting the Countess to dwell in their midst on condition that they had entire control over his education. The poor lady, having no choice in the matter, was obliged to consent to their terms, knowing full well she would have been simply put out of the way had she tried to influence her son, or in any way interfere with his training. When Henri was fully instructed and of sufficient age, he was anointed as King Cathis, and there has he peacefully and happily reigned ever since.

(To be completed next month.)



Moderato con espress.

MONTAGUE SMITH.

PIANO.



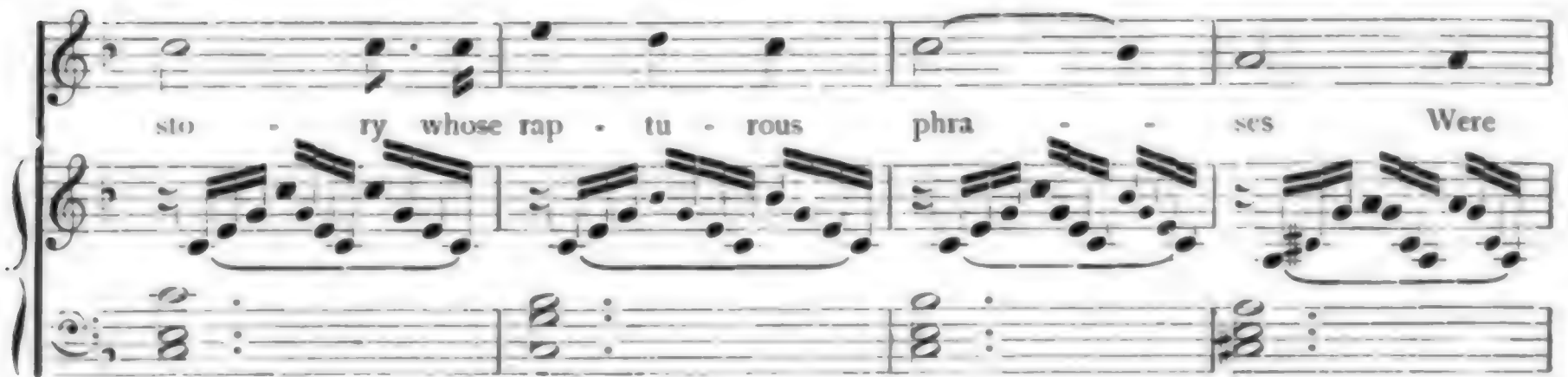
sun - set of glo - ry As the faint - est of o - pal lights



fa - ded, I told her the one sweet sto - ry, A

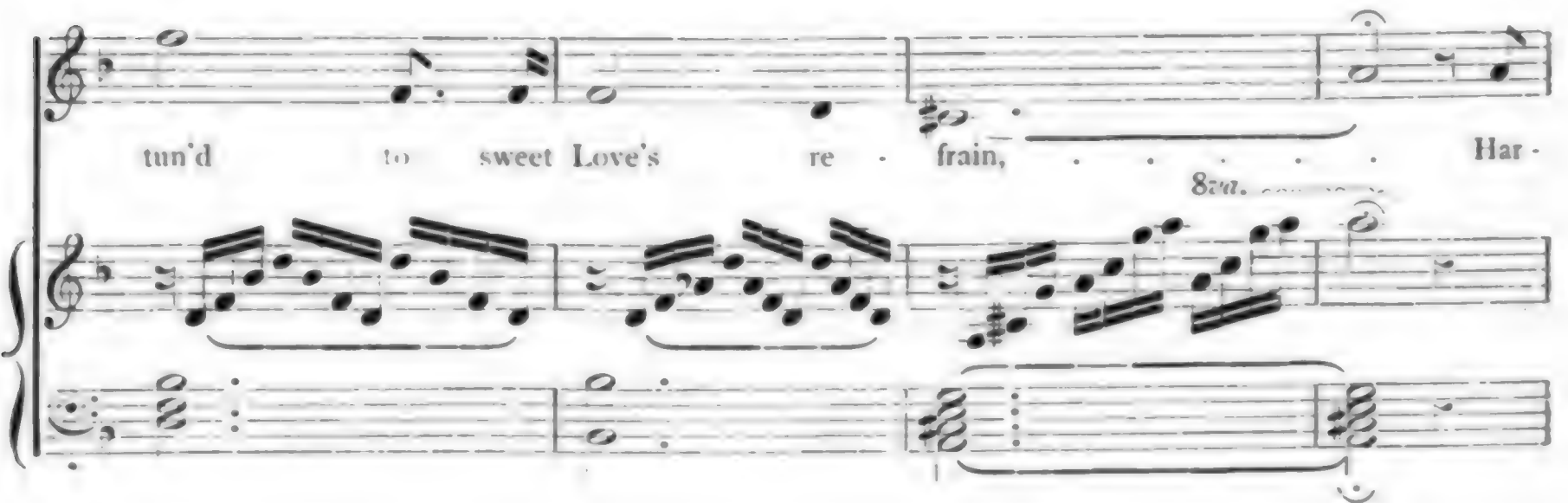


sto - ry whose rap - tu - rous phra - ses Were



tun'd to sweet Love's re - frain, Har -

8va.



mo - ni - ous chords of pure pas - sion, glimp - ses of

rall. *colla voce.*



sun - shine and pain.



To see in two eyes that like sap - phires Re -

flect - ed each beam of soul light, As their

glo - ry stole si - lent - ly o'er me,

Turn - ing the shades of my night In - to

day of a ra - di - ant beau - ty Usher'd

in by the dawn from a - bove. *8va.* As it

flow'd on a cur - rent of sweet - ness Na - ture thrill - ing, heart to

colla voce.

Agitato.

heart beat - ing love. Per - fect lips of a ro - se - ate

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and single notes, with a prominent bass line.

soft - ness, Met mine in en - thral - ling em -

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and single notes, with a prominent bass line.

brace. Her breath faun'd my deep - est af -

The third system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and single notes, with a prominent bass line.

passionate.

fe - tion, Like a thrice fe - ver heat - ed

The fourth system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and single notes, with a prominent bass line.

rall.

fur nace My arms were en - twin'd round a -

The fifth system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and single notes, with a prominent bass line.

bout . . . her. For ev - er I plight - ed my



heart . . . And vow'd, no, I would not for - get

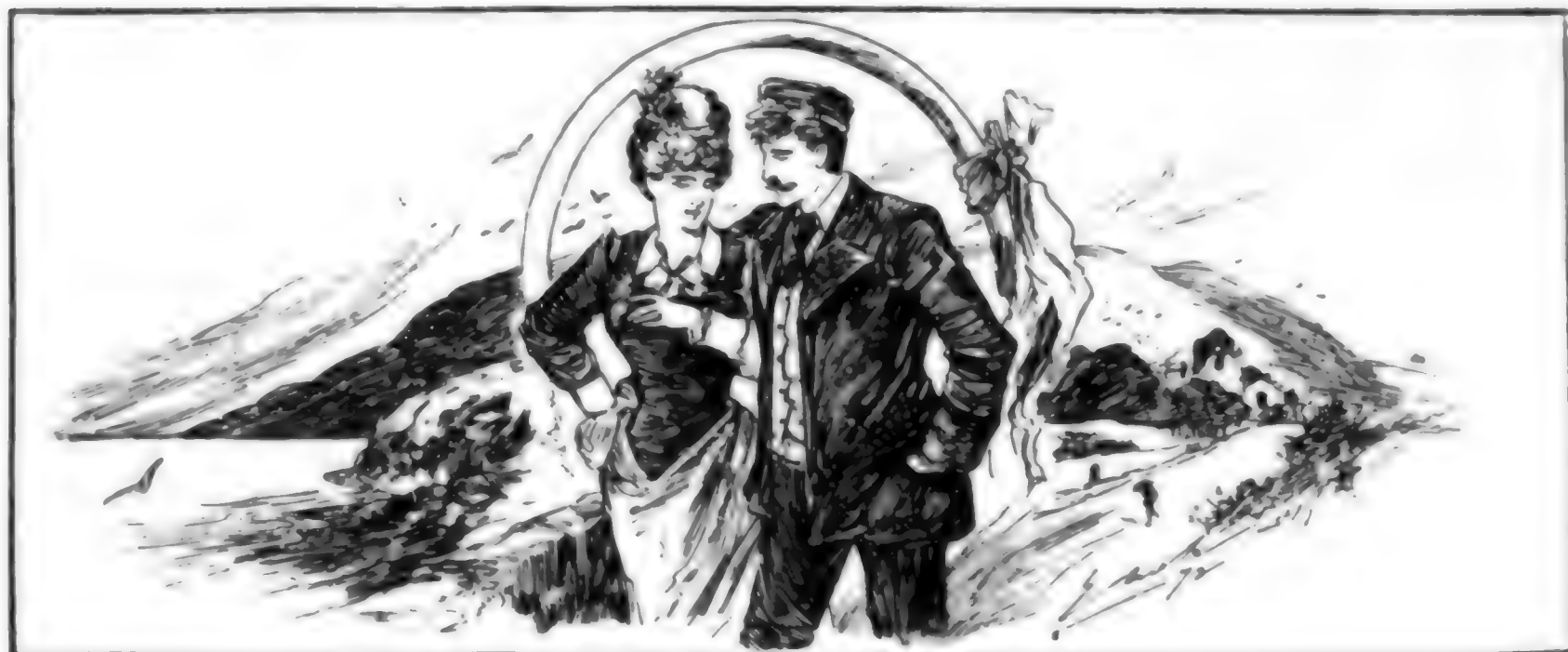
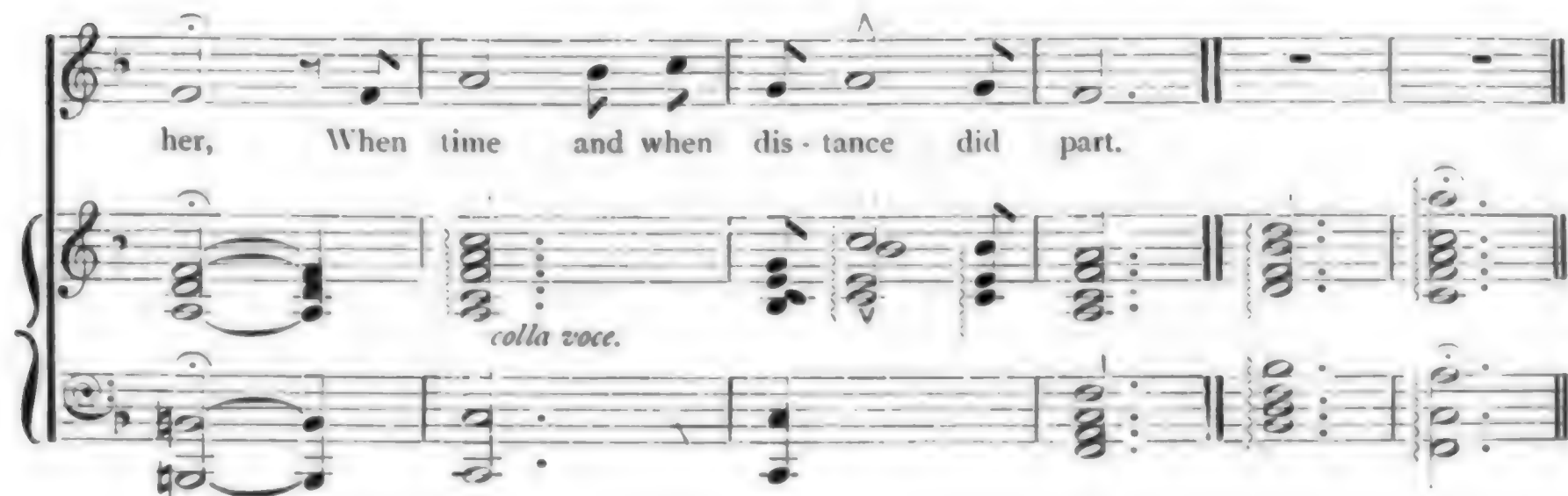
8va.

rall.



her, When time and when dis - tance did part.

colla voce.





The Mystery of Lankhorne Place

By RICHARD DOWLING.

WE were very quiet, decorous people at Lankhorne Place when I lived there a few years ago. The house was spacious, clean and comfortable, and, under the careful management of Mrs. Waddy, widow of the Rev. James Waddy, late Rector of Last-fall, in Essex, things went as smoothly and pleasantly as any reasonable man could desire in a middle-class West-end lodging-house.

Mrs. Waddy did not call the house at Lankhorne Place a lodging-house, but always alluded to the establishment as a private residence in which ladies, gentlemen and families might obtain temporary accommodation. It must not be assumed from this that Mrs. Waddy was given to high falutin. She was good-hearted and simple-spoken and lady-like in her manners and in her mind. She was a tall, graceful, slender woman, with black hair, pale face and kind, dark-grey eyes that were very slow to move and strangers to anger. She had the manner of benevolence; her mind was under the dominion of thought and had for its familiar spirit a wise and gracious charity.

Most of the people who came to Lankhorne Place were regular visitors, and nearly all were known to one another. Most of the visitors belonged to the families of professional men. A few retired business people came now and then, but only a few. We were very strict about references, and so the house was kept up by a clique, and wore the aspect of a family club. In getting references, Mrs.

Waddy always said plainly that not only should the references be above suspicion, but the referees persons of mature years, and either visitors to the house or well-known to visitors. It was also a rule of Mrs. Waddy's never to let any room for less than a month.

We had a dining-room, drawing-room, breakfast-room, study and small-reception-room for callers at inconvenient times. The study we used for writing and reading. No smoking was allowed in the house except in the dining-room after dinner. We could breakfast any time we chose. No regular luncheon was set, but it could be got if required. We all dined together at six, so that the guests might get away to theatres and other places of amusement by a quarter past seven. We were not obliged to dress for dinner; and when the house was full, twenty to twenty-five sat down: the average was about fifteen.

Mrs. Waddy took the head of the table, and the gentleman longest in the house the foot. There was one exception to the latter rule. Major Wynne always refused the honour on the grounds—First, that he was a bachelor, which we did not allow to count, and secondly, that it was the business of a soldier to hew the living, not the dead. This latter plea always caused the ladies to shudder and say "How horrible!" and enabled the Major to escape the task, and made him extremely popular in the drawing-room later.

The conversation at our dinners was by

no means brilliant. To tell the truth, we were a trifle respectable and dull. The talk consisted chiefly of a superstructure of commonplaces erected upon the general news of the day. The most important items in the evening papers were decorously discussed, care being taken to avoid subjects upon which feeling or conviction was likely to be strongly expressed. If any of the guests, through ignorance of the rules of the house, or through heedlessness, introduced a topic likely to excite controversy, Mrs. Waddy, with a smile, would hold up her finger and shake her head, and say,

"We may not be *all* of your way of thinking about the future chances of the Liberals, but that is no reason why we should tell you so, and this is not a political dinner, is it, Major Wynne?"

To which the Major would reply that dinner was an affair of the whole of mankind, and far too important to be at the mercy of any party whatever.

At breakfast we talked of the theatres and other amusements of the night before. On Sundays we offered carefully qualified opinions of the best known preachers in London. No one ever was so bold as to declare this or that preacher the most terpid, or convincing, or satisfying. Each simply stated that he admired certain specific qualities in his favourite pulpit orator, but that, of course, his taste was only his taste, and everyone else was free to differ from him, and admire whom he liked.

This timid and lukewarm policy, if it kept us free from dangers and broils, preserved us from forming friendships. We were an amiably conducted, incoherent company of chance acquaintances, bound to one another by nothing beyond the daily duties of politeness, owning no great joy in the

coming of a familiar face, experiencing no sharp regret at the departure of the most agreeable of our fellows. Our hearts and our emotions were reserved for our homes. Our whims and oddities were kept powerfully in check. We were harmoniously polite, unexcitingly cordial, the slaves of regulation manners, sunken in the dim, motionless depths of conventional urbanity.

At the time I speak of, my connection with the house had not been of very long standing. I was the junior guest, and although familiar with the appearances of most of the frequent visitors, I looked upon myself, and was regarded by the others, as a new comer. Hence I found myself more or less excluded from the inner or confidential circle.

One morning, as I was coming down to breakfast, I met Mrs. Waddy on the stairs. With a smile of half-sly congratulation, she informed me that before night I should be promoted from my position of junior, as a perfectly new visitor was to arrive in the afternoon of that day. Feeling an interest in my successor, I asked Mrs. Waddy who it was.

"A lady," she answered, with another sly smile; "a young lady, to whom, of course, you must be very civil and attentive."

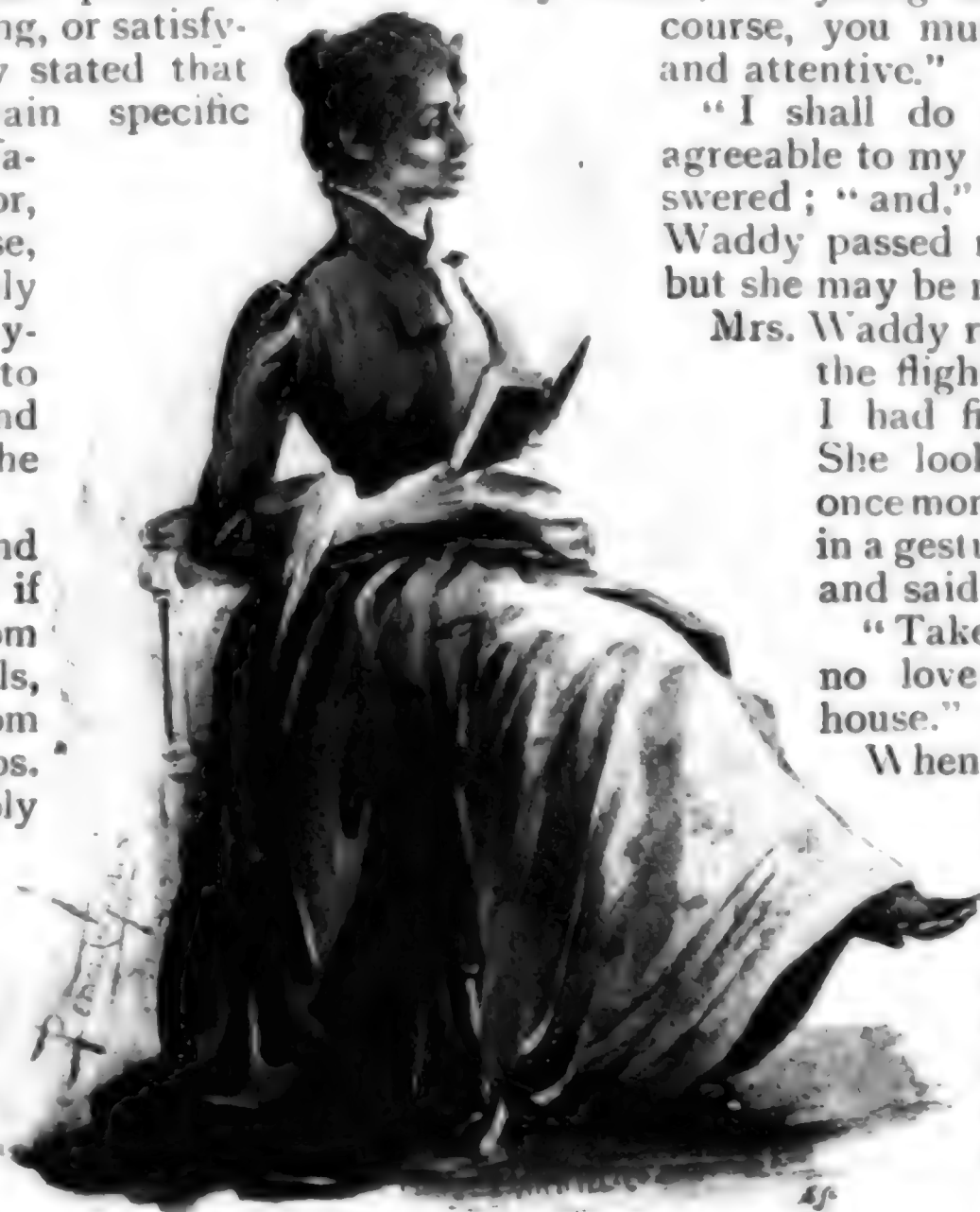
"I shall do my best to be agreeable to my successor," I answered; "and," I added, as Mrs. Waddy passed me, "who knows but she may be my fate?"

Mrs. Waddy reached the top of the flight of stairs before I had finished speaking. She looked back, smiled once more, raised her hand in a gesture of admonition, and said playfully,

"Take care! We allow no love making in this house."

When I think now of that morning and its poor badinage, and of the fate that followed upon the coming of that girl, I do not know whether to bless memory or curse it.

That afternoon, in the drawing-



MRS. WADDY.

room, just before dinner, Mrs. Waddy introduced me to Miss Barclay. She and I chatted. Mrs. Waddy told her that she had superseded me as junior in the house. I took her in to dinner. We conversed until the ladies rose, and then I threw myself into an easy-chair, lit a cigar, and mused over Miss Barclay.

Yes, Miss Barclay was an interesting image to fix in the mind and dwell upon in memory. She was tall, dark, graceful, too slender for beauty, too vivid for forgetfulness. She wore her rich, dark-brown hair close to the head, and gathered in at the back under a large, old-fashioned tortoise-shell comb. The head itself was refined and small. A bright bloom burned on her cheeks, and in her brown eyes shone a clear, bright light that never grew and never waned. Her hands were particularly long, and, like her figure, too slender for beauty, too dainty and graceful for forgetfulness.

In the sense that she was still unmarried, she was young, but her years could not have been less than thirty. Her voice was clear and sweet, with that undertone of grave consideration which soothes and elevates those who hear it, and sets its owner in a niche apart from vulgar thoughts and the noises of vulgar speech.

With all these attributes of physical calm, she was haunted, pursued, goaded on by a tremulous nervousness. Notwithstanding these potentialities of repose, she was seldom at rest. The light in the eyes never faded nor grew more, but the hands, the head and the lips were rarely all still together.

That first evening, as I sat smoking my cigar in the easy-chair, I made up my mind her restlessness arose from the presence of so many unfamiliar people.

That evening in the easy-chair, while the other men discussed the probability of

hostilities being renewed between Servia and Turkey, I considered the scope and quality of Miss Barclay's mind and heart, and the quality of her intelligence.

I thought long over her intelligence, and the more I thought over it the more I found to admire. I rehearsed our conversation at dinner, and I discovered new beauties in what she had said. While we had been talking at the table I had often been distracted by my neighbours, by my little duties, and most of all by the influence of her person and her presence.

The insight I had been able to gain into her mind while I had been with her was like that obtained of a friend's picture gallery while one is hurried through it by the owner. Now, I could wander at will, pause before what pleased or interested me, and follow out trains of thought suggested and abandoned in the more encumbered examination.

A keen and quick intelligence she possessed — this was obvious — but in it lay

strange, unexpected and infinitely interesting mazes, full of bright surprises and figures that came upon the explorer with a pleasant shock.

I was William Neville, come of a good family, not closely related to any great personage, but claiming distant cousinship with a dozen good houses. I was a man of moderate desires, with moderate means which came to me as the heir to a small property in a northern shire. I had neither brother nor sister, and my father and mother had been dead some years. I was a bachelor of six-and-twenty, with no thought of marriage. The story of my life was as uneventful as the story of any man's life can well be who has reached my years.



I TOOK HER IN TO DINNER.

The only event out of the routine comedy and tragedy which go to make up the better half of man's three score and ten years, had been the publication, a few years before, of a book. This book brought me nothing but abuse, and a bill for £33 6s. 9d., the difference between the cost and the sum of the sales. For a year after the abuse and deficit, I held that the critics and the reading public of the British nation did not know how to appreciate genius when they met it. Towards the beginning of the second year after publication, I made up my mind that the critics and the reading public of the British nation knew how to treat a foolish book when they found one, and that in my case they had given a conclusive proof of that knowledge.

And yet I had set forth in that book the only love-history of my life.

The story I told was of a man, twenty years of age, who fell in love with the daughter of a nobleman, and she with him. Fearing that the nobleman, who was known to be ambitious, would not consent, the attachment was kept secret for some time. At length it was discovered by the father. He asked the young man to give up his insane pretensions. The young man declined. The father spoke to the daughter, upbraided her, and declared she should never even see her lover again.

The lands of the lover and of the father were separated by a slow, deep stream. From that stream the lover one day took the dead body of his first, his only, his self-murdered love.

As I smoked that evening in the easy chair, I asked myself was it likely I should turn over a new leaf of the book of life, and commence a new heart history? I only smiled when the question arose to my mind. Tears assuage the griefs of to-day, but the smiles of disconsolate memory grow sadder with the passage of years.

My cigar was not smoked out, but I did not wish to finish it. I approached the group of politicians, expressed a fervent hope that war might not be renewed between Turkey and Servia, and then passed into the drawing-room.

I went straight up to where Mrs. Waddy sat. She said to me, with

a smile: "Miss Barclay has retired; she felt a little fatigued."

I looked round the room sharply, and saw she was not there.

For the first time I felt the drawing-room irksome and humdrum, and in a few minutes I stole away.

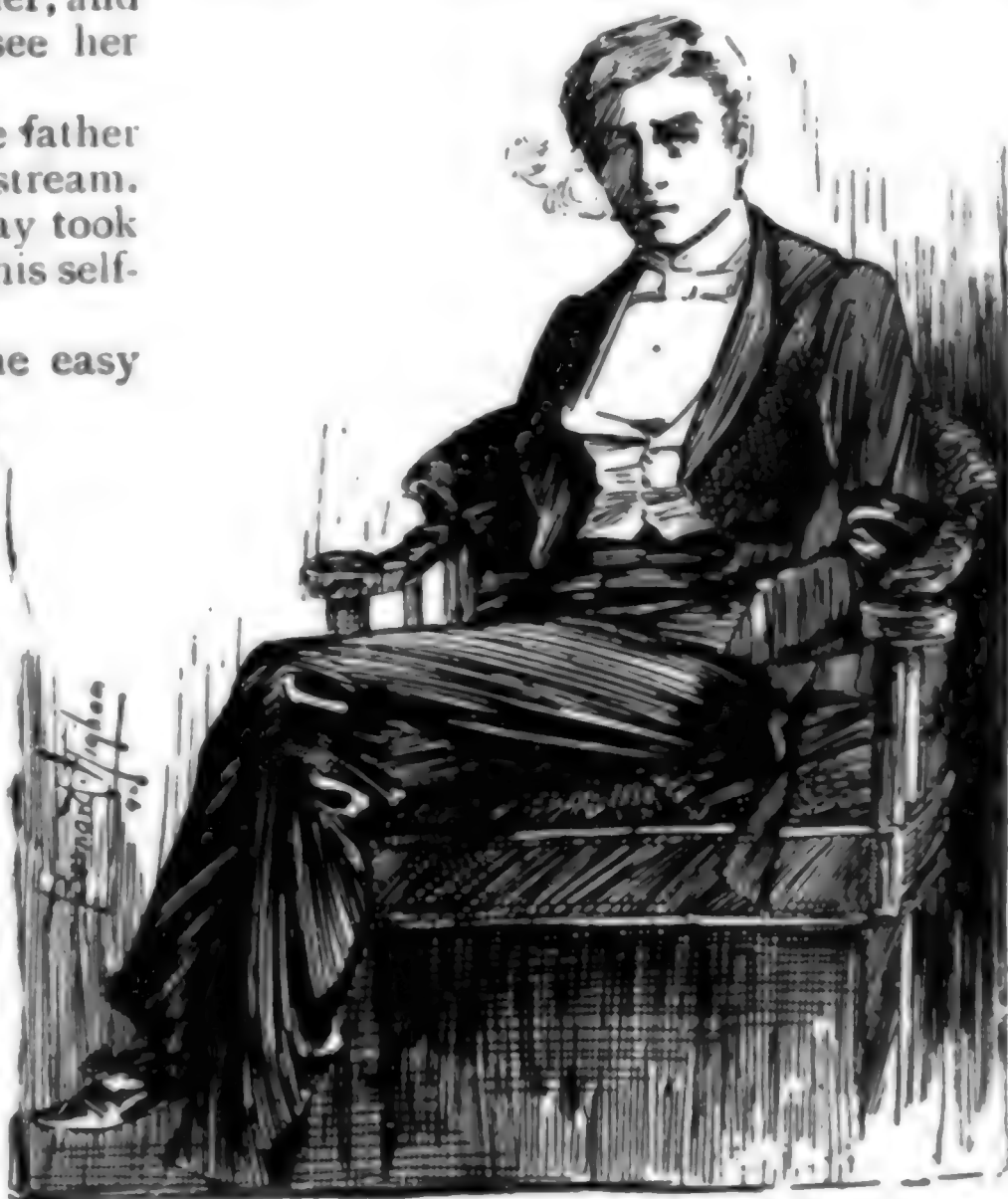
I had a letter to post; the pillar was at the other side of the street. I went out, crossed the roadway, and having posted my letter, glanced up at the front of the house. In one of the top windows a light was burning brightly.

"That is Miss Barclay's room," I thought. "She is worn out with her journey, and tired of meeting all those strangers yonder. What is that unusual-looking shadow on the blind?"

I could make nothing of the shadow. It was not quite opaque; it fell on the blind like ribbons, with spaces between them. The base formed a square, upon the square rested a squat triangle. In the centre was an irregular blot. What could it be?

The evening was fine, and I in no humour for sleep, or the people over the way, so I set off for a walk. It was midnight before I got back.

The light still burnt brightly in Miss Barclay's window, and still the strange



AS I SMOKED THAT EVENING.

shadow darkened the blind. Most of the visitors were in bed by this time, and yet she, who had retired after dinner owing to fatigue, was awake still! Could she have fallen asleep and left the gas burning?

At that moment I was answered in the negative. The shadow of a hand and arm fell on the blind. The hand approached the strange shadow, pierced the shadow, and remained immersed in it for some seconds. Then the hand was withdrawn, the shadow of the arm disappeared, the light was put out, and the window was dark.

Never while I had been in the house had I seen that shadow there before. Never while I had been in the house did I sleep worse than that night.

In consequence of my sleepless night I was very late the next morning. I was the last at breakfast. Miss Barclay's breakfast had been sent up to her.

"Poor thing," said sympathetic Mrs. Waddy, "she has had a long journey, and is worn out."

"Strange," thought I, "that she should sit up so late after her long journey. No wonder she is worn out and unable to come down."

That day I again sat beside her at dinner. We talked as on the day previous, but a little more freely. I noticed one thing which surprised me. Although there were not so many people at the table as on the day before, she seemed more restless. After a little while, I made up my mind that this restlessness was not the result of bashfulness or timidity, but owed its origin to acute mental irritation. There was an eternal apprehensiveness in her regard, as though she stood in momentary dread of confronting some hideous apparition. Her hands trembled slightly, and her body was never wholly at rest. What could be the terror under which she laboured? I could not even guess.

Even now the men had found out that Miss Barclay was the only woman at the table who could talk. What the other women said was piteously humdrum and commonplace. "What do you think, Miss Barclay?" and "What do you think, Miss Barclay?" came from every part of the table, and she had amusing or clever answers for all.

By all the men, I think, except myself, it had been found out she was clever before it had been found out that, although she was no beauty, her appearance was fas-

cinating. This was only the second day she had been with us, and yet she had drawn towards her all the eyes and talk of all the men. This did not advance her much in the good opinion of the women. Indeed, they already began to regard her as impudent and forward. During the whole dinner no woman spoke to her except Mrs. Waddy, who affected not to see the impression our junior visitor had made. Indeed, she showed she was conscious of it in only one way. She devoted much more attention than usual to the other women.

When dinner was over, I did not wait to smoke a cigar this evening. I frankly admitted to myself that I was under a spell I could not resist. I was not in love then. I did not want an exclusive right to her society, but I wanted to be near her as much as possible. The men had not been more than two or three minutes alone when I left them, and found my way to the drawing-room.

Again disappointment awaited me. She was not there. I did not ask about her, for I knew if I did so it would be assumed at once that I had left the dining-room in search of her. Neither did I go away for some time, until most of the men had come back, and tea and coffee had been brought in. To have left quickly would have been to invite the same assumption. While I was the only man in the room I heard one of the ladies ask another if she had observed anything peculiar about Miss Barclay at dinner.

"I noticed," said the lady addressed, "that she drank ——"

She paused, as if reluctant to finish the sentence.

"Brandy," said the former speaker, under her breath.

"Shocking in one so young."

"It's easy for people who drink brandy to have a good colour and bright eyes, and a ready tongue, *for a while*."

When I got into the street I crossed the roadway and looked up. The gas in that room was alight, and the strange shadow still lay on the blind; it was like a lattice square supporting a lattice triangle. In the middle of the square some opaque body made a large vague spot. I timed my return, so that I might get back at midnight.

I went to a theatre to try and forget her, but to no purpose. She was present with my imagination, and I ended by pre-

tending she was at my side. I fancied she was there, and that I was chatting to her and pointing out things to her in the play, and dresses and faces I admired.

I did not ask myself if I was in love with Miss Barclay. It would have seemed to me impossible for me to fall in love in two meetings with a woman whom I had only met in the most casual way before mentioned. Beyond sitting at her side at dinner twice I had scarcely had an opportunity of speaking to her. And yet there can be no doubt of it. I was deeply in love with Miss Barclay.

When I returned to Lank-horne Place I crossed the road, and stood opposite Mrs. Waddy's for a few minutes. The light was still blazing against the blind. Just as Big Ben struck twelve, the shadow of the hand and arm again crossed the blind, passed through the lattice-shadow, paused a few moments at the opaque, irregular blot, and then was withdrawn.

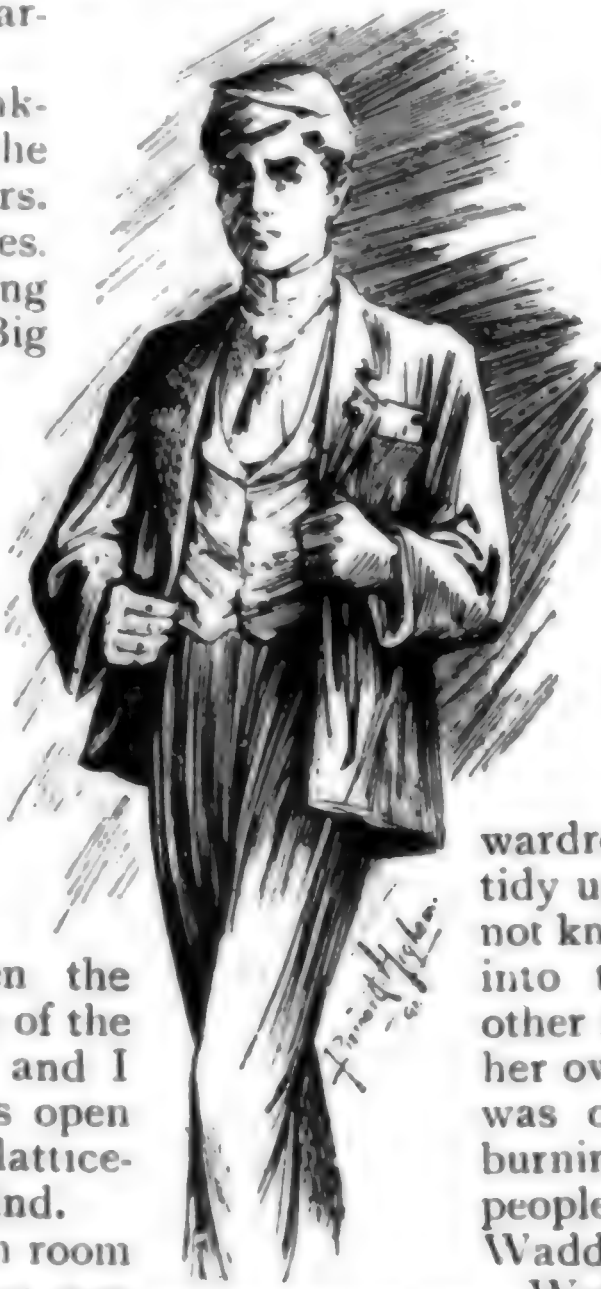
This night I noticed two things I had not observed on the previous occasion; namely, that the blot moved after the hand had been withdrawn, and that when the light was out, the occupant of the room drew up the blind, and I could see the window was open opposite the place where the lattice-shadow had fallen on the blind.

When I went to my own room that night I had no longer any doubt of my sentiments. For the second time in all my life I was in love, and this time I was in love with Miss Barclay, whom I had met but twice, and whose Christian name I did not know.

For a week things went on in the same routine, except that I no longer watched that window. There was something I could not understand about that room, but I had looked first by accident and then because I loved and wished to see the very shadow of her I loved; but we must not be inquisitive about those we love, but wait until they think well of unfolding anything that may be hidden.

Miss Barclay was always down at half-past ten, ate her breakfast, went up to her

room immediately after breakfast, and at twelve appeared again, entered a cab, which was always at the door for her, and told the man to drive to Harley Street, but never gave the driver a number. She returned about three or four, went straight to her room, and did not reappear until the dinner bell rang, then she came down. I generally took her in, not always; but she always sat beside me, as we sat in the same places. After dinner she went upstairs, and we saw no more of her that day.



TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

Before a week had passed, the lady guests had begun to murmur against Miss Barclay. What had brought her to town? Mrs. Waddy did not know. Why did she go to Harley Street and come back alone every day? Mrs. Waddy did not know. Why did she keep her bedroom door always locked, except when the housemaid went in to make the bed? Mrs. Waddy did not know. And when she let the housemaid in, why did she always refuse to give the girl the key of the

wardrobe, in order that Jane might tidy up things? Mrs. Waddy did not know. Why did she never go into the drawing-room with the other ladies, but always run up to her own room the moment dinner was over, and yet keep her gas burning until long after all good people ought to be in bed? Mrs. Waddy did not know.

Well, then, Mrs. Waddy ought to know, that was all. The mothers of daughters had to be very careful with whom the daughters sat down to table; and it seemed nobody knew who or what this Miss Barclay was, but that she was surrounded by a lot of mysteries which were not becoming in a young woman. And everyone could see she was forward and flippant with men.

It was hard to sit and hear, evening after evening, these grave, dull, lymphatic, respectable women prose on thus: evening after evening, and yet I sat and had a kind of exulting satisfaction in thinking that the more the poor, un-Christian women poured forth their vials of wrath on her, the more my heart exulted in its

worship of her. All Mrs. Waddy could say to stem the torrent of talk was that Miss Barclay had come to her recommended by people above the suspicion of reproach.

Evening after evening Miss Barclay was the subject of unpleasant remarks in the drawing-room, and evening after evening I sat and listened, nourishing my love in secret, and declaring to myself that all these unkind speeches of those around me only intensified the devoted admiration I had for her.

But the first week of her visit was now over, and I could plainly see that the peculiar facts in the case, and the unceasing pressure of these women, had begun to have an effect on good Mrs. Waddy. The landlady was decidedly cold towards Miss Barclay.

It will not be necessary for me to dwell at any length upon my feeling towards Miss Barclay. I need only say I was deeply in love with her. My love was not one which sought merely its own ends, but one which regarded only the welfare of its object. If I may so speak, I was more in love with the happiness of Miss Barclay than with the girl herself. I used to say to myself a thousand times a day:

"Her happiness is a thousand times more to me than my own, and I would never have thought of loving her, only that I feel I understand her, and I believe I could make her as happy as any man alive."

I am almost sure she had no suspicion of the feeling I held towards her. She certainly did not alter her manner in the least towards me.

At the end of the second week a crisis arose. The other lady guests went in a body to kind-hearted Mrs. Waddy, and said, in thorough and uncompromising tone that they could no longer look on Lankhorne Place with the old feeling of tranquil confidence if Miss Barclay continued to stay there.

Mrs. Waddy told me this with tears in her eyes. She said she had wept and expostulated with them, but in vain. They declared, in a body, that if she did not leave, they would. They admitted that they could bring no specific charge against their victim, but her ways, they said, were not their ways, and they did not wish to associate with ladies who were in London, had no friends in London and were wrapped up in mysteries.

"I even told them," said kind-hearted Mrs. Waddy, "that I had let the room for a month, and that unless something could be brought against her, I did not know how I was to ask her to leave before the month was up."

"Tell her you wish her to go," they said, "and if she refuses, you may be sure there is something wrong."

"But suppose she goes, and there is nothing wrong?"

"Then no harm will be done, and we shall be satisfied. You can do it privately by letter, and we need not seem to know anything about the matter."

Mrs. Waddy and I were in the little waiting-room when she related to me the circumstances of that morning, and as I finished some hasty and indignant protest, I heard the rustle of a woman's dress in the hall. So I said rapidly to Mrs. Waddy, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Waddy, I think that is Miss Barclay, and I would like to hand her into her cab if it were only as a small counter-demonstration."

"Do," she said. "Do; it will be a kindness to her and a lesson to them."

It was Miss Barclay, radiant as ever, but I thought a little more nervous than usual. We exchanged a few words of an ordinary nature, and then I asked her if she would permit me to see her to her cab.

She smiled again, and bowed me leave, and I walked down the steps at her side.

When she was seated in the cab, she looked at me for a moment as though she wished to say something further.

"Can I do anything for you?" I asked.

"Yes, if you will," she said, extending one of those trembling hands towards me. How I longed to take that slender hand and calm it in mine.

"Most assuredly I will."

"Will you be so kind as to get me a little coarse sand? I do not know where to get any in London."

"Coarse sand!" I cried in amazement. "May I ask what quantity you would wish me to get?"

"Oh, a handful or two. I think I may trust you with a little secret. It is hardly worth keeping a secret for its own sake, but there are reasons outside itself why I do not wish the matter generally known inside." She nodded towards Mrs. Waddy's. "I have smuggled a bird into the house—a pigeon. I keep it in my own

room in a thrush's wicker cage. No one knows anything about it but you. I lock it into the wardrobe when the chambermaid is in the room, and when I am not in my room. I keep the door locked, and the key in my pocket."

"And you hang the bird in the window by night."

"Yes. How did you find that out?"

"I saw a shadow on the blind I could not understand. Now I know it must have been the shadow of the cage and bird. I saw you put your hand in to stroke the bird one night, and, if I am not mistaken, you left the door of the cage open, put out the gas, raised the blind, and lowered the window. Are you not afraid some morning he will fly away?"

For a moment she covered her face with her hands, and shuddered. "O God, forbid!" she cried; "God forbid!" Then she took down her hands, and whispered, "Tell the man to drive on quickly; I don't feel very well."

I gave the word to the man.

As she passed, I noticed that her face was deathly pale; deathly pale for the first time in my presence since I had met her.

I was too much disturbed to be able to analyse my feelings.

All I know is that I was perplexed with incommunicable despairs. Whatever way my mental glance turned, it was confronted with dire, vague forms of terror. I seemed, in a vision, to have heard the prelude to some dirge of unappeasable despair.

All thought of love for that woman died, at sight of her sudden pallor. I knew from that instant no words of love were ever to pass between her and me. I did not feel I had got my dismissal from her, but from some occult presence whose form I had never seen, whose front and mien imagination could not body forth.

I wandered about London half that day. It was close to dinner-time when I got back to Lankhorne Place.

Miss Barclay had returned, and was in her own room. I sent up, by a servant, the parcel I had brought her.

She came down to dinner as usual. We were in the act of moving into the dining-room, when she made her appearance. Mrs. Waddy, in the belief Miss Barclay did not intend dining at the general table that day, had asked me to take in a lady who had been a stranger to me until then.

I noticed all through the dinner that Miss Barclay was much less vivacious than usual, that the nervousness had almost disappeared, and that she was much paler than of old.

I do not recollect anything worth recording which took place at that dinner. I remember a great feeling of relief when it was over. I could not bear the drawing-room. I went out of the dining-room into the hall. I had made up my mind to go to a theatre. As I was putting on my hat in

the hall, a servant came to me and said that Mrs. Waddy had told her to watch for me, and say she would be glad to see me for a moment in the small room.

Mrs. Waddy came in a few minutes, saying:

"I guessed, after what I told you to-day, you would not come into the drawing-room this evening, so I told Jane to ask you to give me a few minutes. You remember what I told you this morning of the feeling here about Miss Barclay?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, things have got worse since. Some of them saw you standing a long time at her cab-door this morning, and I don't think that improved matters. They say I must give notice to her to-night."

"For heaven's sake do nothing of the kind!"

"They say that if she is not out of the



SHE COVERED HER FACE WITH HER HANDS.

house by noon to-morrow they will go in a body."

"But what on earth has the poor girl done that such an outrage should be committed upon her?"

"She has committed two of the greatest crimes woman can commit against woman. She is cleverer and better looking than any of them, and she has puzzled them all."

I felt infinitely troubled. I cannot tell why. The look I had seen upon her face haunted me.

"But why need you do the bidding of these women?" I asked indignantly.

"If they put it on any other grounds I could and would defy them. But I cannot now. They say that by allowing her to remain under my roof I am lowering the standard of my house so much that they can stay with me no longer if she does not go."

"Good heavens, what an atrocious notion!"

"It is. But what can I do? If they go, saying that I have been harbouring a woman swindler, or a girl who has run away from her people, or what not, you know it would ruin me."

"Well, Mrs. Waddy, promise me one thing. Promise me you will not move in this matter until close to noon to-morrow. Let the poor girl have one more peaceful sleep before she knows the effect of social bigotry and stupid jealousy."

To this Mrs. Waddy, who had the kindest heart and the most sympathetic mind, at once agreed, and I went to the theatre in no very amiable frame of mind.

As through the dinner of that day, I went through the evening and night, without any clear consciousness of things passing around me; and when at last I did fall asleep, I was haunted by visions of this poor girl wandering adrift about London without a friend to look to or a place to lay her head.

Owing to the excitement of the day before, and the fact that I had lain for hours tossing and tumbling in bed before I could go to sleep, it was very late—eleven o'clock—before I awoke.

With a start, I jumped up. It had been my intention to be in the room when Miss Barclay came down to breakfast, and by some means or other save her the shock she would receive at noon, or break it to her, any way.

It was twenty minutes to twelve, and Miss Barclay had not yet been seen. She had never slept so late as this. Could it be she had got any hint, and had fled? No, for in a minute a servant came down saying that she had knocked at Miss Barclay's room, had got no answer, and that the door was locked on the inside.

This was certainly disquieting. Mrs. Waddy, who just came into the room at the moment, glanced at me. Suddenly a look of intelligence came into her face, and putting her hand in her pocket, she said:

"Here, Jane, run across the way and drop this into the pillar, and just look up at Miss Barclay's window. She may be at it, and if she is, that will account for her not hearing you."

The servant was not more than a couple of minutes gone when she came running back.

"Miss Barclay isn't at her window, ma'am. The blind is up, the window is down, and there's a bird-cage I never saw before in the window."

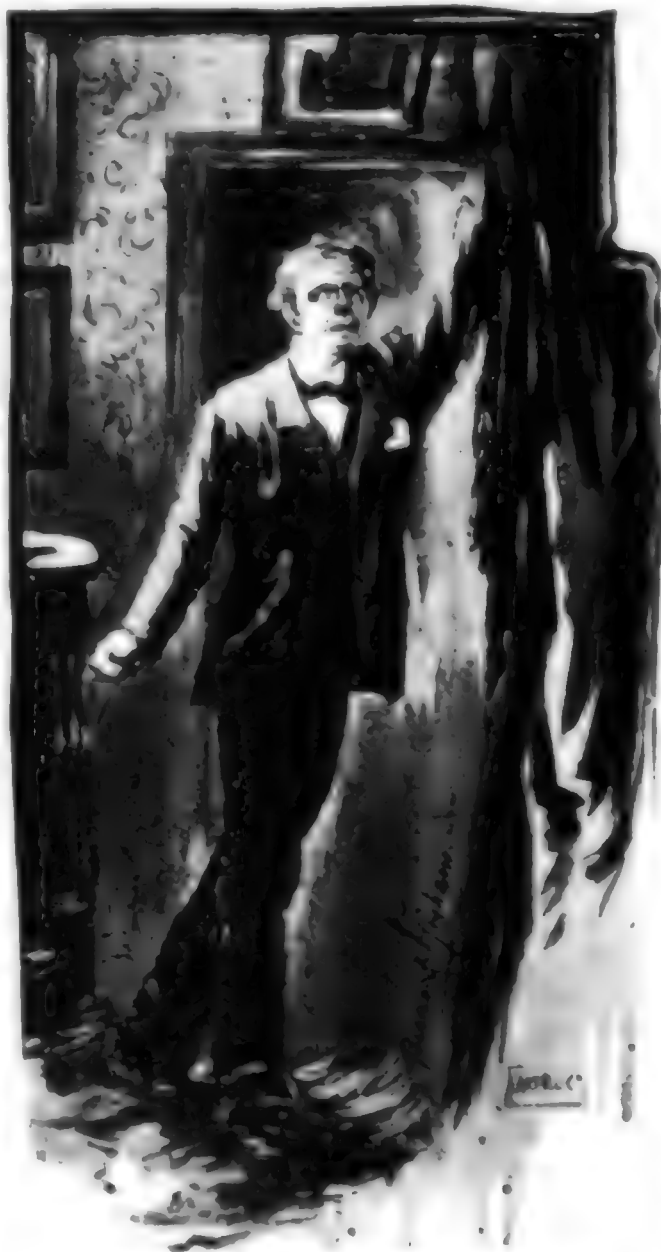
"And a bird—a pigeon in the cage?" I asked anxiously, with a sick foreboding I could not explain.

"No, sir; no bird."

"Are you sure?" I asked, starting up excitedly.

"Quite sure, sir. The cage is open, and the window is open, and the cage is empty."

"Then, Mrs. Waddy," I said, "we can make up our minds something dreadful has happened. Miss Barclay attached terrible importance to



"SHE IS DEAD!" SAID THE STRANGER.

the escape of that bird. We had better go up at once."

As we reached the hall to go upstairs a man, a stranger, entered it in great haste. He looked travel-stained and careworn.

"Miss Barclay?" he said.

"Yes," I answered. I saw Mrs. Waddy could not speak. "Do you know anything of her?"

"Yes, I do. Do not you?"

"She is stopping here."

"She is dead!" said the stranger, coming near.

"Dead! What, dead!"

"Yes, dead. She must have died early, for the pigeon was at home as soon as he could after the first light."

I now began to see a little way into the mystery. "Was the bird a carrier pigeon?" I asked. We had now moved with one accord into the little waiting-room. The stranger came with us.

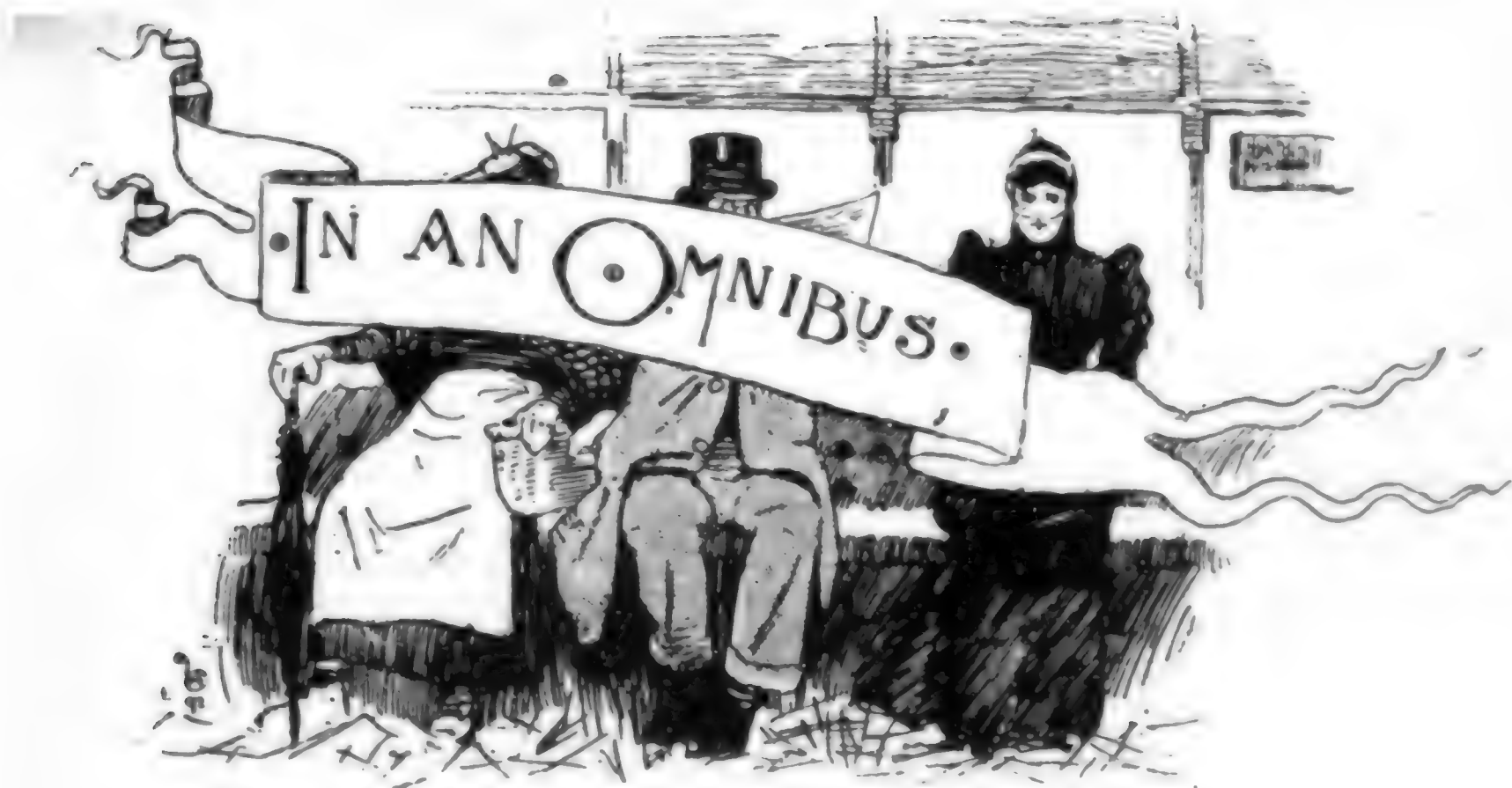
"Yes," he answered, "it was a carrier. I gave it to her. I told her to leave it by night close to the open window, with the door of the cage open, so that it might fly away at first light if she were not up to close the door. We have been engaged for ten years, but owing to her

state of health we could not get married. The doctor always said that she would most likely pass away quietly in that deadly hour before the dawn. At last she came up to see some great doctor in Harley Street, who made the heart his whole study. She was alone in the world, and would not allow any one, even the old servant who nursed her, or me, to come with her. Any reference to her illness always brought on an attack. She never spoke of her health to anyone. When she was coming away I made her take the carrier pigeon. And he came home this morning, he came home this morning! and my love went away from me for ever! My darling, my darling! my darling Kate! You knew her for a few days. Did you ever see a sweeter or holier saint?"

And the women burst into tears—those who had been foremost against her being most stricken by remorse and pity.

When they went into the room they thought she was in the sleep that bridges the dark space of time lying between the daylight and night of mortals, but they soon found she had wakened upon the unwearying noon that environs the endless pageants of eternity.





By MAUDE.

HAS it ever occurred to you, while sitting hemmed in by passengers going hither and thither, some on their way to business, others to pleasure—some in the garb of mourning, others radiant with joy—I say, has it ever occurred to you to note the face of each individual, and, in your imagination, seek to divine his or her story? Has your sympathy ever been aroused, your heart touched by the sight of a little cripple carefully lifted in by a kind conductor, who probably has a number of lads at home who have warmed his heart to many an act of kindness? Have you noticed the haggard, careworn face of some poor woman who has nothing left in the world to care for. She holds in her hand a few white daisies, which she has bought with almost her last halfpenny, to lay on the grave of the only comfort she had left in life. True, he was perhaps only a puny, white-faced boy, pinched with poverty, but he was her all. She is now on her last journey to the little shrine, after that, she will, in her despair, lie down and wait for the end.

If you care to listen, I will relate to you my experience of an incident which touched me very deeply whilst riding in an omnibus.

My thoughts were busily occupied with my own affairs, and imagination was carrying me far away into the

mystic regions of Dreamland, when suddenly the omnibus stopped, and, looking up, I saw a fair young girl get in, dressed in deep mourning. She could not have been more than twenty, though grief had evidently been busy in her life. The white crape frill of a widow's bonnet seemed to rest almost too heavily on the pretty chestnut hair. In strange contrast to the sad, far-away look in her eyes was the smile continually flickering about the corners of her mouth. In her



I SAW A
FAIR YOUNG GIRL
GET IN.

arms she carried a little child scarcely twelve months old, and as she looked down at the little face, the far-away look in her eyes changed to one of determination to keep, at all cost to herself, a perpetual smile on her face. I felt almost angry, picturing to myself, as one is apt to do, the look of a dear, dead face, then lying in the grave. In my fanciful imagination, I surrounded him with all the grace of manhood, the tenderness of youth; indeed, I created an ideal, and it hurt me to think that she should so persistently hide her grief under that forced smile. The whole truth flashed upon me in a moment; when raising the child in her arms, his little face was turned towards me. I shall never forget the piteous look of sadness and of woe depicted in those large, dilated eyes. I have learnt since, it was the anguish of a lifetime which had laid its burden on those little helpless features some few months before God brought it into this world of pain and suffering. How I misjudged that mother's smiling face, understanding as I do now the effort of atonement she felt bound to make, in order to efface the sorrowful look she had unconsciously brought into her baby's eyes. I was so overcome by the desire to know what her story might be, that when she left the omnibus I instinctively rose to follow her. I cannot explain on any satisfactory hypothesis my reasons for feeling such an intense desire to know the life history of this lady. An indefinable suggestion seemed to come to me that, if circumstances would give me the opportunity, I could lighten some sorrow I instinctively felt underlay her smile. I suppose there is a polarity of attraction between human minds, as between chemical atoms and that the great laws of the universe have their counterparts between mind and mind. Interested as I was, I suppose my interest would have ended but for an unforeseen occurrence which brought us closely in contact with one another. On alighting from the omnibus, in her effort to keep the

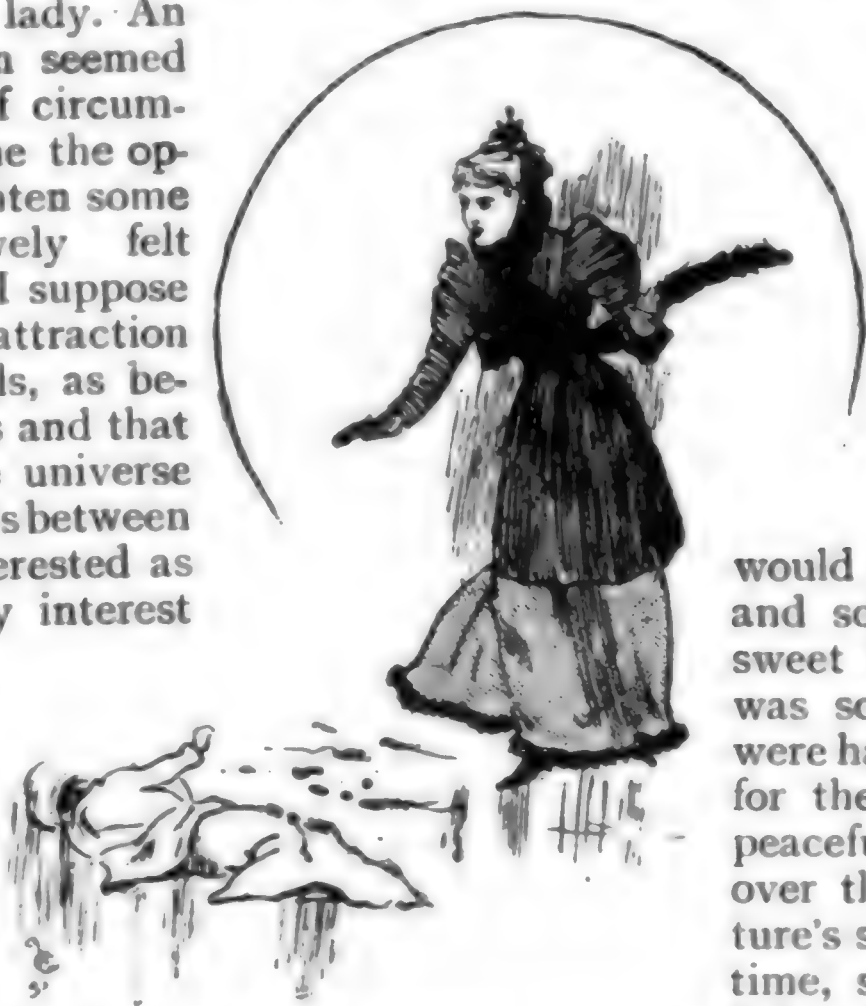
child from harm, her foot slipped, and the jerk sent the little one completely out of her arms. Her cry of terror startled me and thinking the child might be killed, I rushed forward, seized it in my arms, and not being far from my own home, made the distracted mother follow me. We laid the little helpless burden down and I sent for my own medical man, who pronounced a fractured leg. Of course, under the circumstances, there was no possibility of moving the child, so I soothed and comforted the poor mother by telling her that two nurses would be better than one, and at last I succeeded in persuading her to take up her abode with me, which, for the matter of that, was a necessity, as the child could not be moved.

Day after day passed. The hours spent by the bedside of the little convalescent brought about a feeling of attachment and friendship between us. I had already passed through my life's trouble, and thinking to rouse her sympathies, I related my own short, sad story. By degrees her heart warmed towards me; and one evening the long pent-up feelings of her inmost soul were laid bare, and in the following simple strain, she told me her story:

"I lived with my mother, in the pretty village of Woking. Ah, my mother! how the mention of that dear name fills me with tender memories. She was, although an invalid, all that a mother should be:

companion, friend, and counsellor. My father having died soon after I was born, my mother and I were all in all to each other. We lived very quietly, reading aloud being our principal amusement, and when she grew restless and tired, I

would open the little piano, and softly sing some of the sweet ballads of which she was so fond. I think we were happiest at those times, for then it seemed that a peaceful calm would steal over the tired face, and nature's sweet nepenthe, for a time, soothe her pain; and I loved my music so well,



I RUSHED FORWARD.

that all the poetry of my nature would burst forth into song, and a feeling of longing, which had possessed me from childhood, would find vent and relief in the outpouring of harmony.

"The time came when my dear mother's strength failed altogether, and I had to face the bitter trial of losing her for ever. No, not for ever, for I indulged in a curious fancy that, if I loved anyone very, very strongly, the dear dead one could never be very far away, but somewhere in the spirit world she would be near to me.

"We had a very dear friend, living a short distance from our pretty village; Mrs. Leslie, a widow, who had known my mother from childhood; thus a bond of friendship had grown up between them, and extended itself to me.

"For a week before my dear mother's death, I never left her night nor day. She appeared to be most contented when I was kneeling at her bedside, my arms thrown about her, singing softly some sweet air, or talking to her, in low

tones, of all that we had been to each other, and still would be; for God would only take her away for a little while, and then we should be together for ever and ever.

"One evening—how well I remember it—the dear, calm white face was lying quite unconscious on the pillow. I was sitting on the bed, with her hand in mine: she had not spoken for some hours, and I had sent a note to Mrs. Leslie to come to me. As our kind friend came towards us, the dear one opened her eyes; it seemed for a moment as if she had returned from the other world, and, with a beseeching look at Mrs. Leslie, murmured, 'My Violet,' and, breathing twice, passed quietly away.

"I will not dwell on the intense grief

which filled my childish heart, or how I would go and kneel all alone by her dear form, trying to conjure up some token to assure myself that her spirit was not far away.

"In those dreary days Mrs. Leslie, indeed, proved a second mother to me, taking me home with her, to be, as she said, 'her own little girl,' for I was very young and simple in my ways, having always lived such a quiet country life, the great world being an unknown sphere to me.

"For months after my mother died, I used to write long letters to her. Perhaps it was a silly, childish act; but it afforded me sweet solace and relief, confirming in my mind the fancy that she still watched over me from the spirit world.

"At length, Mrs. Leslie proposed change of air and scene, thinking it would benefit my health, and bring me back into the ordinary routine of life; but I was a strange girl, and for some time had been conscious of a great longing for something, I knew not what, something then

not tangible, but something which I felt would be mine sooner or later. My life now seemed empty and useless, and there was a feeling within me to do and to dare so much, and that I would rather suffer more than go on leading this inanimate sort of life.

"The contemplated journey was a source of much pleasure to me, combined with deep thought and earnest prayer. I should have to leave that quiet spot in the churchyard, where so many hours had been spent; who would now take the flowers, charging each sweet bloom with a message of love? Still, wherever I was, she would be just as near in my imaginary spirit world.

"Very soon our arrangements were all completed: the last visit had been made,



"AND SOFTLY SING."

the last tears shed, and we left the pretty village, where I had spent eighteen years of my youth.

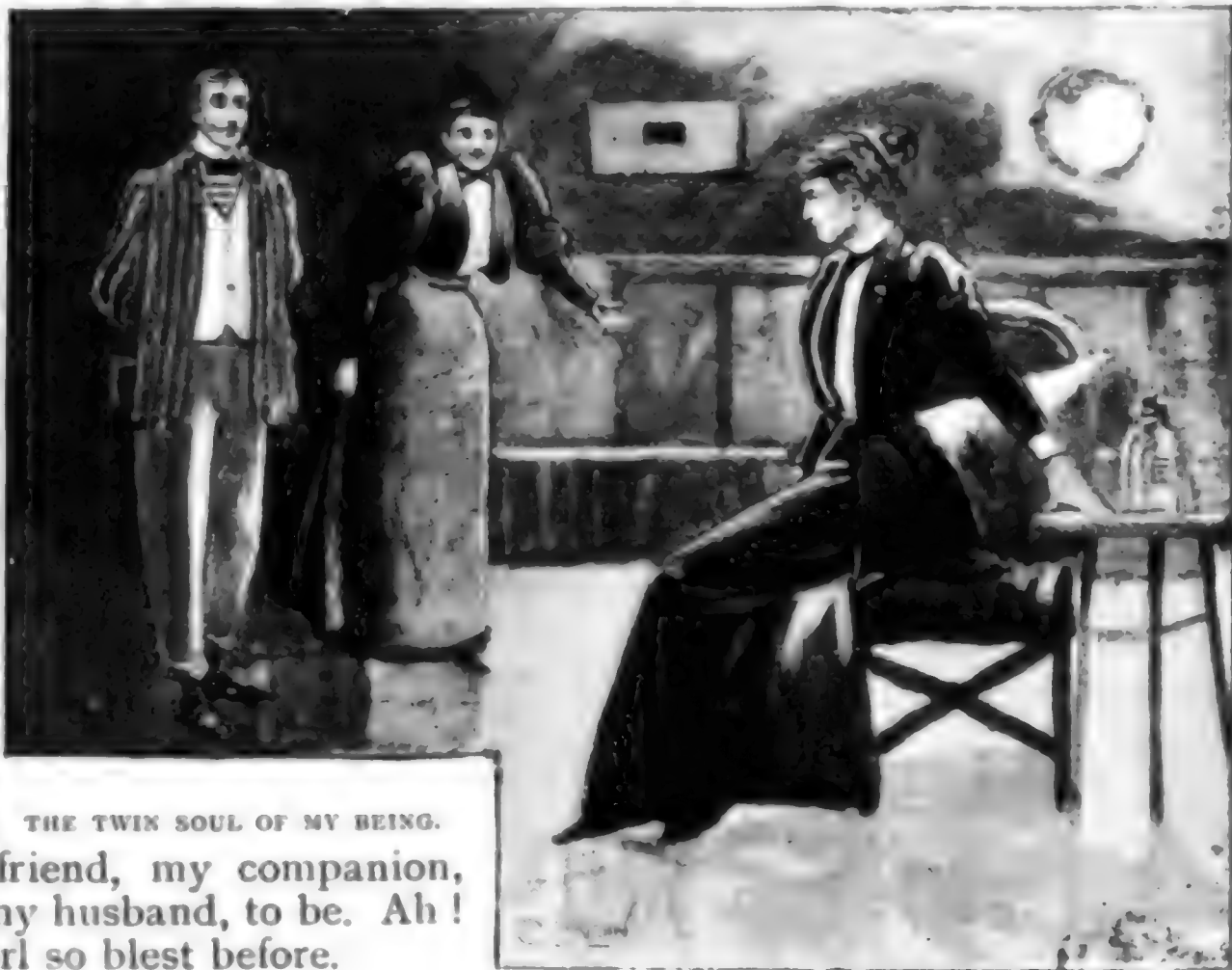
"I now pass to the golden days of my life. We had secured berths on board the *Cleopatra*, bound for Australia. During the first few days of our voyage I was sick and weary, causing my kind friend some anxiety. She insisted on calling into my cabin a young doctor, to whom she had taken a great fancy. Glancing up, with a weary look in my face, as he came towards me, little did I think that the great something, the mysterious longing, the tangible certainty of my life, *the twin soul of my being, was already waiting for me.*

"A woman's ideal! my ideal! can I describe him? No! I have no words to convey to you the kind look of sympathy in his eyes, the low, sweet tone of his voice, the tender touch of his hand, as, day after day, he sought to bring into flower all the best part of my nature.

"I was soon able to sit on deck. At first it all seemed like a dream, but by degrees, the happy certainty of what we were to one another brought the fresh colour back to my cheeks, the sparkle to my eyes; I was drawn, by the irresistible attraction of his nature, to talk of my sweet mother and all the little reminiscences connected with that sad time.

"My simple faith seemed to touch him; all the grand thoughts of his higher nature, all the wonderful powers with which God had endowed him, burst forth, and our souls mingled like the waters of a mighty ocean. One sweet calm evening, about a week before our arrival in Melbourne, he took me in his arms to be his own forever and

ever—my friend, my companion, my lover, my husband, to be. Ah! was ever girl so blest before.



"On reaching our destination we parted, but only for a short time, for should we not soon be together again, one in mind, one in body, one in soul to all eternity? How I loved my bonny Cecil, how every fibre of my nature opened itself under his influence, how my heart throbbed, when in his deep, tender voice, he called me his 'Wood Violet'—his best beloved of all the jewels of the earth—those were golden days, indeed. Ah! those few months after we were married, can I tell you how we spent the hours, which never seemed too long, except when we were apart. Everything that was beautiful, both in art and nature, delighted my bonny boy. We would take our books into the fields, and he would read to me all the beautiful gems of poetry, the idylls of romance, and anything he thought would interest and instruct me, thereby training my mind to the contemplation of a higher life. We were so bound up in one another that it became our one wish in life to have every thought and desire in common, for he would say, 'You know, sweetheart, we may not always be together on earth; and whichever be taken first—and God grant you may not go and leave me here—we must always think of one another

'One in thought, and one in mind,
And one in all things true:
The same in earth, the same in heaven,
The old love with the new.'

"At such moments, I felt I dared not think what would happen to me if I were left alone.

Ah me! those happy, happy days, when hand in hand, friends, companions, lovers always, we trod the sweet path of life together. Did I love my ideal husband with too great a love? Did I place him before my Creator,

who had brought this great joy into my life? Did I worship with a hero-worship, and magnify him in my eyes into a Deity?

Alas! I know not: I loved him as few women love, and, in return, he gave me his life's devotion. Sometimes I wondered if God would chastise me, in order to bring back the greater love to himself, but

the thought vanished with the next clasp of my dear one's arms.

"So the months passed away, when suddenly an awful sense of misgiving presented itself to me. Sometimes, when I was tired, it had been my dear husband's care to lift and carry me in his strong arms, saying, it was only like carrying a little bundle of sweetmeats. Now I noticed that his step faltered, and he would often stop, under the pretence of making me rest. His eyes, too, lost their brightness, and an earnest, far-away look came into their depths. He would take my head between his hands and gaze into my eyes, as if he would draw my very soul through them. I begged to be allowed to call in a medical man. Ah, God! I shall never forget the grave look on the doctor's face as he said, 'Try the sea voyage back again to England.' We lost no time, but took our berths immediately, and a few days later were once more gliding across the mighty deep: *But now our positions were reversed: he was the invalid and I the nurse.* I shall always be thankful to God for the great strength given to me at that time; for I was jealous of any hands touching him save my own. I tried to pray, but the image of my earthly lord rose before me; would sorrow alone, intense and agonising, recall my wandering spirit? A bitterness came over me so great that I felt if my love were taken away I should die too. Whenever his strength permitted, he



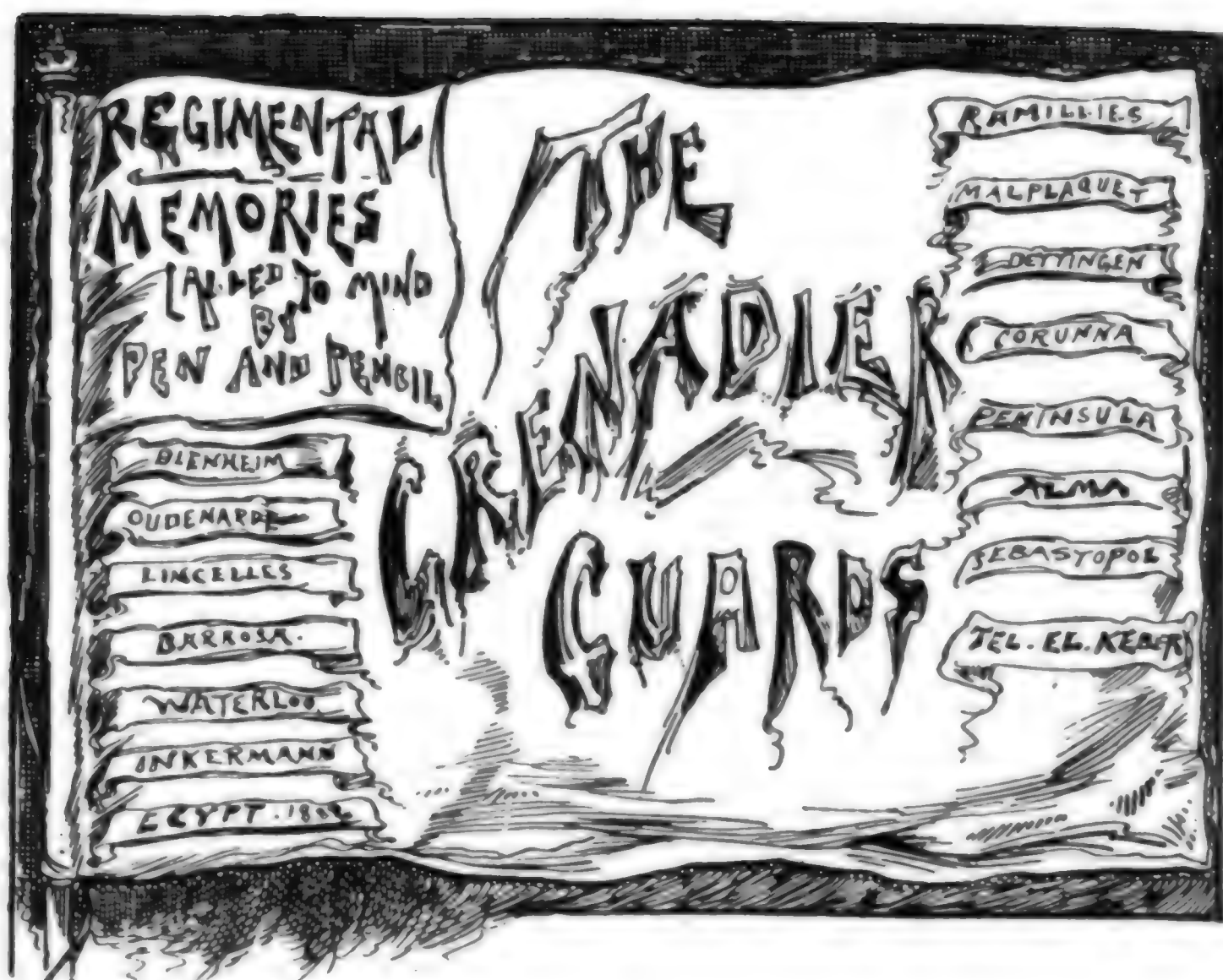
HE WAS THE INVALID AND I THE NURSE.

would talk to me, oh! so earnestly, and encourage my fancy that he was only going to join my mother in my spirit world, where, if God so willed it, he would patiently wait for me; therefore he urged me to try and do my duty, striving to live and bear the burden of life patiently until

the end. I essayed to listen—to promise; but I felt it was too late; all the love of my life had gone out in one great whole to this man, and I felt powerless. The end came, and my husband, my ideal, my hero, my love, my life, passed away to the spirit world.

"I knew no more; for weeks I lay in an unconscious state, lost in the delirium of brain fever, and my reason was despaired of. At length the feeble life once more struggled back, and with it the one link left of my short but infinitely sweet married life. As I watched my baby's face, hour by hour, I became conscious that what I had allowed myself to suffer had been transmitted to my little one's features. In my selfish grief, I had forgotten that which a mother's heart should have remembered. In my anguish and remorse, I lifted up a prayer to God for strength so to live, that in time I might be enabled to remove that look of terrible pain and suffering. And now I feel that my Love knows all, and that my two treasures are waiting for me when the great Creator, to whom alone I now look for mercy and strength, shall see fit to let me join them."

Here she ceased. I can only add—that her life of pure devotion and unselfishness helps her to bear her own great sorrow under a smiling face. She has indeed learnt to suffer in silence.



IN attempt to write a comprehensive history of the Grenadier Guards, and to compress it into the limited space of a magazine article, would only be futile. The writer could but compile what would be little better than a sequence of dates. But with a regiment having a brilliant record, dating from the middle of the seventeenth century to the end of the nineteenth, it is easy to deal lightly with dry historical facts, and to select, rather, authentic stories of the bravery which has distinguished it on so many occasions. The first attempt to form a regular corps of Guards was made by King Charles the Second; in fact, the Restoration was the signal for the formation of a regular army. The noblemen who had adhered to the Royal cause through good and evil fortune, had, of course, the preference in the position and duties assigned to the corps. It was thus that the First Foot or Grenadier Guards was formed from the body of Cavaliers who had followed the king to the Continent in exile, and where they were pitted against Cromwell's Roundheads in the Low Countries. It was only just that men who had shown such devotion should be specially honoured.

Looking at the records of the time, we find that when the little army was formed the uniform was scarlet. The Guards carried swords; some had pikes, often 15 feet in length; others muskets with barrels 4 feet long, and a collar of bandoleers, or small wooden cartridge-boxes. Some were supplied with the bayonet, which at this time first came into use. Screwed on to the barrel of the gun, completely covering the muzzle, it converted the musket into a kind of pike, and was thus useful when ammunition was exhausted.

Having thus briefly sketched the appearance of a "Guardsman" of the time of the "Merry Monarch," we will follow them to active service. During the expedition to Tangier in 1684, the Royal Guards came prominently to the front; but it was not until the reign of Queen Anne, and under the great Marlborough, that the predecessors of the Guards of to-day had a genuine opportunity of distinguishing themselves. The exploits of the British Army in the Low Countries and in Germany would fill volumes. Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet are all names that figure on the time-honoured Colours of the Grenadier Guards. They served with honour at the battles of Walcourt and Fleurus, and about this time William the Third conferred upon their

captains the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, a privilege still enjoyed by all Captains of the Guards.

After sharing in so many

of Marlborough's brilliant victories, the regiment returned to England immediately after the Peace of Utrecht, 1713; and about this time a radical change was effected in the uniform and accoutrements. Among the weapons put aside, now that the mystery of wedding the musket to the bayonet without diminishing the value of the former had been solved, was the pike. It was only carried by the sergeants, as a mark of distinction, and was in that form called a "halberd"—hence the term, "Old Halberd," formerly applied

to an officer who had risen from the ranks. Another weapon which was put aside was the hand grenade; in fact, it often proved dangerous to those who used it. It was a small hollow ball, or shell, half filled with fine powder, and ignited by means of a fuse. As a destructive weapon, it was certainly useful when thrown over the parapets of works, for it scattered death, right, left, and centre.

Sir Walter Scott gives a graphic description of the use of this arm in "Rob Roy." A military party, under the command of Captain Thornton, is in pursuit of this famous chief. They are attacked in one of the mountain passes by his followers; the sergeant and several of his party have fallen, and the officer immediately arranges his men for a desperate fight. "Grenadiers, to the front," said Captain Thornton. The four Grenadiers moved to the front accordingly. The officer commanded the rest of the party to

be ready to support them, and gave the word in rapid succession to his Grenadiers: "Open your pouches—handle your

grenades—blow your matches—fall on." The whole advanced with a shout, headed by their officer, the Grenadiers preparing to throw their grenades among the bushes where the ambuscade lay, while the rest of the party prepared to support them with musketry. The success with which the Grenadiers frequently operated caused the famous song, "The British Grenadiers," to be composed in their honour.

The correct date of the fine old melody to which it is wedded is uncertain, but the words

are more than one hundred years old. The commencement of the air is like an old song called "Prince Rupert's March," and the end resembles "Old King Cole." Next to the National Anthem, there is not any tune of a more spirit-stirring character, nor is anyone more truly characteristic of English National music. We give the original verses:—

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander and such great names as these;
But, of all the world's great heroes, there's none that
can compare
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British
Grenadier.

CHORUS—But our brave boys, etc.

When'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand
grenades,
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies'
ears;
Sing tow, row, row, row, row,—the British Grenadiers

CHORUS—We throw them, etc.



THE GUARDS UNDER CHARLES THE SECOND.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair ;
The townsmen cry, " Hurrah ! boys, here comes a
Grenadier :
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no
doubts or fears,"
Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.

CHORUS—Here come the, etc.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the looped
clothes ;
May they and their comrades live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.

CHORUS—May they, etc.

As regards the uniform, little change was effected during the reign of Queen Anne. The most particular change, only partial however, was the introduction

was a party, the succession to the throne and possessions of Austria was guaranteed to Maria Teresa, but no sooner had her father died than the Elector of Bavaria put in a claim to the succession, and the King of Prussia revived a dormant claim to the province of Silesia. The King of France espoused the cause of the Bavarian Prince, the King of England adopted that of Maria Teresa. To render his interference effectual, Parliament granted a subsidy of £300,000 to the Queen, and 16,000 men were prepared for active service on the Continent.

Let us take a glance at the appearance of a " Guardsman " at this period, for dress

and accoutrement have much more to do with the efficiency of a regiment than might be imagined by superficial observers. There is a picture of a Grenadier of 1742 now before us, and the man is in " rather a stately and comfortable kind of attire." The coat of scarlet is loose and the skirts reach to the knees. These are looped up at the sides,

so as to give free action to the legs when marching. Beneath the coat is a vest waistcoat, which

comes low down on the thigh and is buttoned close. The breeches are of blue: a very small portion of them is seen, for a pair of white gaiters, bound at the knee by a black strap, go part of the way up the thigh. The coat is open at the collar and part of the chest, showing a white cravat and a clean shirt. There is one broad buff belt, innocent of pipeclay, hanging from the left shoulder to the right hip, and to this a black pouch is attached; a broad waist-belt of similar material supports the bayonet in its scabbard, and a small sword, with a basket hilt. The broad cuffs of the coat are turned up, leaving the wrists quite free. The cap (of cloth) is conical, with brass insignia. The musket has a shining barrel, and rests on the left



THE GRENADIERS THROWING THEIR GRENADES.

of the black and white felt sugar-loaf hats.

The reign of George the First was peaceful, and, naturally, military leaders having no rough duties to perform, turned their attention to the clothing of the soldiers, and a most ridiculous system was the result of their tailoring. They were encouraged to this by the King of Prussia, Frederick, the father of Frederick the Great, a sovereign who would undoubtedly have placed himself under arrest if his uniform should chance to deviate from the strict regulations.

Passing from the peaceful and inglorious reign of George the First, we find that when his successor ascended the throne, the sword was again drawn in right earnest. By the " Pragmatic Sanction," to which the English Monarch

hip, and the feet of the soldier are turned out in an exaggerated "first position," the heels being eight inches apart. The whole notion of the dress was evidently of Prussian origin, for in form it corresponds with the description we have read of the Brandenburg Guards at the close of the seventeenth century. It is thus equipped that we find the Grenadier Guards at the Battle of Dettingen. At this encounter the cavalry gave way before the impetuosity of the French, but the guards stood their ground, and, after a murderous conflict, the enemy was driven back with terrible loss. The war with France continued until 1748, when a treaty of peace was signed and the troops returned home. Passing over the exploits of the Guards in North America and at Gibraltar—for to refer to them at length would satiate our readers with military anecdotes—we come to the Peninsular War. At Corunna, January 16th, 1809, the Grenadiers displayed the most brilliant valour. They were placed by Sir John Moore on his right wing, and, in conjunction with the "Black Watch," repulsed the French attack with vigour, and drove the assailants back to their own lines in headlong confusion. At Barossa (March 5, 1811), the three battalions of the Household Brigade shared in the honours of that unparalleled fight, when some 4,000 British heroes inflicted defeat and disgrace upon Victor and 10,000 Frenchmen. The battle was short, for it lasted only an hour and a half, but violent and bloody—for 50 officers, 60 sergeants, 1,000 British soldiers, and more than 2,000 French were killed or wounded; and six guns, an eagle, two generals (both mortally wounded), with 400 other prisoners fell into the hands of the victors. At Talavera, the headlong valour of the Guards entailed upon them a severe loss. The French general, Lapiose, rushed upon the British centre, but was met by the Guards with "cold steel;" they could not restrain their ardour, however, for

on first beholding the French, they rushed upon them with a mad and impetuous movement. They were met by the French supporting columns and dragoons, and had to turn, while their flank and front were exposed to a terrible fire from the heavy batteries of the enemy. Victory would certainly have been on the side of the French, had it not been for the opportune arrival of Colonel Donellan in command of the 48th. The Guards then rallied, a brigade of light cavalry came up from the second line at a trot, the artillery kept up a fire without intermission, the French lost ground, wavered, and the battle ended in a British victory.

At Quatre Bras (June 16th, 1815), the Guards may certainly boast of having turned the tide of battle by their bravery. Despite the fact that they did not reach the battle-field until after a long and weary fifteen hours' march, they at once got ready for the fray, loaded and fixed bayonets, taking part in all the charges, without showing the slightest signs of their forced march. Nothing seemed to arrest their progress, and the French were forced to yield on all sides. They excelled themselves at Waterloo. They were stationed at the important position of Hougomont, which they held against terrible odds for eight hours. Charge after charge was made against them, but with no avail. In about three-quarters of an hour some 1,500 men were killed, in an area which did not exceed four acres. Visit the smiling plains of Waterloo when you will, the indefatigable guide is at your side, eager to show you the marks of the cannon balls on the walls and trees of Hougomont, the spots where Ponsonby and Picton fell, Anglesey and Fitzroy-Somerset lost limbs, and Gordon was mortally struck. No battle ever employed so many pens, or for so long a period furnished the means of existence to the Ciceroes who haunt the famous field. The con-



GUARDS' UNIFORM (GEORGE THE SECOND).

duct of the Grenadier Guards on this memorable occasion was simply heroic. What more dramatic incident could be conceived than a sergeant of the regiment waving the coat of an ensign, saturated with blood, and urging his companions to the encounter? Yet, this is an episode in the sober history of the nineteenth century! As the Duke of Wellington once remarked, Waterloo was a "veritable battle of giants." "Yes," sang Sir Walter Scott:—

"Yes, Agincourt may be forgot
And Cressy be an unknown spot
And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remembered long,
Shall live the towers of Hougomont
And Field of Waterloo."

After the Battle of Waterloo and the fall of Napoleon a long period of peace reigned over Europe, like a calm following a tempest. In 1853 the sword was again drawn, and the dogs of war let loose in the Crimea. The tale of the war in the Crimea has been narrated by a hundred pens—none more eloquent than that of William Russell, the veteran war correspondent of the *Times*. He bears full testimony to the splendid conduct of the Grenadier Guards, under the command of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, on the heights of Alma, at Inkerman, and before Sebastopol — for months the theatre of a wearisome siege, "amidst wintry snows, piercing winds, and heavy rains, the troops, destitute of shelter, clothing, and nutriment, and exposed to merciless disease." At the battle of the Alma,



ON THE WAY TO THE TRENCHES IN THE CRIMEA.

one of the fiercest engagements in history, it is recorded that, in advancing, the Guards presented an unbroken line of bearskins, and were as steady as if on parade in Hyde Park, and poured from flank to flank an overwhelming and crushing fire into the Russian columns. The Muscovites could not stand it; they turned and fled. Up came Colonel Dacres, with his artillery, loaded the gun himself (the gunners could not keep up with him), and drove the retreating enemy over the hill. When the enemy was driven off, when the day was won, the British battalions reformed, and three tremendous cheers burst from the whole army, as Lord Raglan rode along the line.

After the battle of the Alma, the allies marched towards Sebastopol. Here the Grenadier Guards, led by the Duke of Cambridge, charged a redoubt, and put to rout 7,000 of the enemy. This was one of the most splendid episodes of the whole war. The officers suffered terribly, for the Russians picked them off as a sportsman selects his game. The British army was seriously attenuated by the sanguinary battle of Inkerman; and it is

doubtful if it could have withstood another such attack.

As with the other regiments, the Grenadier Guards suffered terribly by the mismanagement of the Army Medical department. There was a woeful deficiency in the appliances for the wounded; no ambulances, insufficiency of plaster, of bandage, of medicine, of instruments—of everything, in short, requisite to assuage the sufferings of the poor soldiers. This aroused popular indignation in England, and assistance was sent out as soon as possible; and, moreover, the attendance

But, to return to the Grenadier Guards. That they fought gallantly is proved beyond all doubt by the fact that two officers, one sergeant, and one private, gained the much-coveted Victoria Cross for heroism in the field. The first on the list, Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. Hugh Manners Percy, charged singly into the Sandbag Battery at the battle of Inkerman, and at a moment when the Guards were some distance from the battery. The embrasures of the battery, as also the parapet, were held by the Russians, who kept up a most severe fire of musketry.



THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE LEADING THE GRENADIERS INTO ACTION AT ALMA.

of gentlewomen, in the capacity of hospital nurses became a feature of the war. Miss Florence Nightingale, a lady of birth and education, originated this philanthropic movement. Hearing of the sufferings of the British troops after the battle of Alma, she nobly volunteered to go to Constantinople, and to devote herself to the alleviation of officers and men. A corps of nurses was forthwith formed, and, under the auspices of the Medical Department of the Army, they proceeded to the scene of human torture, abundantly supplied with all the appliances of comfort.

At the same battle Colonel Percy found himself, with many men of various regiments, who had charged too far, nearly surrounded by the Russians, and without ammunition. Colonel Percy, by his knowledge of the ground, though wounded, extricated these men; and, passing under a heavy fire from the Russians, then in the Sandbag Battery, brought them safe to where the ammunition was to be obtained, thereby saving some 50 men, and enabling them to renew the combat. He received, on the spot, the approval of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge for this action.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Charles Russell, Bart., offered to dislodge a party of Russians from the Sandbag Battery, if anyone would follow him. Sergeant Norman, Privates Anthony Palmer and Bailey (who was killed) volunteered the first. The attack was successful.

Sergeant Ablett, of the 3rd Battalion, on Sept. 2, 1855, seeing a shell fall in the centre of a number of ammunition cases and powder, he instantly seized and threw it outside the trench; it burst as it touched the ground.

Private Anthony Palmer was present when the charge was made in defence of the Colours, at Inkerman, and also charged singly on the enemy, and it is said he saved the life of Sir Charles Russell.

The foregoing is truly a record of which the Grenadier Guards have reason to be proud. Needless to say, a triumphal welcome home awaited the Crimean heroes on their return to England. As soon as the wounded men of the Guards had returned home and were in a condition to be seen, Her Majesty caused them to be brought to her Palace for inspection, and then kind words were addressed to them by the Queen and Prince Albert, and they were regaled with British cheer. The Queen subsequently visited the men in Hospital. On

the 15th of May, 1855, an imposing military display took place at the Horse Guards, on the occasion of the distribution of medals, by her Majesty, to the troops. The Duke of Cambridge, fresh from his triumphs in the East, took command of the parade. After the Treaty of Peace, signed at Paris on the 30th day of March, 1856, the troops evacuated the Crimea. To the Guards, whose peace head-quarters were the British Metropolis, a triumphal entry was allotted



MORNING SERVICE. IMPROMPTU DISK.

All London and the suburbs turned out to meet them. The 10th of June, 1856, was observed almost as a general holiday. Before proceeding to London, the Guards had been concentrated at Aldershot; so they travelled up to London in four special trains. The men were in heavy marching order, with their great-coats over their knapsacks, and canteen and haversack by their side. Such of them as wore long beards and four-clasped medals, were objects of attention, for these were the men who had stood the brunt of the war. After landing at Nine Elms Station, they pro-

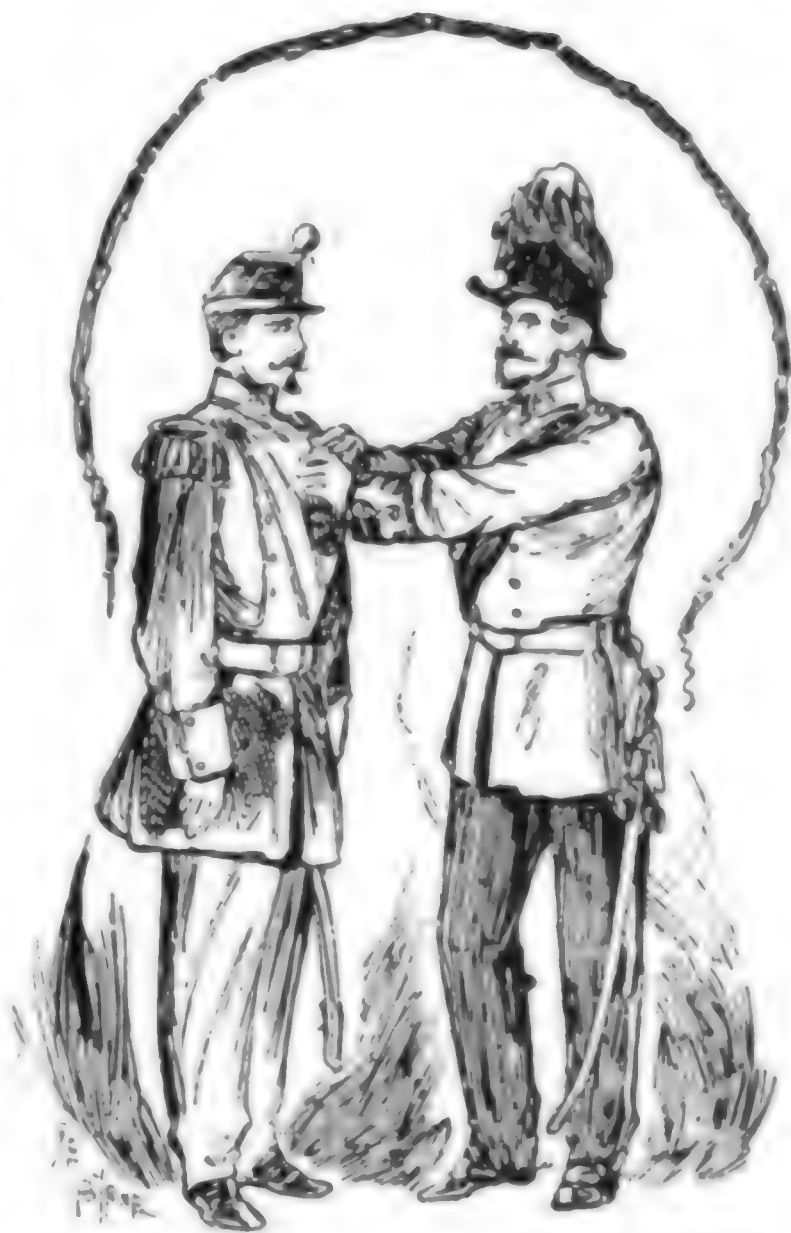


OFFICER'S WINTER COSTUME IN CRIMEA



OFFICER'S COSTUME TIME OF CRIMEA

ceeded in triumph to Buckingham Palace, where the Queen, accompanied by the King of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, and many other members of the Royal family, welcomed them from a balcony overlooking the courtyard. At the great review, subsequently held before her Majesty in Hyde Park, the Grenadier Guards were so carried away by enthusiasm at the gracious favour shown them by their grateful Sovereign that, at the conclusion of the manœuvres, they saluted the Queen by cheer after cheer, throw-



DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE DECORATING FRENCH SOLDIERS.

ing their heavy bearskin caps in the air or elevating them and waving them aloft on the points of their bayonets.

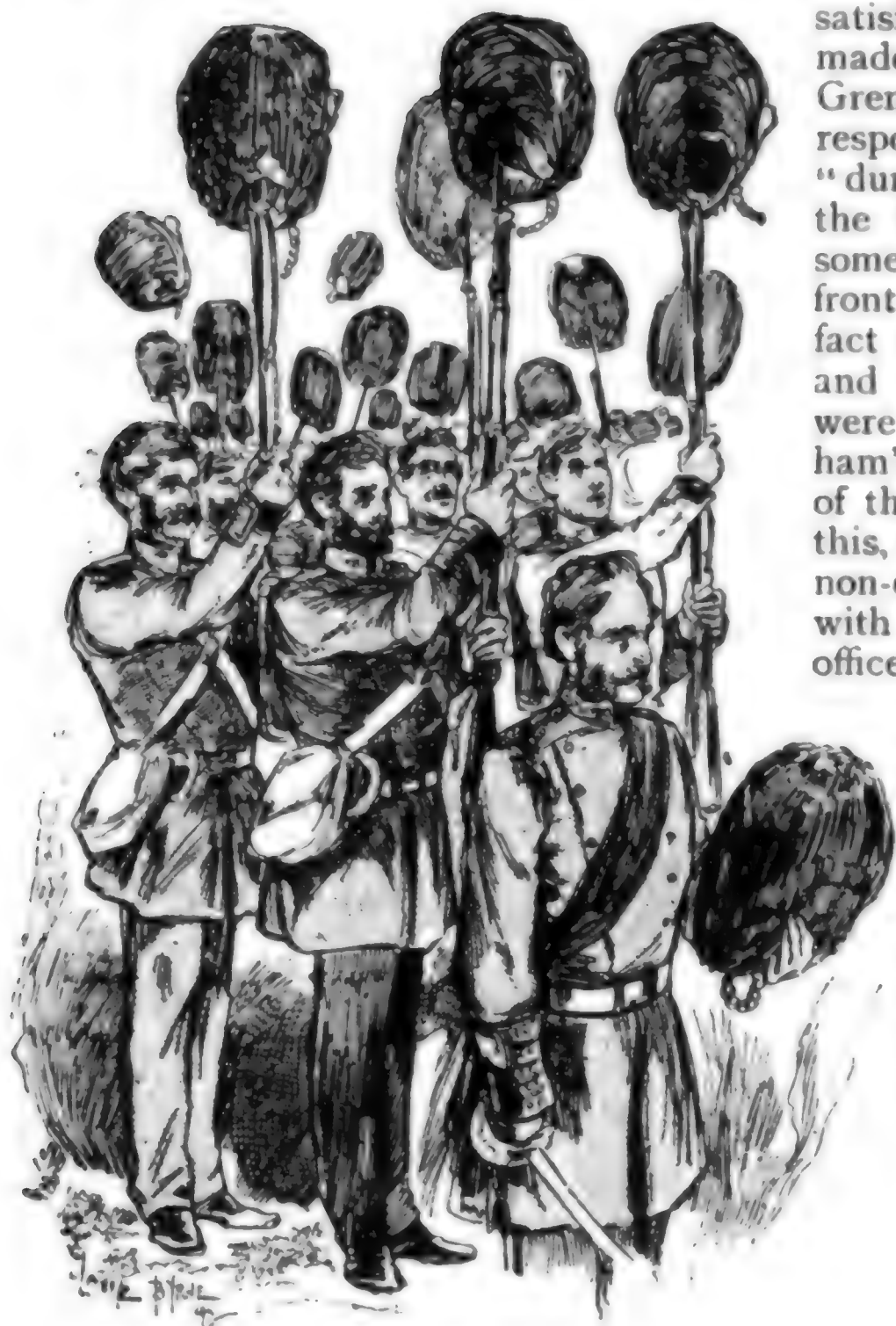
The years 1855-6 saw some changes in the costume of the Guards: the swallow-tails, with all their preposterous decoration of white lace, absorbent of pipe clay and of time, disappeared to make room for the frock. About the same time was banished the black leather stock. The accoutrements, too, underwent some modification. One side belt only was



SERGEANT ABLETT WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS.

retained for the support of the bayonet, and the pouch was attached to a waist belt.

The next active service on which the Guards were employed was in the operations in Egypt, and on their colours we read the names of "Egypt, 1882, Tel-el-Kebir, and Suakim. The Brigade of Guards consisted of the 2nd battalion Grenadiers, the 2nd battalion Coldstreams, and the 1st battalion Scots Guards, all under the command of H.R.H.



CHEERING THE QUEEN IN HYDE PARK.

the Duke of Connaught. As the Guards marched through the streets of Alexandria and Ramleh their thoroughly martial appearance and splendid physique caused a veritable panic amongst the Arabs. They were filled with wonder, and, with true Oriental fatalism, declared that "all was lost; Islam was at last overthrown." Much to their disappointment, the Guards were too late to join in the actual fighting at Mahuta, on the 24th August, 1882. However, they arrived at six o'clock, having marched from Ismalia in less than five hours. This was more or less a forced march, and the splendid powers of endurance displayed evoked the warmest praise from Lord Wolseley. Like his great predecessor Wellington, Lord Wolseley, when praising the conduct of any particular regiment, always refrains from what, in fault of finding a more expressive word, we may call "gush;" but his tribute of gratitude, cold as it may sound in the ears of a civilian, "I have every reason to be

satisfied with the exertions they have made," was duly appreciated by the Grenadiers. Moreover, the special correspondent of the *Times* declared, that "during these early days of the advance the Guards worked splendidly." For some reason, the Guards were not in the front during the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, a fact which caused surprise in both civil and military circles at the time. They were formed in support of General Graham's brigade, and thus missed the brunt of the heavy fighting. Notwithstanding this, they suffered with the rest, losing one non-commissioned officer and one private, with about ten wounded, including one officer. So far as the brigade of Guards was concerned, the actual fighting in the campaign was over. About the middle of September a detachment was sent to Tel Abou, to cut off any retreat that might be attempted in that direction; others accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley to Cairo. In addition to having to battle with the Arabs, the troops had to wrestle with foes quite as formidable, and certainly more treacherous. The terrible heat, the difficulty in procuring pure water,



GRENAДИER PRIVATE OF TO-DAY.



DRESS OF CAMEL CORPS.

the Soudan, the 3rd battalion Grenadier Guards was ordered to the front. At the sanguinary fight of Abu Klea, poor Colonel Burnaby met his fate, expiring in the arms of a private of the Grenadiers. Burnaby's death was eminently dramatic. It is said that after receiving the fatal wound, he fell back into the arms of the guardsman: the latter saw at once that the case was hopeless, and that the hero of the "Ride to Khiva" was dying. He merely had time to cry, "Oh, Colonel, I fear I can do no more than say God bless you!" when Burnaby fell from his arms a corpse. The operations of the force that attempted the rescue of Gordon is fresh in the minds of our readers. The Grenadier Guards provided a contingent for the camel corps, which did good service.

We have thus traced the history of the Grenadier Guards from the reign of Charles II. to that of Her Majesty Victoria. It is one unbroken record of conduct which has won the admiration of friend and foe alike.

the dirt, all tended to the propagation of fever germs, and a deadly pestilence was the result. Happily, the awful lesson of the Crimea had borne fruit, and the Army Medical Department were able to cope with the difficulty. At the explosion which occurred at the Cairo Railway Station the Guards rendered invaluable assistance; their prompt appearance, under the Duke of Connaught on this occasion added another proof of their discipline and alacrity. On the renewal, in 1884, of the operations in



THE CAMEL CORPS—A HALT.

The City of London and West End Football Associations.

By C. BENNETT.



MINERVA FOOTBALL TEAM.

I INTEND devoting the space at my disposal in this month's LUDGATE to a rapid survey of the chief Metropolitan Clubs affiliated to the above Associations, and although perhaps they cannot compare with the various picked teams that contest for the League Championships, still each and all have their own circle of followers and admirers, and I doubt if any city or town in Great Britain shows more enthusiasm over their champions than do the friends of these Clubs when they are engaged in friendly rivalry. As might naturally be supposed, both the City and West End Clubs are composed of members who are engaged in various large business houses in the City of London.

Of the City Clubs we should make first mention of the "MINERVA," which is now enjoying its sixteenth season. We find

them now the strongest combination team in the City. They were winners of the London Junior Cup, 1890-1, and the newly-instituted City of London Football Association Challenge Shield, 1891-92, presented by Messrs. Mappin Bros. This season they are going very strong as usual, amongst their latest victims at time of writing being St. Bartholomew's Hospital, whom they defeated by two to one on the winners' own ground at Lee, Kent (one of the best in the South of England), after a drawn game on the Students' ground. The Minerva are able to place three good teams in the field each Saturday, and boast of carrying away yearly a fair share of prizes at the City of London Sports. Mr. J. Stamp, the Hon. Sec., is a vigilant official, and the Minerva at home are a thoroughly jolly lot of fellows.

The OLYMPIC last year started out at



THE "OLYMPICS."

last year for the Senior Cup, which gave the Olympic a good chance of becoming the holders of the London Junior Cup, which they availed themselves of, winning the trophy in really good style. It will thus be seen that the Olympic were in the proud position at

the beginning of the season very quietly, and but little was thought of their play; it was not until well on into the winter that they boomed in the eyes of footballers. Right away to just on the close of the season they retained an unbeaten record, carrying all before them, and only succumbed in the competition for the West End Cup, to the KILDARE, in the final round.

In the fight for the Shield, won by the Minerva, they appeared in the deciding round, when the latter team showed their superiority, although they were hardly favourites. The Minerva having, as stated previously, won the London Junior Cup, they competed

one time last season, after winning every game, of playing in the three finals of the competitions in which they were engaged. Of their twenty-five seasons, last year was the most successful. This year they are still flourishing, but have certainly lost one or two good men, one in particular, Cunningham, who has been coaxed over by the "Calies" to join



THE RAVENSFORNE TEAM.

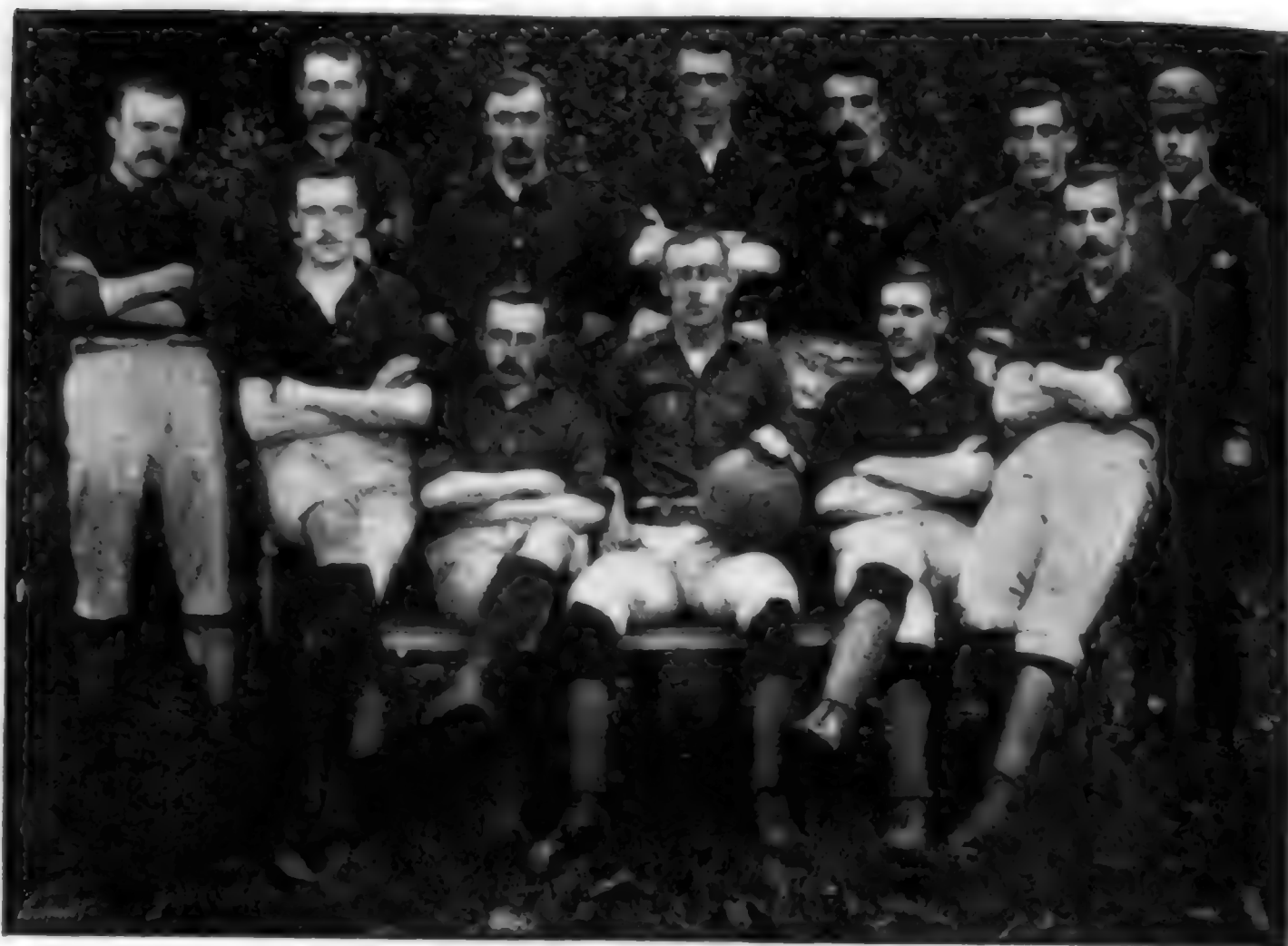
the Clans at Tufnell Park.

The Olympic were decidedly fortunate in securing the London County ground, Herne Hill, last season, where "the Jackals and Company" rallied round them, and very many happy Saturdays were spent. With such good workers as Munckton and Dickie, &c., the enthusiasm in

football amongst the Olympics is not likely to fall away.

The RAVENSBOURNE Athletic Association is, from many points, one of the most important in the City.

The football division of the Ravensbourne have not done great things up to the present, but as an Athletic Association it certainly runs very strong. Standing



THE "HERONS."

in the centre of the back row of the Ravensbourne group is Mr. George Pragnell, the President of the City of London Athletic Association, and pioneer of athletics amongst the City houses. Mr. Pragnell set himself a great task, and one that I think he has well succeeded in accomplishing. I am more than delighted that the athletes of the City appreciated

his work on their behalf by presenting him, in November last, with a medal and an illuminated address. Mr. Pragnell has raised the standard of athletics amongst the Ravensbourne men to great eminence. The Cricket Division won the Cricket Challenge Cup. The Cycling Club, the Cycling Cup. The Swimming Club, the Team Swimming Championship; and Moses, one



THE CAVENISH TEAM.

of its members, carried off the Championship for Bath Swimming. It is still fresh before us how well the Swimming Division of the Ravensbourne forged their way to the final round in the competition for the National Life-Saving Shield, given by Messrs. Lever Brothers.

In the final bout, decided at Liverpool, the Ravensbourne competed against the Nottingham team; the latter winning by only a narrow majority of points. The Ravensbourne Water-polo team play a good game, and have held the Draper's Record Challenge Shield one year, and made a bold struggle to secure it again



THE "VULCANS."

last year in the final round, but this time without success.

When formed in 1881, the HELLIONS were only able to muster one team, but they are now playing very strong, and though unadorned with Cups they are indeed most formidable rivals. Mr. F. Smith, the Hon. Sec., is a

rare worker, running three teams, and as left half back plays a sterling game, with Captain H. Barton, left back. Their ground, at Grove Tavern, Lordship Lane, Dulwich, is a good one, where the Cricket and Lawn Tennis Club also play in season. These mentioned are but a small proportion of City House teams,

although they represent the most prominent, but mention should be made of the GRESHAM, which were a good club, and they have made great endeavours to bring off some of the "Cups" for which they compete. Their Life-saving team won last year the Challenge



THE WEST END FOOTBALL TEAM.

Cup, and their Lawn Tennis team took the City Championship during this last summer. The CONNAUGHT is another good club, but, having won the London Junior Cup some years ago, they have not seemed to get along very brilliantly in the higher competition; while some of the other branches are most encouragingly flourishing.

Cannon Street Hotel, on Oct. 28th, was the venue of a most pleasant evening for the "City Boys," when a capital smoking concert was given, and the numerous prizes were distributed amongst the winners of the various competitions dur-

and it is to be hoped that before long someone will come forward and give a little assistance to obtain this necessity, as at the present moment the many thousands of city men are compelled to go to Aldgate for their aquatic exercise.

The West End Football Association is undoubtedly as strong as the City, and is fortunate in having such a thorough worker at the secretarial duties as Mr. F. Lamacraft, who has held that post since 1885, and also the captaincy of the Cavendish Football Club. The two Associations try conclusions each year; November 26th, at Acton Green, was the date



THE CLARENCE.

ing the past year for Swimming and Athletics. Alderman Sir Reginald Hanson, Bart., M P., honoured the Associations by fulfilling the post of chairman, and amongst the numerous speakers was the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, who accepts with his Mayoralty the presidency of the City of London Swimming Association.

The greatest grievance of the City of London swimmers is the want of a swimming bath, and at every possible occasion Mr. Pragnell urges this long-felt want.

At Cannon Street (as was the case the previous year at the Guildhall), "Wanted, a Swimming Bath" was well advertised,

and place for this year's contest, when the West End proved victorious by five goals to four; though it might be urged for the City that they were unable to place the strongest team in the field owing to important Cup ties, which prevented them from obtaining any assistance from the "Minerva."

The CAVENDISH was formed as far back as 1873, but they have not as yet reached very great fame, in spite of possessing as they do some really good individual players.

The VULCANS boast of being able to put five teams in the field at once. In 1887 the Vulcans won the West End Challenge Cup outright, and held the new one in



THE KILDARE TEAM.

1889-90, but were defeated, 1890-91, by the "Kildare" in the final tie. The latter team was also victorious last year, and have only to repeat their conquest this year when the trophy becomes the absolute property of the club.

In 1886 the Vulcans reached the semi-final stage of the London Senior Cup, and their Cricket, Water-polo, Swimming and Rowing clubs have each in turn held the Cups for their respective competitions. The clubs' ground at Roundwood Park, Harlesden, an exceptionally pretty spot, is undoubtedly the best in the West End,

and as a summer resort it is unsurpassed.

The West End are not by any means last in the field, as the number of branches attached to their Athletic Association is surprising. In Football they run six teams; Cricket also receives a great deal of attention. Mr. King assures us he can put on a run as good a muster as

some of our leading Cycling clubs; while Mr. Huntingdon devotes a great share of his spare time to further the ladies' game, The Magpie Lawn Tennis Club.

The "CLARENCE" Football Club was founded in 1875, and their ground at Willesden Green receives a good share of



THE OXFORD ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

patronage, as does also the Cricket Club under the same name.

The "KILDARE" Football Club, a branch of the Kildare Athletic Association, is now over 20 years old, and during its career has seen many ups and downs, but for the past three years or so its star might be said to have always been in the ascendant. The old ground of the Kildare was situated at St. Peter's Park, near the Chippenham Hotel, but now the work of the enterprising builder has completely demolished all traces of the ground. After a few seasons at Kensal Rise, followed by six at Wormholt Farm, Shepherds Bush, a most comfortable home was found at Friars' Place, Acton, where the members wend their way, summer and winter, to join in either Football, Cricket, Lawn Tennis or Quoits.

I have previously mentioned that they have held the West End Football Challenge Cup for the past two seasons, and this year finds them struggling to make the trophy their own. Mr. William Whiteley, the well-known "Universal Provider," of Westbourne Grove, is the President of the Club, and right proud the Kildare are of their chief, who not only takes a lively interest in the welfare of the club, and all attaches to the West End Association, but subscribes most liberally to the funds.

The Kildare boast of having amongst their past and present Vice-Presidents such eminent men as Lord Randolph

Churchill, the late Mr. Lionel Cohen, M.P., and Mr. John Aird, M.P.

The Cricket club last year won the West End Junior Cup, and the Clarence are the proud holders of the Senior Cup.

THE OXFORD ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION have so far not distinguished themselves very much this season, but they possess many enthusiastic members who have won their way into the front rank, and I venture to think we shall soon see this Club well to the fore in these Cup matches.

Although space will not permit of any further illustrations, mention should be made of the GROVE HOUSE Association, also affiliated to the City of London and West End Associations, competing in the latter competition, perhaps, more successfully in the past than any other West End Club.

In 1884 and 1888 the Grove House won the West End Cup outright, and in the former year their Rowing club carried off the Grand Challenge Cup for eights, valued at 100 guineas. Their Cricket Division won outright the West End Cricket Cup in 1882, and held the new one, 1883. In Swimming and Athletics they have some of the best men in the West End.

Space will not permit me to name the many other Clubs that I should like to have made reference to, and whose play provides interest and amusement for so many thousands of our London football lovers, besides securing to the players much healthful and needed exercise.

Whispers from the ❀ ❀ Woman's World.

BY FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please.

When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

SCOTT.

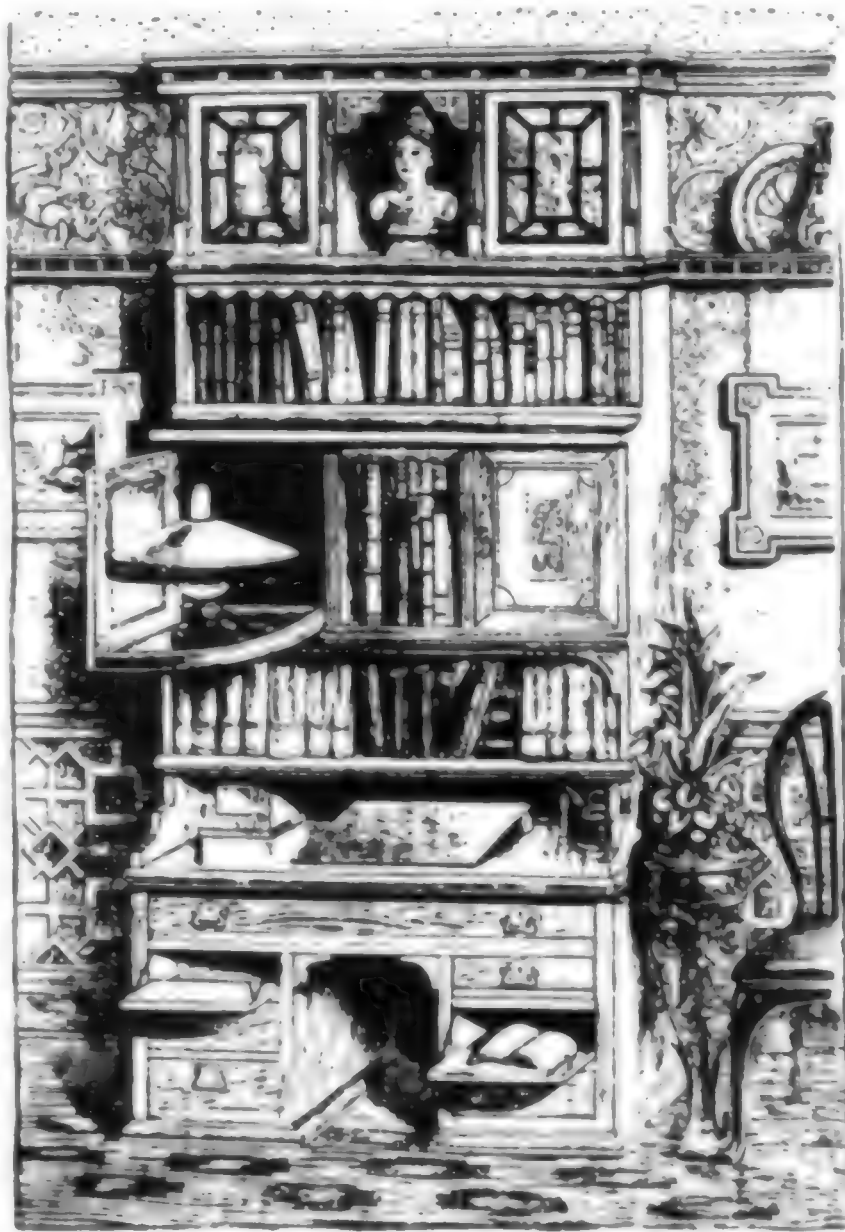
HOW shall we furnish the dining-room? was the question put to me the other day by an expectant bride, in the most off-hand manner, and with the evident expectation that ten minutes' conversation would settle it, once for all, to her entire satisfaction.

But house decoration is not such an easy matter as many seem to suppose; that is, if you wish the home to be a fitting shrine for those who occupy it: a reflection of one's inmost thoughts and higher aspirations, and withal a safe abiding-place, within whose walls one can take refuge from the storms and tempests, mental and physical, which no man, woman, or child can be absolutely free from.

I firmly believe that a happy home is essential to success; and most men and women are prepared to stand any hardship, or suffering, which in the ordinary course of events may

fall to their lot, if they have a resting-place full of sympathy and love, to which they can retreat. Therefore this "Home Instinct," or as the French call it, *la maladie du pays*, should be encouraged and cultivated in both sexes more than of late years has been the case, then the daily press would not be inundated, season after season, with countless letters from those who do not know how to be happy themselves or to allow others to be so, and are constantly taking the public into their confidence on such subjects as "Is Marriage a Failure?" and "Why don't Young Men Marry?" Marriage is never a failure if the home and its occupants are chosen with a due amount of forethought, and that best of all the senses—common sense. But it certainly is a hopeless and unmitigated failure if those who enter into the most sacred of all contracts fail at every point to abide by the stipulations laid down.

But I am afraid I have wandered far afield from that most fascinating theme, Domestic Art; so, to return to the Dining-room and the most suitable furniture, decorations and fittings for embellishing the



A USEFUL WRITING-TABLE.

same : first, the walls must have our serious consideration ; for their treatment, and that of the ceiling of an apartment in which we rest, converse, or partake of food, is by no means unimportant. There are, of course, some people so engrossed with mundane matters that a wall-paper is a wall-paper and nothing more to them ; but they are happily few and far between, and are seldom of refined or educated tastes.

Much might be written of carved wood panellings, such as are sometimes seen in Tudor and Stuart houses, fine instances of which we light upon from time to time in remote districts far from the busy haunts of men. Or the painted and marble halls of Egypt, Etruria, Greece, and Rome. Or the woven fabrics, produced at fabulous cost, for the use of Roman and Assyrian Grandees. But these have often been described, and what concerns us most to-day is what is applicable to our modern English homes.

Wall-papers are of comparatively recent invention, and were first employed in this country during the reign of William III. and Mary. The earlier specimens, which were imported by Dutch merchants from China, were crude examples compared with those we see around us to-day. By a system of evolution we have, from this small beginning, a number of such beautiful fabrics as Tynecastle tapestry Lin-crusta, jewelled and leather effects, flocks, and the simple and artistic hangings designed by such men as William Morris, Walter Crane, and Lewis Day.

Assuming that a suitable covering has been selected, the next point is the sub-division of the walls. This, of course, in a large measure depends upon the height and size of the apartment to be decorated. In a low room a simple frieze and filling is to be recommended, while a larger one will bear the addition of a dado, or the latter may, if preferred, be substituted for the frieze. Personally, I prefer a dado in a dining-room ; it has a good effect, and, being of a darker colour than the rest of the walls, is a great protection where there is most wear. When soiled, it can be easily renewed without interfering with the other portions. It should always be finished with a moulding of wood simply painted to correspond with the other structural fittings. Let me, *en passant*, beg those who lay claim to good taste, to avoid grained woodwork and

similar shams as they would a pestilence. Besides being ugly in itself, it would not deceive the merest child into believing that it was what it tried to appear. The ceiling, of course, depends upon the scheme of decoration. Anaglyptic fibrous plaster, delicately moulded, the plain surface divided by mouldings of wood, or even an unobtrusive paper of radiating design, are all preferable to a wide expanse of dazzling plaster, which makes your eyes blink every time you cast them in that direction.

Having prepared the room for the reception of the furniture, the next step is the purchase of the carpet.

Wherever else it may be necessary to practise economy, do not let it be in the choice of the dining-room floor covering ; but, whether it be the regal Turkey, the handsome Axminster, the utilitarian Brussels, or even the modest Kidderminster, have the best quality that money can procure ; or the constant friction to which this part of the house is subjected will soon render it a wretched eyesore and thorn in the flesh to those who invested in it. Central bordered carpets are now most in vogue, with a surround of linoleum, matting, or self-coloured felt. Many, however, prefer to have their rooms entirely covered with carpet, still retaining the border ; in fact, to some minds the latter is as necessary as the frame of a picture.

It is now time to consider the furniture, and as, later on, a room of the Chippendale period will be described, I will confine myself to hints of a general nature.

The shape of the chairs ought to recall, however remotely, the human form, and should not be as so many are, so high that anyone of ordinary stature dangles in mid air, with the feet two or three inches from the ground. The so-called easy-chairs generally err in the opposite direction, and anyone past middle age, or rejoicing in a superabundance of adipose tissue, cajoled into one of these monstrosities, invariably goes through contortions too terrible to contemplate before the equilibrium is regained. The angle of the back should also be calculated, as far as possible, to agree with a number of positions, not one only. For instance, the dropsical arrangement, composed of velvet and hair, which modern upholsterers turn out in thousands, even if it accommodates the shoulders, leaves the hollow of the back unsupported, or *vice versa* ; and in nine cases out of ten there

is insufficient depth of seat. For a small and inexpensively-furnished dining-room a box ottoman couch is a great convenience, as it affords a comfortable resting-place as well as a receptacle for newspapers, magazines, and other odds and ends; the Chesterfield, too, is another shape which generally meets with approval. Telescope dining-tables are admirably adapted for their purpose, and cannot be improved upon. The sideboard is a useful and necessary piece of furniture, which can be chosen from an upholsterer's catalogue, where there are an infinite number of varieties to select from. If expense is an object and the time can be spared, fine examples of the work of Sheraton, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and other well-known makers of a past age, may be picked up occasionally for the proverbial old song, and are priceless treasures when found. A writing-table, and some place where books can be stored, is a *sine qua non* (for there are few of us "with souls so dead" that we do not crave to have our favourite authors near at hand), and possibly one I had designed to meet my own requirements would find favour with some of the readers of the LUDGATE MONTHLY.

The long drawer is divided into compartments to suit paper of different sizes, and the smaller ones are so constructed that the fronts turn down and form convenient library steps. The writing flap can be raised to receive correspondence, and the cupboards are useful additions for holding a lamp and stores, while those with glazed doors are reserved for ornamental china.

For covering furniture there are so many excellent materials, that it seems invidious to single out one or two for special mention; but I have found from personal experience, which is, after all, the only experience which one can go by, that Utrecht velvet or good leather (not roan, which wears atrociously) answer perfectly for this purpose, so I generally adopt it for my own use. Curtains of plushette, chenille, tapestry, or silk damask all have

their merits; but whatever fabric is chosen, the tablecloth should bear some relation to it.

In this chilly climate, where icy draughts penetrate through every nook and cranny, a portière on a movable brass rod adds considerably to the comfort of this apartment. The following is a short description of a Chippendale dining-room, which gives a very good idea of a particular period. The walls are hung with plain brown stippled paper of warm tint, arranged in panels. The dado is of copper-coloured Tynecastle tapestry, studded with brass nails, and the Adams frieze is hand-painted on a dull metallic ground. A rich Turkey carpet, surrounded by brown felt, covers the floor, and the draperies and table cover are of chenille with Oriental borders. The furniture, which has been carefully copied from old examples, is elaborately carved, and the sideboard is further ornamented by a brass gallery and pillars to correspond. Brown velvet, with a conventional design in turquoise blue, has been used for the chairs with good effect. A dog grate on a

tilled hearth emits its cheery flames, and the brass fender and fireirons gleam in the firelight. It is a warm and comfortable interior, and, though correct in all its details, there is an absence of stiffness which recommends it to those who admire this style of decoration.

From the adornment of the home to that of the body is only a short step, and those who rejoice in pretty surroundings should endeavour to be like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion, as far as their dress is concerned. I cannot too often impress upon my readers that, if they wish to retain their self-respect and that of others, they must devote a certain amount of time and attention to their outward apparel, which, of course, includes, to use an Irishism, dainty underwear. I have recently seen several varieties of the latter, for of late rapid strides have been made in this direction, and one can now obtain silk, woollen, or the finest namsook garments,



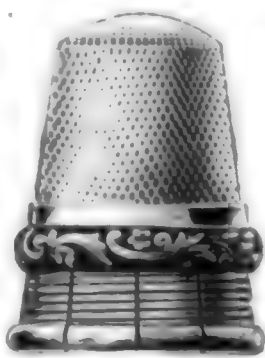
NEW WINTER WALKING COSTUME.

so delicately fashioned that they seem more appropriate as clothing for Titania and her elves than for the practical daughters of John Bull. But, fragile as they appear, with their tiny tucks and trimmings of lace and ribbon, I have reason to believe they bear a fair amount of hard wear; and it is stated in their favour that they are even capable of resisting the *modus operandi* of the average "British washer-lady." At any rate they are so moderate in price that they have quite superseded the handmade outfits and trousseaux over which our unhappy mothers toiled, to the detriment of health and eyesight, when about to enter the bonds of matrimony. There is, at this season of the year, a fine display in the shop windows of gloves and hosiery, and no more acceptable present (not of too costly a nature) could be devised for young girls struggling to make an inelastic dress allowance meet at both ends.

If any rich bachelor uncle, generous brother, or "a nearer and dearer one still," does me the honour to peruse these pages, I hope he will take the hint and bear it in mind when selecting New Year's Gifts. For dress trimmings, both for morning and evening wear, fur is much used, also for mantles and millinery. In many cases it is detachable, as in the sketch of the winter walking costume; and this is a convenient fashion, as it allows handsome skins to be utilised for several gowns. Tweeds, faced cloths, and serges all receive a fair measure of popular favour, but, for ceremonious occasions, striped and shot velveteens are largely patronized. These are made in various shades of contrasting colours, such as *vieux rose* and *reseda*, crimson and black, or brown and orange. This material is useful for a simple and inexpensive tea-gown for home wear, a garment which may be looked upon as a virtuous economy, as it may be frequently donned in place of a more costly dress. For making these the Watteau style still prevails, though now the waist-line is clearly defined by allowing the pleat to be separate from the bodice, which is certainly more becoming to the average figure than when cut together. A very quaint gown, with large puffed sleeves, can be made of a plain olive-green velveteen, relieved by bands of dark fur, with a pearl grey satin petticoat trimmed to correspond. Another

model in striped velveteen had a gauged front of black lace over satin, exactly matching the brightest colour in the material. The trained skirt was edged with a *coquille* of lace and satin, and the sleeves and neck had deep frills of the same. A third, evidently intended for a brunette, was of buttercup-yellow silk damask, elaborately embroidered with jet and trimmed with black Chantilly.

I have just seen a new design for a thimble; it is registered by The Adjustable Thimble Company, of 27, Leadenhall Street, London, who will send one post free for two shillings. By a very simple screw contrivance the thimble can be altered in size to adapt it to the sewer's finger. It is well known that on a cold day one's fingers are apt to contract, so that the thimble which is of comfortable size in a normal temperature becomes inconveniently loose. The thimble will last much longer than an ordinary thimble, being



made of a special metal, heavily coated with pure silver or gold. In ordering, it should be stated whether the finger is small, medium, or large.

As I stated in the December number, I propose from time to time to touch upon the various professions open to women, so shall this month consider the chances of preferment for those who are desirous of becoming trained nurses.

No one should aspire to the high calling of a nurse, unless she possesses certain attributes and characteristics; for though training may do much as far as technical knowledge is concerned, it will never give that general aptitude for the work which is more readily understood than explained. The principal points to be considered, before applying to a hospital, are the length of time which can be spared for the purpose (one, two, or three years), if you require to receive some form of salary during the period of training, and whether you are willing to gain wide experience, which entails a corresponding amount of hard work, or will be satisfied with less knowledge and an easier life. Though some of the larger provincial infirmaries afford good training grounds, a nurse, as a rule, takes a higher standing in her profession if she has been attached to one of the London hospitals.

Miss Honnor Morton, who has written several books touching on this subject, in her latest volume, "How to become a

Nurse, and How to Succeed," advises those who have high-church tendencies "to apply to University or King's College; and Roman Catholics or Dissenters to The London, which is the most unsectarian of all the London hospitals." The alphabetical list of hospitals given in this clever little book should then be consulted, as under each heading will be found the hours on duty, holidays, salaries, and other details, most useful to the novice. After a careful choice, application should be made to the Matron, who will send a copy of regulations, a time table, giving the length of working hours, and a form containing such questions as:—

- 1.—Are you a single woman or widow?
- 2.—Name in full, and present address of Candidate.
- 3.—What has been your occupation?
- 4.—Age last birthday, and date and place of birth.



NURSE'S CAP.

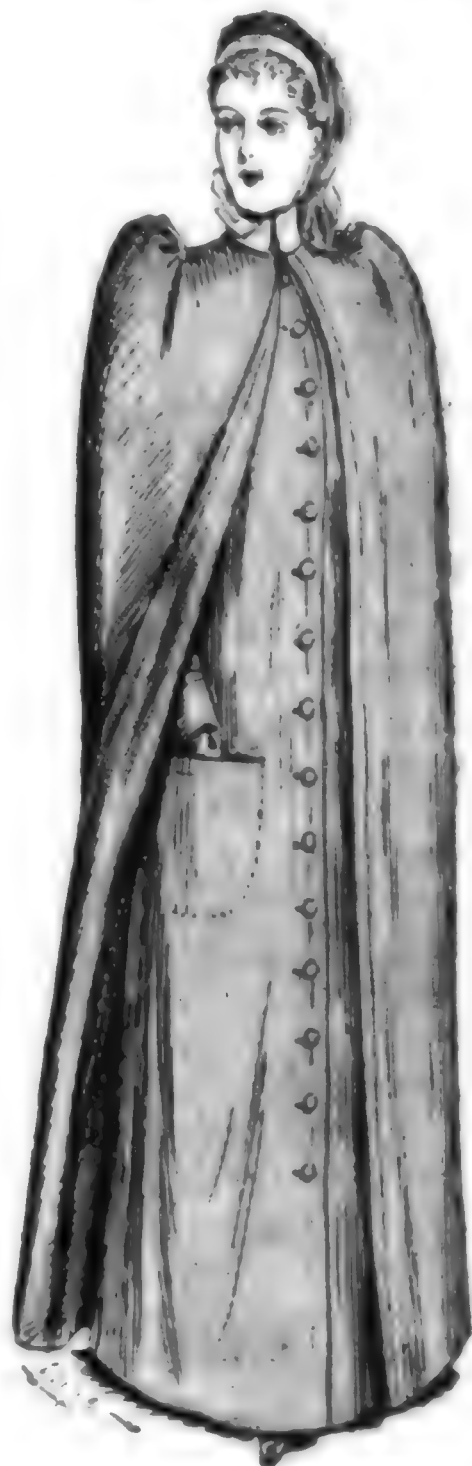
- 5.—Where educated?
- 6.—Are you strong and healthy, and have you always been so?
- 7.—Height.
- 8.—Are your sight and hearing perfect?
- 9.—Have you any physical defects?
- 10.—Have you a tendency to pulmonary complaint?
- 11.—If a widow, have you children? How many?—their ages. How are they provided for?
- 12.—Where, if any, was your last situation? How long were you in it?
- 13.—The names in full and addresses of two persons to be referred to. State how long each has known you. If previ-

ously employed, one of these must be the last employer.

14.—Have you read, and do you clearly understand, the regulations?

From these rules, and the enquiries made, it will at once be seen that a strong constitution is an absolute necessity. No woman who has not undertaken the work can have any idea of the drudgery and fatigue of a nurse's life. So many draw back after once putting their hand to the plough, that the most serious consideration of the many objections to this career must be given before the final step of accepting the responsibilities is taken.

In the event of the candidate being approved, she must, without delay, provide herself with a suitable outfit, which should include at least a dozen of every article of underwear, two dozen collars, two dozen pairs of cuffs, and two dozen handkerchiefs, two dozen pairs of black Llama stockings of a soft, light texture, two pairs of easy, noiseless house shoes (a special kind are made for hospital wards), and a couple of pairs of kid walk-



NURSE'S OUTDOOR COSTUME.

ing boots must be procured, with a sufficient stock of gloves for the first year. A dressing-gown, combing jacket, and the usual toilet accessories will, of course, be purchased.

The uniform varies with every hospital, and the whole or a portion is generally provided for the staff. In the preliminary interview with the Matron it is well to ascertain which part the nurse is expected to supply; and to also enquire what text-books on nursing she is to get. If in the interval she has an opportunity of attending a course of ambulance lectures, the knowledge obtained will probably save her from some awkward *contretemps* to which probationers are liable through ignorance of simple medical terms.

Besides the general work of the hospital, which for probationers is generally confined to the medical wards, a certain number of the working hours (which average about twelve a-day) are devoted to classes and lectures, with a view to obtaining a certificate. The arrangements of course differ in various hospitals, but at King's College the medical superintendant lectures once a week, and the house sister three times a week. At the London, the matron gives a course of twelve lectures on nursing, one of the surgeons a course on anatomy and surgery, and one of the physicians a course on physiology. Competent sisters overlook the notes taken at these lectures, and supplement them with further instruction.

The salaries received by probationers are not high, varying from £8 to £20 per annum; but those who have had good training are, of course, eligible for the higher posts in the profession, and there are also fine openings abroad.

It must not be imagined that nursing is entirely confined to soothing the sick and afflicted. It really entails a certain amount of menial work; the ward etiquette too is irksome at first to undisciplined minds, and unless a woman is thoroughly in earnest and has a vocation, the disagreeable duties she has to

perform will disgust her with the calling.

Among the many useful handbooks which it would be well for the future nurse to peruse, may be mentioned:—

(Record Press, 376, Strand.)

Points for Probationers. By E. J. R. Landale. 1s.

Practical Treatment of Cholera. By G. Sherman Bigg, A.M.S. 1s.

Fever Nursing. By Mary Harris. 1s.

The Best Thing to do. By C. J. S. Thompson. 1s.

How to Become a Hospital Nurse. By Alice Dannatt 1s.

(Scientific Press, 140, Strand.)

How to Become a Nurse and How to Succeed. By Honnor Morton. 2s. 6d.

The Nurses' Dictionary of Medical Terms and Nursing Treatment. By Honnor Morton. 2s.

(Harrison, Pall Mall.)

Notes on Nursing. By Florence Nightingale. 2s.



A NURSE'S INDOOR COSTUME.

It may also be interesting to know that a Nurses' Residential Club has been established at 92, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, London, to meet the requirements of those engaged in hospital or private nursing, and who desire a place where they can obtain meals, meet their friends, or have an occasional bed, and a permanent address. The entrance fee is 10/6 and the annual fee 10/6. Two references are required for each member, and applications

should be made to the Hon. Secretary at the above address.

Such a *rendezvous* is a great boon to nurses, and affords an opportunity of making congenial acquaintances, and exchanging ideas upon subjects upon which the members would naturally take an interest.

Though in these few hints I have dwelt upon the hardships and difficulties certain to be encountered, there is a bright side, as every nurse knows who has spent the best years of her life in tending the sick and helpless. While we have such shining

examples as Miss Florence Nightingale and Sister Dora in the past; Miss Keenally, who has recently gone through the terrible Cholera epidemic at Hamburg; and Miss Marsden, the champion of the Lepers, to be associated with such a Sisterhood must be regarded as an honour by those who are in a humble way trying to imitate them.

The Royal British Nursing Association, of which Princess Christian is the President, is intended to promote a scheme of Registration for Nurses. An Annual *Conversazione* is held, at which H.R.H. presents badges to new members, and it owes much of its success to her constant assistance and advice. Till a few years since there is little doubt that many women who styled themselves trained nurses had no right to lay claim to such a title, as the only experience they possessed was picked up by experimental research, highly detrimental to their patients, or was the result of a short period of residence in some training home, where it is well known that probationers, in the first instance, are largely employed in the more menial domestic duties appertaining to the sick rather than in obtaining medical and surgical knowledge for the proper treatment of cases. This Association declines registration to all but properly qualified nurses, who have been through a systematic and lengthy hospital training, and who can bring evidence to show that they are efficient, in all respects, for the position which they wish to occupy. The badge is in silver or bronze, according to the class, and consists of a medal in the form of a Maltese cross, bearing the words "Royal British Nursing Association," surrounding a crown, and surmounted by a hand with "Steadfast and True," in raised letters. The Office of the Association is at 8, Oxford Circus Avenue, W.

I cannot close these few hints on nursing as a career for educated women without making a brief reference to one who has already distinguished herself in this direction and who may be considered the pioneer among trained nurses. Of course I mean Miss Florence Nightingale, who will ever stand out as a bright and shining example to those who are devoting themselves to the care of the sick and afflicted.

Miss Nightingale was named after the town in which she was born in May, 1820,

and is the daughter of Mr. W. E. Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and of Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. When other girls in a similar position were leading lives of enjoyment and following the social avocation usual under the circumstances, Florence Nightingale was giving earnest attention and study to the working of various charitable institutions at home and abroad. As early as 1854 she was placed at the head of a band of devoted women who risked health and strength—nay, life itself—in a determined effort to alleviate the sufferings of the Allied Troops in the Crimea. Within seventeen days of her disembarking at Constantinople, four thousand patients were placed under her care, and there must be many living now who owe their recovery to her devotion to so painful and arduous an enterprise. Of her method and powers of organisation too much cannot be said, and we are told that the officers at Scutari readily recognised in the lady who had charge of the nurses, one who, by example and precept, enforced the rules she had laid down for hospital management.

On returning to England after two years of incessant labour, she found she had become famous and her own countrymen and women showed their appreciation of her work by subscribing a testimonial of £50,000, the whole of which sum was devoted, at her request, to the formation and maintenance of an institution for the training and employment of nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital. It is sad to think that her devotion to her work has left her a life-long invalid; but this has not prevented her taking a lively interest in the new calling, into which respectable women may now enter and earn a living. She has also rendered valuable assistance to Lord Herbert, when head of the War Office, in framing rules for sanitary reform, by which the general health of the army has greatly benefitted. During the American and Franco-German War she was frequently consulted respecting the care of the sick and wounded; and she has also published "*Notes on Hospitals*," which appeared in 1852 and "*Notes on Nursing*" (1859), of which nearly a hundred thousand copies have been sold.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Miss Honnor Morton, from whose interesting book, "*How to Become a Nurse and How to Succeed*," many of the particulars in this article are taken; also to thank Mr. Arthur Garrould for the sketches of Nurses' uniforms.

❖ Puzzledom ❖

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why does a duck go into the water?
2. Why is a shoemaker like a true lover?
3. When is water like fat?
4. What is the difference between twice twenty-two and twice two and twenty?
5. Why is a man like a green gooseberry?



AN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

6. A father is four times as old as his son. Three years ago he was seven times as old. What is the age of each?



A GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

7. (a) An Asiatic country.
- (b) A Spanish river.
- (c) An Italian river.
- (d) A Russian province.
- (e) An American territory.
- (f) A Chinese city.

The Initials and Finals of correct words give the names of two European Cities.



For Prizes and Particulars see Editor's Gossip.

Editor's Gossip.

The general opinion elicited from our readers as to the continuance of serial tales in *THE LUDGATE* is very fairly divided.

I have been much interested by the correspondence received; many writers giving their reasons for, or against, with an amount of practical common sense which renders their decisions most valuable as an index of public taste.

For the present, therefore, I have decided not to commence a new serial, as the balance of opinion is, perhaps, in favour of complete short stories.

* * *

Referring to the paragraph in last month's gossip anent the musical contributions, several composers have asked how the premiums of *One Hundred Guineas* and *Twenty-five Guineas* will be awarded.

I thought I had made this quite clear in the paragraph following the announcement. At the end of 1893 I shall ask my readers to kindly notify me by a postcard which piece of secular music or song that has been published in the Magazine during the year they consider entitled to the Hundred Guineas; and also which sacred piece they consider should receive the Twenty-five Guineas.

The pieces receiving the largest number of votes will be awarded the respective premiums named above, and the decision of our readers will be final and conclusive.

* * *

Of course all music published will be paid for according to arrangement with the composer in the ordinary way, but there will be no preference shown to any one composer: all will fare alike, and we think that the widespread renown attaching to the winners will be far and away more valuable, from an intrinsic point of view, than even the amounts awarded.

* * *

It will be noticed on opening this

month's *LUDGATE* that a very striking innovation has been prepared for our friends. I refer to the centre sixteen pages, containing the photos of "The Queens of Europe," and their reproduction in photo-tint. A series of photographs of this class, of course, is peculiarly suitable for this mode of treatment, which all will agree greatly enhances the value of the reproductions. The departure will, I feel, still further add to the popularity of the Magazine, which we now proclaim to be the best-printed Sixpenny Magazine in the world.

Comparisons are notoriously odious, so I simply advertise the announcement.

* * *

Those interested in Football will please note that our Competition closes on the 31st of this month, January; full particulars were given last November in these pages, but for the benefit of new readers I repeat the leading details.

Competitors are invited to place the League Clubs in the order they anticipate they will stand after the completion of the final match in the League Championship. The names of the Clubs are as follows:—

Preston North End.
Aston Villa.
Sunderland.
Wolverhampton.
Sheffield Wednesday.
Bolton Wanderers.
Blackburn Rovers.
Derby County.
Stoke.
Burnley.
Everton.
West Bromwich Albion.
Notts County.
Newton Heath.
Notts Forest.
Accrington.

* * *

The Competitor who places most of the above Clubs in the correct order will become entitled to the Gold Presentation Watch, engraved with the winner's monogram or crest.

Competitors must write on the back of an ordinary postcard, first his or her name and address, then the names of the Clubs in the order it is anticipated they will stand, and address it "Football Competition," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London; to reach our office not later than the 31st of January.

Each Competitor can only send in one postcard.

* * *

The article on "The Grenadier Guards," which appears in this number, is the first of a series of short, anecdotal essays on some of the most popular regiments of the British Army. Each article will be very fully illustrated, showing the alteration in style of dress and accoutrements, from the date of the formation of the regiment up to the present time. It is not intended to make these articles histories of the various regiments from a military point of view, but to simply give slight and interesting sketches of the chief engagements in which they have taken part, together with individual deeds of valour.

* * *

I am very pleased to say that the "Young England at School" series has proved a great success, and we have received most flattering communications from many *old boys* on the excellence of the illustrations.

The chief praise for the illustrations, of course, belongs to our artist, and I have patted him on the back accordingly.

He assures me that at the last two

Schools, Eton and Winchester, he had the utmost difficulty to tear himself away and limit the number of his sketches, both colleges being so full of interesting and memorable "bits."

The members of the Schools, as might, perhaps, be imagined, took very great interest in his doings and in no small manner, by their advice and opinion, aided him materially in his work.

* * *

On page 334 will be found our first page of Puzzledom, which will find a regular place in each month's issue, if duly appreciated by our readers.

I have found it rather a perplexing question to decide on the exact amount of *difficulty* requisite to make the problems interesting to the many, rather than the few.

The result of the first competition, however, will soon solve my embarrassment on this point, and then I shall be prepared to meet all emergencies.

* * *

As notified in last month's gossip, I propose to offer as prizes for the solution of these puzzles, five sets of cloth-bound, three-volume novels. These five prizes will be awarded to the five competitors sending in the largest number of correct answers. Competitions can be sent in on postcards or by letter (the former preferred) and must be addressed "January Puzzle," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London, and all competitions must reach our office by the 20th of each month: thus the answers to the January puzzles must be in by the 20th of January.

The correct answers to this month's Puzzledom will be given in our February Number.